NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROJECTED EXPEDITIONS TO THE NORTH POLE.

ENGLISH—GERMAN—FRENCH.

HITHERTO, with the exception of a few adventurous and successful expeditions of research carried out by the Russians and Americans, Arctic and Polar discovery has been almost peculiarly the province of British enterprise. The two Rosses, Parry, Franklin, Beechey, Back, Moore, Kellett, Belcher, Collinson, Austin, McClure, McClintock, Inglefield, Ommanney, and Sherard Osborn have more particularly rendered their names illustrious by their brilliant and daring achievements.

The almost special object of these expeditions has, however, hitherto been the discovery of a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean—a problem solved at last by the perseverance of Collinson, McClure, Austin, and Ommanney, but destined to be carried out, in as far as actual communication is concerned, by an American, and, it is to be hoped, an Anglo-American—Interoceanic Railway. The melancholy and disastrous result of Sir John Franklin's last expedition has been the cause, that since the return of the various expeditions sent out in search of the remains of our gallant countrymen all new projects have for a time been utterly abandoned.

In 1865, however, Captain Sherard Osborn, encouraged by the discovery of a supposed Polynia or open sea, said to abound in animal life, north of Greenland, revived the old project of a journey to the North Pole. This project, at first favourably received, was opposed by the German geographer Petermann, who advocated the old line of navigation adopted by Barentz between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. And still more recently a French navigator—Captain Gustave Lambert—has advocated an attempt to reach the North Pole by Behring's Straits, beyond which it is supposed, from the researches of Wrangel, Anjou, Kellett, Moore, and others, there exists land to the northward, and an open sea to an unknown extent westwards. A subscription-list to raise 600,000 francs (25,000*l.*), the minimum which is deemed necessary to carry out the proposed object, has been now opened for some time; and, supported as the project is by the imperial government and the Geographical Society of France, there are reasons to hope that an expedition which cannot but be productive of welcome additions to our geographical and scientific acquaintance with a very interesting portion of the Arctic Ocean—that which extends between Herald and Plover's land and islands, recently claimed as a new discovery by the captain of an American whaler, and Liaknow Islands or New Siberia, supposing even

that the actual North Pole be neither reached nor crossed—will be successfully carried out. It is in our memory that the discovery of the North Magnetic Pole, on the shores of Boothia, was celebrated at Vauxhall by scenic effects lit up by fireworks, in which a British sailor, after the transpontine idea of what that admirable character is supposed to be, planted the British flag upon the real pole, to the plaudits of a vast assemblage of ignorant Cockneys. It would be passing strange if, after all that has been accomplished by British perseverance, endurance, and skill, we should have to assist at some still more brilliant ceremony in the Champ de Mars in commemoration of the positive passage of a French ship over the North Pole, or the planting of the tricolor flag on the earth's axis!

Captain Sherard Osborn first called the attention of the Royal Geographical Society to what he termed the perfect practicability of an exploration of the blank space around our Northern Pole on the 23rd of January, 1865. The arguments for this practicability were founded upon the presumed existence of an open sea in the extreme north; Captain Osborn ranking the discovery of a supposed Polynia, and the fact that Providence has peopled the Arctic regions to the extreme latitude yet reached, and that the animals upon which they subsist are there likewise, in winter as well as summer, as one, with the Magnetic Pole and the course of the gulf and ice streams, of the great results of the labours and researches of Arctic explorers, and which have been sneered at by some as merely adding so many miles of unprofitable coast-line to our charts.

The existence of an open Polar sea has been ably combated by Dr Rink in the Royal Geographical Society's Journal, xxviii. p. 272 *et seq.*; but Mr. Markham has, on the other hand, collated a table (Proceed. R.G.S., vol. ix. No. ii.) showing that many navigators have at various times been between five or six hundred miles of the Pole. It appears, indeed, from this table that stout old Dutch and English skippers vowed they had been as far north as the 88th deg., some to 83 deg. north (Sir Edward Parry's extreme in the boats *Enterprise* and *Endeavour* in 1827 was 82 deg. 45 min. north), and many into the 82nd parallel; indeed, one old sailor declared to Master Moxon, "hydrographer to Charles II. of glorious memory, that he had sailed two degrees beyond the Pole! But it is only fair to add that this was said in dreamy Amsterdam, over strong Dutch beer."

The whole gist of the comparative value of Captain Sherard Osborn's English, Augustus Petermann's German, and Gustave Lambert's French projects, lays in the question of the direction in which a Polar expedition should be undertaken with the least risk and expense, and the greatest probability of success, and in the mode in which such an exploration should be carried out. Sir Edward Parry in his boat expedition from Spitzbergen in 1827 stood upon a floating sea of ice on the night of July 22nd, being then in latitude 82 deg. 45 min. north, exactly four hundred and thirty-five geographical miles from the Pole. He was constrained to give up the attempt, simply, it is said, because the ice was being swept faster to the south than his men could drag their boats to the north. Captain Osborn says "simply," but if we can conceive difficulties in the way of an approach to the North Pole, the first would be an impenetrable barrier of land or ice, which could be triumphed over by sledges or other

means, and if on terra firma possibly with success; but if on ice, and the ice travels south faster than a sledge can proceed northwards, it is impossible to imagine a more insuperable difficulty to progress in the latter direction. The fact is, however, that sledge expeditions should be undertaken in winter—"winter black as danger, and terrible as night"—for past experience tells us that, instead of starting on such a journey in June, Parry ought to have wintered in Spitzbergen, and started for the north in February; and such is the perfection to which Arctic sledge equipment has been brought, that the weights would be infinitely less for the men to drag, whilst the provisions would last for months instead of weeks.

Captain Sherard Osborn, however, disapproves of efforts being made to reach the polar area by sledges from Spitzbergen, on the ground that there are no known lands north of the island, and consequently no fixed points for depôts of provisions; whereas, in Smith Sound, we have a starting-point one hundred and twenty miles nearer to the Pole, and there is good ground for believing in a further extension of continents or islands to the north. The floes which drift down upon Spitzbergen from the north contain no icebergs proper in their embrace. This tells us that no extensive lands lie upon that meridian; for the iceberg is a creation of the land, born of a glacier, and not of the sea; whereas these icebergs abound in Smith Sound; and the glaciers, as Kane advanced northward, appeared to increase rather than diminish in extent, which would not be the case if the land ended abruptly near the Humboldt Glacier, in 80 deg. north latitude. Those vast accumulations of snow and fresh-water ice, designated by the latter term, and their beautiful creations the iceberg, tell us of great lands with lofty mountains and deep valleys, retaining the moisture and snow-drifts of ages, and promise that continuity of coast-line, and that frozen seaboard, which it is declared is alone needed to enable our explorers to reach the Pole in safety. Greenland, therefore, and not Spitzbergen, is the direction Captain Sherard Osborn advocates.

It is not, at the same time, the gallant captain observes, that there is nothing to reward the explorer in the direction of Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla, for there is much yet to be seen and done there in scientific research. The bugbear of Arctic navigation is being gradually dispelled. "A Cruise in High Latitudes," and "A Season among the Walruses," encourage us to hope, that where yachtsmen have not hesitated to go for pleasure, and where poor Norwegian fishermen yearly sail in almost open boats for hides, ivory, and the more precious livers of Arctic sharks, which produce the article known in commerce and at the bedside of the sick, as "pure cod-liver oil," it is possible others will yet wend their way for love of science, and add to our knowledge of the laws of electricity, light, magnetism, temperature, and winds. If this applies to the Nova Zemblan Sea, so it does also with additional strength to the Siberian Polynia, or open sea, the navigation of which to the North Pole is advocated by the French geographers.

Captain Osborn argues that apart from mere proximity to the Pole, there are other conditions which recommend the route viâ Smith Sound. A considerable extent of water was found to exist at Cape Constitution in the early summer. Recent Arctic explorations have shown that this

is no great novelty. Dr. Kane believes this water to be very extensive, but Captain Osborn is sceptical upon that point, and he says as the Pole is within reach, whether Kane's Polynia be great or small, he will not urge the facilities which open water offers to boat-navigation. The future explorer might hail open water if it were found to exist along the shores of Grinnell Land; but, if not, he would be well satisfied with plenty of ice, and merely pray that the mainland, or off-lying islands, should be found to exist as far as the 87th parallel. And there is, he holds, more chance—far more chance—of that being the case, than of any open sea round the Arctic Pole.

Kane's Polynia, it is admitted, exists, where there is a far greater abundance of animal and vegetable life than was found to exist round the "water-holes" of Regent's Inlet, Wellington Channel, or Lancaster Sound. The possibility, therefore, of future explorers of Smith Sound being able to vary their dietary with the flesh of deer, bear, seal, or wild-fowl, is an important recommendation to the route in question.

In this meridian, too, we find human life extending to a higher latitude than in any known direction. A fine tribe of Arctic savages was first discovered by Sir John Ross in latitude 75 deg. 35 min. north, longitude 65 deg. 32 min. west, in his voyage of 1818. Ross christened this isolated section of the great Esquimaux race, "Arctic Highlanders." These Highlanders are a hearty, healthy race, who slay bear, seal, and walrus, with bone spears and harpoons, but they have no boats, and they believe it is all ice to the south of them! A beneficent providence has so arranged it that, from the action of oceanic currents, and the destruction of the ice-fields by the large icebergs thrown off from the glaciers constantly sailing through them, there is always, even in the depth of a polar winter, some open water to be found in the regions inhabited by these highlanders, and in it walrus, bear, and seal. Without this open water they would all perish in a single winter.

Captain Osborn lays stress upon the preference to be given to this route over any other, not only upon the existence of these Arctic Highlanders in high latitudes, and who could aid as hunters and sledge-drivers, but also upon the fact that the Danish settlements extend along the coast of Greenland as high as 72 deg. north. Kane, in open boats, carried off his men in safety to Upernavik, when it became imperative to do so; other navigators could do likewise, if any accidents occurred to their ships in Smith Sound.

Dr. Petermann argues against the route by Smith Sound that the seas east and west of Spitzbergen offer the shortest route to the North Pole from Great Britain, and that these seas form by far the widest, indeed, the only oceanic opening into the chief, the central polar regions, and to the North Pole. They offer, for that reason alone, the easiest and most practicable and navigable of all openings for vessels into the Polar regions.

The Spitzbergen seas are, according to the German geographer, more free from ice than any other part of the Arctic or Antarctic seas in the same latitude, the parallel of 80 deg. north being every year accessible, even to small craft, with certainty and safety. In Smith Sound the combined efforts of British and American expeditions have only reached

to 78 deg. 45 min. north latitude in vessels, and to about 81 deg. in sledges.

English and American hydrographers, it is to be remarked upon this statement, are at variance as to the latitude to be assigned to Cape Constitution and Cape Parry, the two extremes discovered by Kane. If the American computation is correct, Cape Constitution is in 81 deg. 22 min. north, and the point seen on the west land would be in about 82 deg. 30 min. north, or just four hundred and fifty miles from the Pole. But Admiral Collinson, Captain George, and Mr. Arrowsmith, place Cape Constitution in latitude 80 deg. 56 min. north, and crediting Morton's vision with a range of sixty miles, fixing Cape Parry in latitude 81 deg. 56 min. only, a distance of four hundred and eighty-four miles from the Pole. Captain Osborn very properly accepts this last estimate as the distance to be dealt with, and declares Cape Parry and Grinnell Land as his assurance of the perfect possibility of reaching the Pole.

Despite these most determined efforts, Petermann, however, goes on to argue, very little progress has been made in that direction since the days of Baffin, two hundred and forty-nine years ago, who, in 1616, attained about 78 deg. north latitude, nearly as far as the recent expeditions of Inglefield, Kane, and Hayes, though the two latter went with the avowed purpose to reach the North Pole.

From Spitzbergen to the northward the sea is encumbered more or less with drift-ice, which offers just as much or as little impediment to navigation as other seas of the like nature, for example, Baffin's Bay. From the concurrent testimony of the most recent, as well as former navigators, according to Petermann, much less ice is met with in the Spitzbergen seas during the spring and autumn than in the height of summer, and at certain times the seas are entirely free of ice.

A sea of the extent and depth as the one north of Spitzbergen (Sir E. Parry found no bottom with five hundred fathoms), swept by mighty currents, and exposed to the swell of the whole Atlantic, will never, according to the same writer, not even in winter, be entirely frozen over, or covered with solid ice fit to travel on with sledges, but will be more free of ice, and more open, than the ice-bound, choked-up labyrinth of the chief scene of the Franklin search, 20 deg. south of the Pole. On the supposition that Captain Phipps's main or heavy ice extended to the North Pole, Sir E. Parry's expedition in 1827 was founded. Instead, however, of finding any solid ice upon which to reach the North Pole in sledge-boats, he found no heavy ice at all, but only loose drift-ice, half the thickness of that at Melville Island; so that he came to the conclusion "a ship might have sailed to the latitude of 82 deg. almost without touching a piece of ice."

Petermann (as does also Captain Jansen, a distinguished officer in the Dutch navy) attaches far more importance to the testimony of the old Dutch and English skippers than Captain Osborn. He believes that from Sir E. Parry's farthest point in 82 deg. 45 min. north latitude a navigable sea extends far away to the north, even to beyond the Pole; and he says the general correctness of the old Dutch navigators, and the non-discovery of any land, speak in their favour, as it is well known that navigators and maritime explorers are in general much more predisposed to discover land than to have to report upon the continuation of the sea.

But rejecting these old accounts altogether, Sir E. Parry's position in 82 deg. 45 min. north latitude, in a perfectly navigable sea, remains, he observes, an unassailable fact, from which point to the North Pole, a distance of only four hundred and thirty-five miles, cannot be more difficult to navigate than a like distance in Baffin's Bay, or in any other Polar sea of similar extent.

All facts connected with the geography of the Arctic regions, whether as regards the extent of actual exploration or the observations on the currents, climate, drift-ice, and drift-wood, lead, he says, to the conclusion that the regions under the Pole, and as far as Spitzbergen, consist of an expanse of sea, and not land. But even if land should be found under the Pole, an expedition by way of Spitzbergen reaching it could extend the exploration by means of sledges; whereas sledge expeditions finding open water like that of Parry, or as in the case of the repeated attempts of Wrangell and Anjou in the Siberian Sea, would be defeated, and must inevitably fail, and return.

But it might be said in case of a sledge-party meeting open water, as in the case of Parry, and of Wrangell, and Anjou's expeditions in the Spitzbergen and Siberian Seas, would there not be much greater chance for their safe return with land in their proximity than in an open sea, where they might be carried by the movement of the floe out of the direction of the ship? To this Petermann answers that from the total absence of drift-wood north of Smith Sound, he concludes that those inlets can have no connexion with the Polar Sea on the Asiatic side and off the continental coast of North America, and that a neck of land not far to the north of Cape Parry, as seen by Morton in 82 deg. north latitude, turns those waters into a bay. The supposition of land stretching from Cape Parry as far as the North Pole is, he says, a mere speculation, founded on nothing but the wish that such should be the case. It would be a matter of regret if the success of an expedition should be staked on such a speculation.

But it may be said in reply to this that the prolongation northwards of the land seen at Cape Parry is no more a speculation than Petermann's conclusion, that a neck of land, which no one has seen, not far to the north of the said cape, turns the waters at the head of Smith Sound into a bay. And even granting that such were the case, the said neck of land must have a north coast-line as well as a south or south-westerly one, and, however narrow the presumed neck of land might be, that coast-line would constitute a nearer starting-point for the North Pole than any other known land, and would constitute the safest means of retreat in case of failure or disaster. Spitzbergen and the continental land of Siberia, prolonged by Capes Taïmyr and Tcheliouskin, present the next nearest territorial places of refuge to the North Pole; but there can be little doubt that Captain Osborn is correct in surmising that the north end of Greeland, or islets beyond, stretch nearest of all other land to the Pole. This has been satisfactorily shown to be the case to an extent of many miles; how far farther is truly a matter of conjecture. There is no room for conjecture with regard to Spitzbergen and Siberia, and the configuration of the known portions of Greenland and Grinnell Lands make it more than a speculation that they extend still farther north, even accord-

ing to Petermann's views of the subject, although how far to the north becomes, as before said, a mere matter of conjecture.

We are arguing this only in connexion with the safety of the expedition; for we are not prepared to say that a sea of limited extent, like Smith Sound, encumbered with ice and icebergs, can present the same facilities for navigation as a more open sea under favourable circumstances. All that we venture to propound is that, keeping to the western or weather-shore in preference to the eastern or lee-shore, in accordance with a well-known Arctic canon, there would be greater safety for a ship in Smith Sound than in an open sea; and with land approaching nearer to the North Pole than at any other known point of the globe, so also there would be greater chances of reaching that Pole.

But this does not affect the question as to whether there are greater probabilities of reaching the North Pole by water than by land. Captain Osborn, we have seen, argues that the floes which drift down upon Spitzbergen from the north contain no icebergs proper in their embrace, and that the presence of such (and they abound in Smith Sound) is essential to the breaking up and destruction of the ice-fields. Petermann, on the other hand, quotes Dr. Whitworth, surgeon of the *Truelove* of Hull, who reached, in 1837, the latitude of 82 deg. 30 min. north, in 12 deg. to 15 deg. east longitude, and who says: "I am satisfied that the probability of reaching the Pole by water is much greater than by land, for we had in 82½ deg. an open sea to the north-east quite free from ice; no apparent obstruction presented itself to our progress; we might have reached the Pole with the same ease and safety that we reached the latitude we were then in. A screw steamer properly constructed, well manned, and efficiently commanded, would prove the practicability of the attempt in a voyage of three months, and might, in addition to its main object, discover new fishing-grounds to the east of Spitzbergen for our whalers. The months should be April, May, and June. In July the navigation of the Arctic Ocean becomes dangerous from the dense fogs which prevail."

There is a very important argument in favour of the Spitzbergen route, which is that, in addition to being the shortest and most direct, and that the practicability of the attempt would be shown in the space of a few months, such an expedition might be got up at an expense of less than 10,000*l.*; whereas the French estimate theirs at 20,000*l.*, and an expedition by Smith Sound would be little less costly. Sir E. Parry's expedition, as far as 82 deg. 45 min. north latitude, in the Spitzbergen Sea, the highest point yet reached by any well-authenticated expedition, only took six months from the river Thames and back, and only cost 9977*l.*

Petermann's views of the ice formations of the Polar seas are very plausible. They are to the effect, that the ice formed on the coasts and in the ocean every winter is, towards the end of that season, set in motion to lower latitudes, where it rapidly melts away. Vessels proceeding towards the Pole in the spring and summer—and hitherto only these seasons have been selected for Polar voyages—encounter those ice-streams generally in their furthest limits towards the equator, in latitudes where the ice is entirely absent in winter, and where little is found in the

spring and autumn. This is the case in every Polar sea of any extent, and with a ready access and egress. All the ice, indeed, whether in the form of drifting icebergs or floes, of field ice or barriers, forms a movable band of two degrees to six degrees of latitude in width, beyond which the sea is more or less free of ice, and not filled up with it, as is popularly supposed. According to this view of the subject there would be a winter Polynia and a summer Polynia. Vessels pushing through the summer belt or barrier of ice, as Captain Lambert proposes to do in the Siberian Sea, will find a navigable sea in the highest latitudes, and no doubt to the Pole itself, if an extensive sea reaches that point. So Petermann argues in like manner: vessels penetrating through the floating ice, at or near Spitzbergen, will find a clear and navigable sea before them as far as the North Pole.

A sledge expedition, starting from Smith Sound, Petermann argues, would at the best be only able to follow the sinuosities of some small intricate channels like those to the south-west; whereas a vessel from the Spitzbergen Sea would have access to the whole Polar area as far as the sea extends. An expedition like that of Sir James C. Ross to the Antarctic Ocean, would open to our knowledge the whole central area from Spitzbergen to Behring's Strait, and from the Siberian coast to the Western, the American boundary of the Arctic basin!

An efficient screw-vessel might, in the proper season of the year, accomplish a voyage from the River Thames to the North Pole and back—or to any land beyond the North Pole trending in the direction of Behring's Strait, the Siberian or American coast lines—in two or three months, and at a cost perfectly insignificant as compared with that of any Arctic expedition hitherto despatched through Baffin's Bay.

The supposition that there exists in the sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla (Novaia Zemlia) an ice barrier, preventing well-appointed vessels from proceeding in that direction northwards, Petermann holds to be a mere fiction and prejudice. There is, indeed, in no Polar sea of any extent, even right under the Pole itself, any such thing as an ice barrier that may not be successfully overcome by an expedition such as would be sent out in the present day. A new expedition to the North Pole by way of Spitzbergen might leave port about the 1st of March, before the drifting masses of ice from the Siberian shores encumber the Spitzbergen seas; it would then have the chance of sailing under favourable circumstances, in one stretch to the North Pole, perhaps in three or four weeks, and arriving there at the beginning of the Polar dawn and summer.

Admiral Sir George Back remarks upon this theory that no man can pretend to say or foretell how far the best equipped steamer, commanded by the most able Arctic officer, could penetrate into the sea north of Spitzbergen through such occasional openings as the current or the winds might produce. The gallant admiral notices the failure of an attempt made by the *Trent* and *Dorothea* in 1818 to force their way to the north-west of Spitzbergen, as also the experience of Dr. Scoresby; but as to the expanse of sea eastward of Spitzbergen, which has not yet been tried with steamers, that route might present greater advantages. Admiral Sir Edward Belcher also expressed his opinion that if Scoresby had pursued a course to the eastward of Spitzbergen, he would have drifted round the Pole! Sir Edward is not in favour of sledge travelling, but if vessels, he

argues, were sent to Spitzbergen, they would be able to finish and report, if not successful, in one season; recruit and start afresh, as Ross did, in the second; and eventually, he had no doubt, they would be able to go to the Pole and back, and return to England within six weeks.

Admiral Collinson, on the other hand, does not believe in Polynias or open seas. It is the drifting of the ice, he says, that leads to the belief in the existence of an open space behind it. Ice occupies a larger space than the water from which it is made; and immediately it is set free from the shore, the wind drives it up, and forces it to the south, and therefore we have that remarkable phenomenon, a downward drift, without any open sea left behind it. Admiral Collinson adheres to the principle which Parry enunciated, that if you want progress in the Polar Sea, you must hold by the land. If Sir James Ross, he says, broke through the icy barrier, it was because there was land beyond it, and that land was the limit of the expanse of the ice.

Admiral Ommanney argues that Smith Sound is very difficult of access, and the sound itself a most dangerous point in Arctic navigation. There is, on the contrary, he says, an open sea round Spitzbergen, and it presents a safe basis from whence the opportunity could be watched for penetrating the ice at a more northerly point than could be reached in any other quarter. Scoresby found an open sea beyond Spitzbergen, and he (Admiral Ommanney) believed that the influence of the Gulf Stream probably extends past Spitzbergen into the Polar Sea. He had picked up a cask of claret off Cape North in the White Sea covered with barnacles and weeds. Admiral Fitzroy, who was also in favour of the Spitzbergen route, believed that the old Dutch navigator sailed close to the North Pole, if not over it in an open sea. The lamented navigator cleverly illustrated the impinging force of the rotatory motion of the earth, which would drive the ice from the Pole to the south by the twirling of a mop.

Captain Maury is in favour of the route proposed by Captain Osborn, upon the sailor-like principle that an expedition by that route could "hold on by what it got." By the Spitzbergen route, he says, "we cannot hold on to what we get." The same distinguished hydrographer believes in an open Polar Sea; yet deductions, he argues, cannot be drawn from the success of Sir James Ross in the Antarctic seas, for there the climate is eminently marine. In the Arctic seas it is continental. The winds which reach the Arctic Ocean arrive dessicated; they are dry winds; it is cold weather there. On the contrary, the winds which reach the Antarctic regions are moist winds. Captain Richards, the hydrographer, expresses his belief that one sledge out of ten might reach the Pole by way of Smith Sound; but no sane man, he added, would in the present day think of going up Baffin's Bay, through Barrow's Strait, or through Smith Sound with ships, in order to get into the Polar Sea. If Arctic discovery by ships is the object, there is only one route to go by, and that is between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Captain Inglefield, on the other hand, believes in the practicability of the route by Smith Sound. He had been there, and had seen open water as far as the eye could reach.

It is manifest amidst this divergence of opinion among Arctic navigators, and those who have particularly devoted their attention to Arctic

exploration, that the great preponderance of opinions is in favour of an attempt by Spitzbergen. A ship can certainly hold, as the eminent hydrographer Captain Maury has it, by its own, viâ Smith Sound, but there is the perplexity as to whether the journey beyond would have to be performed on sledges or in boats, and both would be dangerous—the majority of opinions being in favour of an open sea at the Pole. The route by Spitzbergen presents the advantages of being safer and less costly. The ice barrier in that direction has evidently been passed at previous times, and might therefore be passed again, especially with a point of repair at Spitzbergen, from whence to watch for an opportunity. The feeling that the explorers were safely housed in trustworthy ships when once they got beyond the barrier, would be one of infinite comfort, compared with the idea of M'Clintock and Young, launched with boats and sledges into the unknown regions beyond Smith Sound.

Petermann actually succeeded in obtaining a ship from the Prussian government, with which to carry out the Spitzbergen route, but unfortunately it came to grief before getting clear of the Elbe. It is said that a Mr. Rosenthal, a wealthy merchant of Bremen, is going to supply the means of exploration, and, like our Sir Felix Booth, defray the expenses of this most desirable investigation. The Swedish government are also at this very moment carrying out the measurement of an arc of the meridian, as advocated by General Sabine, and will take the opportunity of watching for an opening by which to slip to the North Pole; so whether the British government, wrapped up, unfortunately, like those of France and Prussia in political and diplomatic jealousies, and struggles for power between peoples, parties, and factions, shall or shall not lend their support to any purely scientific object, there is every probability of something being done and that at a very early date.

We cannot help feeling upon this subject, however (admitting as we do frankly with Captain Gustave Lambert, that science should know no country, that nationalities in such matters are praiseworthy, not objectionable rivalries, like the vast armaments upheld for no purpose but to keep the whole able-bodied men of a country from industrious and wealth-creating labours), with General Sabine, who, in a letter to Captain Osborn, says: "To reach the Pole is the greatest geographical achievement which can be attempted, and I own I should grieve if it should be first accomplished by any other than an Englishman; it will be the crowning enterprise of those Arctic researches in which our country has hitherto had the pre-eminence." Petermann himself also admits that, when some twenty-five years ago, the great French and American expeditions, under Captain D'Urville and Lieutenant Wilkes, were out in the Antarctic Seas, together with Sir James Ross, it was clearly seen that only the English were quite at home in the Polar element; they fearlessly went on with their important explorations for three consecutive years, whereas the other squadrons were always beaten back in their attempts to penetrate towards the South Pole, after a comparatively short time. And surely, the Gotha geographer adds, where the wealth of the nation is so largely indebted to geographical discovery and knowledge, as is the case with England, some little return ought to be made to science. Captain Richards, the hydrographer, also admits that with a great area like the Polar regions at our very threshold, we ought

to find out all about it. He looked, indeed, upon reaching the North Pole as mere child's play in comparison with what had been already achieved, and he did not know why the British nation should not have the honour of completing the discovery. "We are all desirous," said Admiral Collinson, "that this expedition should take place, and look upon it as one that will add to the honour of the country." And Admiral Ommanney expressed his hopes that this country would never allow another nation to anticipate us in this great discovery, after all we have done in expeditions to the Arctic regions. Lady Franklin, whose gallant husband lies buried in the ices of the north, still insists, like a true Englishwoman, that "for the credit and honour of England, the exploration of the North Pole should not be left to any other country. It is the birthright and just inheritance of those who have gone through fifteen years of toil and risk in Arctic seas. The glory that yet remains to be gathered should be theirs; and can there be any moment so fitting as the present? Those accomplished Arctic navigators who have done so much already, are still young in years and ardour, though old and wise as patriarchs, by dint of observation and experience. What future generation will see the like?" Sir R. I. Murchison also says that it specially pertains to our nation, which, by the conduct of its bold and skilful voyagers, has delineated on the Map of the World the outlines of land and water over so large an area of the Arctic regions, to complete this grand survey, by an endeavour to hoist the union jack at the North Pole itself.

Captain Gustave Lambert, the projector of the French expedition, on the other hand, declares that, as a sailor, he would be wanting in a kind of duty of competence, if he did not express his fear of failure of an attempt made by way of Nova Zembla. "If I was to be given a vessel," he says, "with orders to follow that direction, I would go, but I would not go till September, and on leaving Spitzbergen to the right, and for no reason, I should also not dare to be responsible for anything!" The expression is not very clear, for if the gallant captain is alluding to Petermann's projected line between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, the latter would lie to the left, not to the right.

According to the same distinguished navigator, Captain Osborn's scheme is open to the objection that leaving a ship at the entrance of Smith Sound, or at the wintering places of Kane and Hayes, as a basis for rallying and a point of refuge in case of accident, he would make his way in another vessel to the extremity of the sound, into Kane's open sea, a sea which he imagines to be a simple break in the great glacier which is by him supposed to envelop the Polar cap; he would proceed across this in sledges, which would necessitate going and returning, forty-five days' travel at the least, at the rate of ten leagues per diem, with a heavy load of provisions and scientific instruments; and the explorers would have to make their way back to the first vessel before reaching the second.

Petermann, on the contrary, as we have seen, believes in an open Polar sea, and consequently in the breaking up of the ices at a favourable season; according to him, the Pole cannot be reached in sledges; such would be arrested by the same difficulties that Parry had to encounter in 1827; therefore the direction of the Gulf Stream, a vast current of

warm water which sweeps round the north of Europe, should be followed, and which direction lies between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.

It is to be observed in connexion with this supposed Polar prolongation of the Gulf Stream, that General Sabine, president of the Royal Society, called the attention of that learned body in November, 1864, to certain recent discoveries which attest the continuation of the tropical Gulf Stream to the shores of Nova Zembla, and to a communication from Professor Forchhammer of Copenhagen, "a valuable contribution to a great subject—the History of the Sea"—in which by careful analysis it is shown that in the Atlantic Ocean the saline ingredients in the sea-water decrease with increasing depth. This is found to hold good even to extreme depths; and the existence of a Polar current in the depths of the Atlantic is hence inferred, since it is a well-established fact that the Equatorial seas are richer and the Polar seas poorer in saline ingredients.

Again, by analysis it has been proved that the current flowing down the east coast of Greenland has an equatorial and not a Polar origin—a mere recurring of the Gulf Stream after rounding Spitzbergen; and General Sabine goes on to suggest, "May it not be possible that the ice-less sea teeming with animal life, described by Kane as viewed from the northern limit of his research, is, as he himself surmised, but an extension of the same equatorial stream which produces corresponding abnormal effects at every point to which its course has been traced?" and the worthy president of the Royal Society adds, "When physical researches shall be resumed within the circle which surrounds the Pole, this, perhaps, will be one of the earliest problems to receive solution."

Captain Gustave Lambert combats this supposed northerly extension of the Gulf Stream. It is not, he says, known what becomes of it beyond the coast of Norway, and it certainly does not destroy the great ice barrier between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, to which the French navigator gives a width of two hundred leagues. Captain Jansen of the Dutch navy, however, attributes the comparative mildness of the Spitzbergen climate to the Gulf Stream, but which, he says, does not reach Nova Zembla. Captain Lambert again, having in mind that a current flows from the north, bearing the ice to the south, as shown in Parry's expedition, and that it must have an origin somewhere, deems that it must be derived from one of the southerly currents which flow through Behring's Straits or the Spitzbergen Sea, turning back cold upon itself!

The French project relies, however, like the German one, upon the presumed existence of an open Polar sea, and that in a region which is untouched by the Gulf Stream, although it may have its Pacific equivalent. The existence of a vast extent of free Polar sea, it is argued, is affirmed by considerations relative to the currents and flows of the sea. The circumpolar ocean, it is argued, is probably entirely frozen over during the winter season; but the amount of heat poured over the Pole by the summer sun would also lead us to believe, according to the laws of insolation, that a general break up takes place in the months of June and July. After effectuating the passage of Behring's Straits not earlier than in July, the route to be taken must be to the west, past Cape Serdze, and North Cape of Cook, the extreme point attained by that great navigator. Arrived at this point, it is presumed that the expedition will

find itself engaged amidst loose floating ice, through which the vessel must be carried even if the most continuous ice-fields had to be cut with saws or blown up with gunpowder. The expedition will then find itself in the Polynia, a free and open sea discovered by Hedenström in 1810, and since visited by Wrangel and Anjou from 1823 to 1825. V. A. Maltebrun, in a work recently published—"Les Trois Projets, Anglais, Allemand, Français, d'Exploration au Pôle Nord"—has, it appears from a notice in the *Revue Bibliographique Universelle*, adduced the further testimony of Baron von Schilling, of the Russian navy, in favour of the existence of this Siberian Polynia. Further testimony in favour of its existence may be derived from the paragraph which has had the run of the papers, coming from one of the Pacific Islands, and which related the voyage of an American whaler in the same open sea, when the coast of a very extensive and high land was followed to a considerable distance. This is possibly the northern prolongation of the land discovered north of Behring's Straits by Captain Kellett of the *Herald* and Captain Moore of the *Plover* in 1848. The point at which Captain Kellett landed rose to an elevation of fourteen hundred feet above the sea, and the gallant captain says he felt certain that they had discovered an extensive land, and he deemed it more than probable that the peaks they saw were a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan, and mentioned by Baron Wrangel in his Polar voyages.

The French expedition having then, according to Captain Gustave Lambert, reached the Siberian Polynia at the very point where Wrangel's sledge was stopped by open water, "which separated the thin and flat fragments of ice," it will have nothing to do but to sail to the North Pole, with all the resources accumulated in the ship not only in regard to instruments of observation, but also to provisions, and even to comfort.

If we admit, says Captain Gustave Lambert, the existence of an open sea frozen over in the winter months, but broken up in summer, Captain Osborn's project would be only practicable in winter. Human energy might overcome the difficulties presented in carrying it out even amid the rigorous cold which exists at that time, but if human curiosity can be gratified by such an expedition in as far as the Pole is concerned, a very small harvest of scientific observations can be gathered.

The route advocated by Petermann has, again, according to the French navigator, opposed to it the enormous barrier of ice, of great thickness, and which, resting upon Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, stretches to the Siberian Polynia. The want of success which has attended upon the numerous attempts made by that route, not less than "the mountains of ice" accumulated in those seas in the midst of flat floes of marine origin, must lead us to apprehend a new failure. According to the adage which Captain Lambert has formulated for himself, "Fuir les terres"—"Avoid the neighbourhood of land"—ought to be the device of Polar navigators. So also English navigators, Admiral Ommanney among others, who participate in the general opinion of Petermann, would still rather hold by the route taken by Parry in 1827, but without abandoning the ship, and with the establishment of an important centre for revictualling on the north of Spitzbergen. But it might be remarked upon these objections that, granting an open sea north of the eastern extremity of Siberia, we do not know how soon it

may be limited to the westward by a barrier of ice resting upon Capes Tcheliouskin and Liakov, or New Siberia, or how far it may be limited by ice resting upon Plover and Herald lands, the extent of which appears to be so much greater than was at first supposed, and which may render the approach to the Pole in that direction, except in sledges, more difficult than even from Greenland or Grinnell-Land. Should an open sea present itself beyond these latter points, there would be no reason for an expedition as projected by Captain Osborn abandoning its ship. It would, in fact, be as near the Pole and as far advanced in the open sea, supposed to wash the Polar cap, as Captain Lambert would be long after he had forced his way by saw and gunpowder through the outer ice-belt, and with less chance of meeting further unknown obstacles. It is curious to find two experienced navigators like Captains Osborn and Lambert, from contemplating the difficulties to be encountered in a different point of view, the one heralding the prolongation of land to the north as a most desirable thing, the other proclaiming that to avoid the neighbourhood of land should be the axiom of every Polar navigator.

Mr. Lamont, who has passed two summers in Spitzbergen, says that the Norwegian walrus-hunters scouted the very idea of the existence of an open Polar sea. On the other hand, Captain Jansen believes, from a careful digest of the records of early Dutch navigators, that there is open water at the Pole in summer, but not in winter, and that the disruption of the ice, and its movements induced by currents and gales of wind, make sledge expeditions less practicable and more dangerous, in case there is no land from 82 deg. to the Pole. Mr. Markham—a strong supporter of Captain Osborn's scheme—believes that the so-called "Polynias," or "open seas" of the Russians, are nothing more than what are called "water-holes" by English Arctic explorers. The theory of an open Polar sea had its origin in the remarkable journey of Baron Wrangel from the coast of Asia. It received confirmation in the exploration that was undertaken by Sir Edward Belcher to the northward of Parry Islands; and further, again, in the open water that was seen by Morton, in Kane's voyage, beyond the northernmost point that had yet been reached in Greenland. Admiral Collinson seems like Captain Osborn and Mr. Markham, to doubt if these are not simply open holes, rather than extensive seas.

Captain Lambert remarks that only one attempt has been made to navigate the route which he advocates, and that was by Captain Cook. This great Englishman, he says, deemed it prudent, on account of the fogs and storms of September, to return and winter in the Sandwich Islands, from whence to renew his efforts the next year. Unfortunately he fell a victim to the treachery of the natives, and this sad disaster alone prevented him, according to Captain Lambert, reaching the North Pole, although his object was directed to reaching the Atlantic by the north of Siberia and Europe. The explorations of Wrangel and Anjou have, according to the same writer, determined some of the limits of the Polynia—a constantly or permanently open sea, according to some, and the presumed existence of which serves as the basis to his project. These explorations have not, however, unfortunately, he admits, determined its limits.

An objection, it appears, has also been made to the French project, on the ground of the long preliminary distance which has to be traversed between France and Behring's Straits; but Captain Lambert pronounces it to be a mere "promenade maritime," the only inconveniences of which lie in loss of time and increase of expense. In the special point of view of the proposed campaign, he indeed argues that this inconvenience would be more than compensated for by the opportunity it would present of becoming well acquainted with the crew, "and of disembarking at the Sandwich Islands all such as should not feel themselves equal to struggling against greater obstacles." Starting in February, 1869, Captain Lambert expects, proceeding by Cape Horn, to be in the Polynia in July, and at the North Pole in August of the same year.

It has been further asked, What is there to be done at the North Pole? What object of interest or utility is there to be gained by reaching that point of the globe? The reply to such a question is far more difficult and comprehensive than appears on the surface. It requires, indeed, some preliminary acquaintance with the physical sciences to be able to appreciate the nature, value, and importance of these objects.

The first point is to determine the position of the ideal axis round which the earth moves in a sidereal day, and which has never undergone any known mutation. That is to say, that supposing the poles to vary in their sidereal position, as advocated by some scientific men, in order to account for certain climactic and geological phenomena, still the position of the poles themselves with regard to the terrestrial globe cannot vary. The axis of rotation cannot but be as a rigid bar or straight line, extending from one pole to the other. Debarred of the use of the great and costly instruments of a fixed observatory, an expedition arriving at the North Pole would deem itself fortunate if—the point being on land—it could determine the position within three hundred yards or five hundred yards of its true situation. But Captain Lambert believes that if on land a bar of iron bearing the French flag could, after some corrections for possible errors, be planted in the line of the actual prolongation of the terrestrial axis. If the North Pole should be capped with solid ice, an almost equal precision might be arrived at; but if open water, and the expedition shall be able to place itself within one or two thousand yards of the point sought for, it may be deemed to have attained a great success.

The stars neither rising nor setting, but describing circles above the horizon which are parallel to the Boreal Celestial Pole, there would be no time but that of place—no term of longitude—and if the chronometers were left unwound, their absolute state could be easily recovered. A vertical line becomes at such a spot an equatorial gnomon or dial, upon which the movement of the solar or lunar shadows marks the progress of time. The planets would appear according to their declensions or distances from the equator, the sun would remain six months above the horizon, six months below it, whilst the moon would be visible for fifteen days in the month, and invisible for the other fifteen. Such would be the spectacle presented to a person stationed at the Pole, where a common theodolite might be made to serve all the purposes of an equatorial.

Dr. Hayes, it is well known, swung a pendulum and noted its vibrations in Smith Sound, where he determined an amount of flattening

equal to 1·372, different to the generally received opinion. Captain Lambert is having constructed a pendulum of invariable length, by a pupil of Bréguet's, which he hopes to swing at the North Pole, and if the celebrated experiment of M. Foucault is repeated at that point, the pendulum will be observed to traverse the entire circle of the horizon in the course of a single day. From what experience we have had of the fatigue attendant upon noting the vibrations of a pendulum in a temperate climate, our zeal for science scarcely goes so far as to envy an observer at the North Pole.

Meteorology, only recently placed on a scientific footing by the researches of Humboldt, Sabine, Maury, Fitzroy, and others, would have much to gain by an expedition to the North Pole. The more so as in the present day the general aspect of physical science is undergoing a transformation, from the tendency now general among observers to study the co-relation of forces, formerly looked upon as independent. Every new inquiry, indeed, tends more and more to establish the great fact that all these forces are only manifestations of one and the same cause—motion; this motion being produced under heterogeneous conditions, which engender the divergence of the apparent results.

The late Sir David Brewster, by examining the inflexions of the isothermal lines, found that two series united at certain points; and he was thus enabled to establish the existence of two poles of extreme cold, one situated north of the American continent, the other north of Siberia. Captain Lambert, who uses the term *insolation* to express the quantity of heat cast by the sun in different places, at different seasons, and different hours—the expression corresponding, in fact, to our term radiation—thinks that he has discovered, not only the cause of the constant temperature under the equator, and the variable temperature at the Poles, but also a zone of minimum cold below the 80th degree of latitude. There is much still to be done in this direction.

The magnetic or electro-magnetic axis, poles, and equator, and all its attendant meridians and parallels, do not, it is well known, correspond to the terrestrial axis, poles, and equator. The dip is nil at the equator, and attains an angle of 90 deg. at the two magnetic poles. The direction of the parallels is only to be determined by following out the lines of equal dip—a labour in which much has been done, but in which much still remains to be accomplished. It is the same with regard to the intensity of the electro-magnetic force, as measured by the number of vibrations of a needle in a given time. If the magnetic pole was stationary, like the terrestrial pole, the meridian furnished by an imaginary line carried from one pole to the other might be made to constitute a natural meridian, which could be made to supersede the absurdity of maps being constructed as they are at present, with the longitudes marked in degrees instead of time, as they should be, from Greenwich and Paris. But the electro-magnetic pole, having to depend for its existence upon the co-relation of forces, is a variable point, and therefore unsuited for such a common meridian. The magnetic equator itself presents abrupt breaks or solutions of continuity, the intensities vary to a still more remarkable degree, and the variation, or the angle formed by the needle with the magnetic meridian, presents two extreme points—one in Siberia, the other in the Pacific—between the Sandwich Islands and

Tahiti. This is no more than is to be expected of phenomena dependent on the motion of forces influenced by heat and nature of soil, and not of a fixed character, like the terrestrial axis. Recent researches tend more and more to establish a relationship, always believed in, although not at first corroborated by actual observation, between the aurora borealis, mostly seen in regions of extreme cold between the 70th and 80th parallels, and electro-magnetic forces. Captain Lambert also hopes to do much towards determining the relations of terrestrial magnetism and terrestrial heat, or *insolation*, as he terms it. So enthusiastic, indeed, is the French projector of an expedition to the North Pole, that he avers that a complete observatory established at the Pole would give an impetus to physical science equal to what can only be expected in the course of a century under less advantageous circumstances.

General Sabine, the senior living officer of those who accompanied Ross and Parry in their early explorations of the Arctic zone, and who collected in Spitzbergen, Melville Island, and East Greenland those valuable data in terrestrial magnetism which have subsequently led to the construction of the beautiful charts which exhibit the declination, inclination, and intensity of the magnetic force over the globe's surface (a wonderful reduction of scientific data to good useful purposes, as Captain Osborn declares, which every sailor can appreciate and be thankful for), is little less sanguine of valuable results to be obtained to science by Polar expeditions. His interest attaches itself, however, more particularly to the Spitzbergen Seas, in which the Swedish government are carrying out that measurement of an arc of the meridian, the value and importance of which the learned general had urged forty years ago upon the attention of the British public, which he had planned the means of executing, and which he ardently desired to be permitted to carry out personally.

General Sabine's original interesting paper upon the measurement of this arc was addressed to Mr. Gilbert, M.P., vice-president of the Royal Society in 1826. In it he pointed out the facility offered by Spitzbergen for a measurement of an arc of the meridian extending over nearly four and a half degrees of latitude, stating that the value of this measurement, in the latitude of Spitzbergen, towards deducing the proportion of the polar and equatorial diameters by its combination with an arc near the equator, "was most important;" and he added that its value would be equivalent to an arc in Lapland of six times the extent of the arc measured by the French Academicians. Captain Osborn urges, in favour of his project, that every arrangement might be made for a measurement of four degrees of the meridian upon the shores of Smith Sound. One of the ships being left about Cape Isabella and the other pushed on to Cape Parry, the intervening space would comprise rather more than four degrees; and during the summer season, whilst the Polar Expedition was absent, there could be no more profitable way of occupying those left in charge of the ships, than in doing such a work as measuring an arc; the ice of the strait, affording considerable facilities for such an undertaking; and especial provision in the expedition might be made for such persons as were well qualified to execute it.

Icebergs being a creation of land, subject to the same laws which have been so ably developed in modern times with regard to the glaciers of Switzerland and Norway, and abounding most in the Antarctic Ocean,

Captain Lambert argues that there is land at the South Pole, water at the North Pole. But as there are mountains in the Himalaya which rise to an elevation exceeding that to which vapours rise, and which must consequently have bare rocky summits void of snow, so it might be questioned if there is not an amount of cold at the poles which might be unfavourable to the formation of glaciers, and consequently of icebergs, whose true country appears rather to be between the parallels of 75 deg. and 85 deg. north or south latitudes.

It has been supposed by some that the accumulation of ice at the poles, and sudden changes occurring in its accumulation, distribution, and breaking up, may affect the position of the axis of rotation, and consequently the climate of the terrestrial globe. Mr. Hamilton, for example, pointed out the well known fact that the flora and fauna of the buried worlds indicate a much warmer climate in the Arctic and Temperate zones, than anything we are acquainted with in the present day, and that therefore it would be a matter of great interest to see these northern regions geologically explored! This is about as childish as Mr. Lubbock's support granted to the same undertaking, upon the ground that recent researches having shown that man, in the earlier times of which we have any relics, appears to have been not only a savage, but a savage living under Arctic conditions. Therefore, the native tribes who might be observed on the projected expedition were precisely those who would have the greatest interest for us at the present moment. Savages living under Arctic conditions could be studied, as Admiral Fitzroy once pointed out, but without a correct sense of what constitutes geologico-archæological progression, at Terra del Fuego, without the difficulties of a Polar expedition. Mr. Markham traces the Esquimaux races, or Skraelings (dwarfs) of the Northmen, to Asiatics expelled by Zenghiz Khan, and who in their turn drove out the Northmen. Mr. Lubbock believes that they are races driven north by the Red Indians, for they were found in Labrador a hundred and fifty years before the time of Zenghiz Khan. Mr. Crawford, the president of the Ethnological Society, does not believe in the settlement of Northmen on the coast of Greenland in the ninth century; and, he argues, the ancient Runic inscriptions and church bells found in the country came from sea-rovers, adventurers, and pirates, who only settled there occasionally! Interesting as such questions unquestionably are in an ethnological point of view, they have little to do with the main objects of a Polar expedition, and can only be considered as subjects of collateral inquiry. It is possible, indeed, to so swamp the great objects of an expedition with preliminary, collateral, and subsidiary inquiries, as to delay, embarrass, and even endanger the success of the main objects. This has occurred in more than one instance.

Captain Lambert spiritedly contests the geological theory of a change of climate induced by a supposed mutation in the position of the axis of the earth. He looks upon the additional weight of glaciers as totally inadequate to produce the phenomenon in question. Nor does he attach much more importance to the theory of deluges, ice-marks, and buried mammoths induced by lunar perturbations. It is certain, however, that there has been a change of climate—a change which, according to some, has been slow, steady, and progressive; but the laws of which can scarcely be expected to be materially developed by an expedition to the North Pole.

It is different in regard to natural history. Real and important results might be brought about by the projected Polar expeditions, and the exploration of the Polynias or open seas of Siberia and Greenland, by discovering new and extensive fields for whale fishery. Bow-heads, and devil fish, as the Americans call them, are probably to be met with all around the Polar circle.* The food of the Arctic whales, like that of the walrus, a partly herbivorous mammal, is supposed to consist mainly of small red crustaceans, which abound in these seas. This is a point worth examining; but be that as it may, it is a well-established fact that the Polar seas are peculiarly rich in the lower organisms of life. Professor Owen has also pointed out a more curious than important fact, that a rare and solitary form of the manatee, a warm-blooded animal allied to the whale tribe, but very different in form, and having something human in its physiognomy and in its habit of swimming—mermaid-like—with its young clasped to its breast, named by Russian naturalists the rhytina, inhabited the icy sea of Siberia within the last century, and he deems it within the bounds of probability that this animal, or some allied form, might be found within the retired waters of the Pole. The small number of these river cows, as they have been called, that are known still to live on the earth are now met with only in tropical latitudes; but in Europe these strange creatures have been found only in a fossil state in middle tertiary strata. But in other respects, as the learned professor justly remarked, pure zoological science had little to expect in comparison with the general scientific results that we might hope to attain from the proposed explorations.

There can be no question, taken in any point of view, that it is desirable that the projected expeditions to the North Pole should be carried out. Two English, at least—one by Smith Sound, the other by Spitzbergen; one German, by Spitzbergen; and one French, by Behring's Straits. Captain Gustave Lambert, appealing to his countrymen, dwells upon the sad contrast presented by the millions wasted in those great national duels—which have not, he says, even the excuse of ordinary duels—with the miserably small sums devoted to the pursuit of science. It is, indeed, this mistaken opposition placed by the spirit of war to the spirit of peace which alone leads him to apprehend that he may not be allowed "to assist at the grandiose spectacle of such a scientific steeplechase."

England, adds the Frenchman, eloquent and enthusiastic in a noble cause, would (at such a steeplechase) enrich the golden book of its maritime glories by one more name. The stars of the American union, the country of Maury, would once more be lit up by those long days respected by the night. Dr. Hayes is, he feels certain, ready to begin again. Holland, once the queen of the seas; the three Scandinavian kingdoms; Russia, whose icy shores are bathed by the Polynia, would give worthy successors to the Barenzes, the Behrings, the Krusensterns, the Wrangels, and Anjous. Learned Germany would take its rank under the impulse of Augustus Petermann. Already, thanks to Rosenthal of Bremen, that fiction has assumed a body, become a reality. The country of Barthélemy Diaz, of Vasco de Gama, and of Magellan would

* The American whale fisheries in Behring's Straits amounted in two years to the enormous value of 8,000,000 dollars.

take its place in the race, and there would be no reason to dread that the giant Adamastor should bar the passage seated on a rock. Young Italy would remember that illustrious Genoese who under the Spanish flag inscribed the immortal date of October 14, 1492, in the records of humanity. "And for us, gentlemen," he says, in conclusion, "if I do not enumerate the brilliant stars of our naval crown, it is because I wish to leave to the German Petermann the honour of having brought to light the riches of the French maritime scroll."

"Ah! if such a tournament was to be really inaugurated, although science knows no country, what Frenchman would not formulate ardent vows and join in the most energetic efforts to ensure that the French expedition to the North Pole should arrive first, distancing its competitors in the race, were it only by a ship's length?"

A CORNISH VILLAGE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

THE sun just peeps above the ferny hills,
  Blushing and bashful as a hind in love;
Shooting his rays oblique on misty rills;
  But soon more bold, he springs the woods above,
And gazes with broad face, and eyes of mirth,
Upon his bride—the peaceful, modest earth.

The village clock strikes five; more bright the skies;
  And now the humble tenants are astir;
Thin smoke-wreaths o'er each cottage bluely rise,
  Where housewives kindle fires of peat or fir,
Sprinkle o'er rude clay floors the yellow sand,
And spread the frugal board with active hand.

Now Labour carries out God's first intent,
  That each in labour's tasks a part should bear;
The strong-necked oxen to the plough are bent,
  The rustic whistles o'er the shining share,
The mower whets his scythe upon the hill,
And clatter, clatter works the busy mill.

But see, who comes from yon low cottage-door,
  In spreading hat, with sun-tanned arms all bare?
Light as her heart, her foot the grass trips o'er;
  She looks to eyes of peasants passing fair;
Her form is softly rounded, cheeks are roses,
And quiet archness on her lip reposes.

She treads the meadow, and the cattle know her,
  The calf frisks round her with its sides of silk;
Love e'en the timid lambs, by bleating, show her;
  Hark! in the shining pail, the splashing milk:
The kingcups, looking on her, seem to smile,
The happy maid blithe singing all the while.

The thresher in the neighbouring barn throws down
The ringing flail; he stands beside her now;
Rustic coquette, she turns from him, a frown
Striving to darken her young, pretty brow:
And then she blushes, while she lets him bear
Her milk-pail home, and thanks him laughing there.

The sun is near mid-heaven; luxurious heat
Faints o'er the landscape; flowers their heads bend low;
The birds, close-bower'd, have ceased their descant sweet;
Delicious 'tis to hear the cool stream flow,
Faint gurgling, twining through the trembling reeds,
Where the fish darts, the green-necked mallard feeds.

The lazy cart-wheels turn more slowly round,
And where the village sage his school doth keep,
You hear a buzzing and uncertain sound
From master tired, and urchins half asleep;
The old dog panting in the doorway sits,
The dame her needle plies, and nods by fits.

But in the hay-field all is busy life;
They toss and toss the flakes of clover sweet;
How rich it smells, with Nature's odours rife,
Refreshing sense beneath the withering heat!
Bare are men's arms, tucked short the maiden's dresses,
Kerchiefs untied, while loosely fall their tresses.

They toss the hay, and oft the jocund hind
Indulges some bold jest, and laughter rings
Lightly from rosy lips, and where they find
Hay heaped more high, the daring peasant springs—
The season's privilege—love's harmless bliss—
Making the hay more sweet with many a kiss.

Go down, go down, thou hot-faced summer sun!
Let freshness bless again the fainting earth;
Come out, ye hiding birds, from coverts dun,
And pipe your evening songs of joy and mirth!
Lift your bowed heads, ye flowers! by brake and pool,
And drink the nectarous dew, enjoy the cool.

Released from toil, the village folk are meeting;
Some saunter slowly, some on benches lean,
Wives telling tales, old men the old men greeting,
While noisy children gambol on the green;
The late quick mill-wheel flashes round no more,
The flail is silent on the threshing-floor.

Now down the elm-walk happy lovers rove,
Plighting their vows, but nought the lusty hind
Regards love's star pale rising o'er the grove;
Gentle romance ne'er warmed his stolid mind;
He tells his honest tale in plainest style,
And she can blush acceptance, sigh, and smile.

Thus in that Cornish village life goes round,
Toil and repose—the hills, the vales their home;
Their simple joys to narrowest circle bound,
Here were they born, here live, nor ask to roam;
Heroes may fight, or thrones in dust be hurled,
Calm pass their years, this, this their little world.

BLACKLOCK FOREST.

I.

——But their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady boughs
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger.

MILTON.

ONLY the daring and adventurous few who, fearless, or in spite of their fears, have explored the Forest of Blacklock, are acquainted with its gloomy recesses, its deep and sullen caverns, its ever sunless paths, its sadly murmuring streams, its angry torrents, and the "hell of waters" in the rock basins which have been worn into form by the whirling eddies at the feet of its cascades. Of the most courageous, none are so devoid of imagination as to pass through the "darkness visible" of its winding and branching avenues without apprehension, or to hear its mysterious noises without dread. As they look onwards, or right and left, into the dim perspectives of its high o'er-arching and wildly entangled woods, the growl, as of all things savage, at times enters "the fearful hollow of their ears," while the screams of strange birds, mingling with the moaning of the winds, maintain a hideous discord, only less appalling than the myriad-spectred silence which, at other times, throws its spell around the explorer, who then moves on with stealthy pace, as though he were passing by the hushed abode of some sleeping monster, watched by the attendant demons of the place! As the Dead Sea sepulchres the submerged city of sin, so this dark forest seems to have been destined to unimpeded growth in rank luxuriance, as the imprisoning abode of all the erratic imps of melancholy and terror, gathered from the world wherein they formerly ranged at large, to the disturbance or distress of the constitutionally cheerful and fearless. On the dank dead timber of fallen boughs, on the stream-washed stones and mossy banks of its roaring torrents and hissing rapids, huge toads are seen reposing, as if petrified in sleep, and countless other reptiles, including the abhorred newt, are seen lying in malignant satisfaction, as if glutted with the mischief they have accomplished in the destruction of every living thing agreeable to the sight, making shrinking disgust participate with admiring dread! Where the sunbeams *can* penetrate to give any duration to partial brightness and warmth, the adder "craves wary walking," and the common snake, so rarely awakened from its slumber, is trodden upon before it uncoils to glide through the long grasses that fringe its inner bed. Strangely uncouth shapes, as of the baboon tribe, seem to present themselves in the gnarled and knotted trunks of the primeval trees, starting erect in wonder that man should dare to intrude on their doomed privacy; while winged harpies of the owl kind, aroused by the stranger's approach, fly screeching off, like alarmed sentinels, to evoke the more powerful

spirits of the forest. Were the expanse within the forest boundary denuded of its trees and foliage, it would appear as a compact miniature region of valleys profound and of rocky heights of mountain form, fantastic in their clustering varieties and jagged profiles as those we see in South Spain, though in the absence of real magnitude rather *expressing* than truly presenting the sublime of scenic effect; but as there are no levels except in the lower parts, every elevation and precipice has the requisite foil to give it majesty. On the highest mound, rising from the largest of these levels with still lower depths around, is observed what seems at first to be a castle-like crown of rock, picturesque in its irregular outline, murally vertical, and bare as if by the lightning's blast, except where the ivy has maintained its growth, like the element of life "which murder cannot kill." But, on nearer inspection, the remains of veritable turrets, buttresses, battlements, and windows appear, and when the great body of the abrupt mound is ascended, the climber finds himself in the brier-clothed court of the once impregnable Blacklock Castle. Here the antiquarian contemplates with interest the various details of the old Gothic baronial fortress, enabling him to declare the period of its construction, while he discovers sufficient remains of foundation masonry to warrant the perfect restoration (upon paper) of its plan and general form. In this day of mediæval mania, which is so injuriously confounding art with archæology, and making antiquated precedent supersede the principles which should govern modern design, it might please many of my readers (should I be fortunate in their number) were I to forget the romance of my subject in a dissertation on the tenth to twelfth century progress of Saxon and Norman architecture in Great Britain; but it must suffice to state that the denotements of Blacklock's ruined castle signify that extended period when great beauty or pictorial characteristic in minute detail was studied to the exclusion of all regard for uniformity or general propriety of design, and with a carelessness as to social comfort which would be incredible if almost every old baronial residence in Europe did not exemplify the fact. Thus the castle of Blacklock even in its day of perfectness must have exhibited a most irregular combination of regular features in defiant confusion, with scarcely one window over or corresponding with another, and not a single quadrilateral room or court having four right angles, if it had so much as one. It would seem too, from the absence of passages, that the scullery-maid must have gone either across the open court or through the banqueting-hall to find the fish-kettle for the cook in the kitchen, and that the young ladies had no other way of getting to their bedrooms except through the guard-room filled with roystering soldiers when the inner court was being deluged with rain. What remains of the building, however, poetised by the artistic operations of time and tempest and by the growth of brier and ivy—assimilating it, in short, to the accidental graces of nature around—is doubtless advantaged by its original defects; and a more striking union of the natural of rock with the artificial of masonry, harmonised by decay, could not be desired by the most romantic of picturesque painters.

But the most impressive feature of Blacklock Forest remains yet to be described. The explorer, having ascended from the lowest depth of the woods, emerges on to an elevated level, whence rises the highest reach

of rock, already described as crowned by the castle ruins. From this level, before he makes his final ascent, he looks down upon, or rather into, the awfully still and dark profound of a small lake, or rather tarn, in the form of four-fifths of a circle, the remaining fifth being cut off by the straight and level causeway, on whose narrow surface he walks from one end to the other of the opening between the converging precipices which bound the opening in the natural theatre, of which the tarn is, as it were, the pit. The superficies of the latter may not exceed two acres, while the surrounding precipices, rising immediately from the water, average some two hundred feet in vertical altitude, the irregular outline of their summits (except where the castle ruins are seen on the spectator's left) being fringed with overhanging shrubs. The beholder is the more struck by coming at once and unexpectedly upon the dam, which separates this very "pit of Acheron" from the umbrageous and rapid descent of the forest, and which is itself so elevated above the waters, without any beach below, that there is only one spot, at the right hand extremity of its extent, where access to or from a boat is attainable. At this point a narrow channel allows the silent escape of superflux from the lake, which follows a gentle decline into the woods below, concealed till it reappears at a distance in the form of angry torrent or cascade. The channel at the point alluded to is crossed by a small bridge, connected with which is a step-formed incline of masonry forming access between the dam-level and the tarn. The imagination must be left to supply the sombre colouring of the rocks and ruins, the gloomy shade and shadow of the bounding precipices, with the green of their summits, and the still blackness of the water, on which the sun never shines, and which suggests the idea of unfathomable depth, whose fascination is *said* to be so fearful, that even the wildest birds of the forest dare not fly across, lest it should act like a magnet, defying the strongest winged volition, and converting horizontal or upward movement into a fall irresistible! Byron's "Manfred" speaks of the Alpine heights he delighted to climb,

> Where the birds dare not build,
> Nor insect wing flit o'er the herbless granite;

and the gloomy habit of his soul might have equally luxuriated in the locality now described.

Such then is the lock, or loch, which gives name to the forest including it, and which bears some resemblance (though in miniature) to the famous Lyn Idwal of North Wales, so far at least as regards the theatrical form of its rocky enclosure, and the dam-ridge which crosses its opening on the north. In the great Welsh example, however, the surrounding precipices do not rise abruptly out of the water, but are divided therefrom by a shelving beach, which, extending with a slight incline into the lake, leave no impression of the depth that constitutes the horror of the forest tarn. On the other hand, we may not compare the shrubs which overhang the Blacklock precipices with the clouds that often obscure the mountainous summits of the Lyn. Still the latter, when the sun is bright during noon, assumes so cheerful an aspect, that the bather will wade into its waters and strike across them, and pic-nic parties will make merry on its shores, to say nothing of the birds which skim over its surface, in disproof of the Welshman's belief that no such

flight was ever made since Idwal, the infant heir of Prince Gwynedd, was drowned there, and

> No human ear, but Dunawt's, heard
> Young Idwal's dying scream.

The gloomy little crater of Blacklock, on the brightest day, is only the gloomier because of the rock-screen which ever precludes the sunbeams from reaching its waters, and which leaves only the castle summits and the surface of the dam-embankment to present their contrasting touches of light. Though water so clear will take no shadow, that of our tarn has no more than space enough to reflect the shadowed cliffs that close it in; and it may be that its darkly shaded bed (the darker because of its vast depth), or some quality of the water itself, gives to it the peculiar blackness which is its characteristic. It is to be suspected, however, that the commonly believed assertion, that no bird has ever flown across the lake, has been contradicted by wheeling hawks and skimming swallows; and there are provokingly plain speaking and common-sense thinking sceptics who maintain that wherever there are swimming fishes *in* the waters of a *land*-lake, at least there will be flying birds *above* it. Now the fish of this loch are unquestioned facts, as we may have proved to us in the course of this story.

The reader may, however, anticipate such traditional legends with truthful records of modern incident as might be expected in relation to so romantic a locality, for there has ever appeared to be, in such scenic fitness, a suggestive power occasioning dread events to match. "The very place puts toys of desperation, without more motive, into every brain, that looks so many fathoms" into its mysterious depths! Among the legends is that of a moonlight murder, accompanied by instant judgment; and a projecting rock is pointed to, on the highest part of the castle boundary, from which one of the early barons of Blacklock sought to hurl a rival of ambition into the lake below. He was, however, only in part successful, *i.e.*, he occasioned more than he sought to accomplish. He was potent enough to take the struggling victim into his arms, but not sufficiently so to disengage himself from the hold of the other, as the latter hung irrecoverably suspended over the abyss. The hurler would willingly have restored his enemy to safety, with the promise of no further hostility, but the latter was now more resolved on vengeance, at the cost of his own life, than desirous of living still under any sense of obligation; and it is said to have been horribly charming to see the expression of terror in the face of the assailant as compared with the ecstatic grin of satisfied delight in the countenance of the first assailed! The supplications of the former were answered by the movements of the latter, rendering his own position utterly hopeless, as he clung the more to the baron, who was now in truth the victim of his revenge. It need scarcely be said that, after a spasmodic argument on the folly of mutual destruction *versus* the sweets of revenge at any price, they both fell headlong and embracing into the lake. Nor, if tradition be sooth, did the matter stop here; since it remains asserted that, if the day and hour of the anniversary of the act were known, the spectator at such time might behold the phantom of the baron rising to the water's surface and striving to emerge from it, pursued and drawn back by the implacable and insatiate ghost of his enemy,

and, finally, with ghastly gazes at the moon, as it placidly illumined the terrified features of the one and the exulting expression of the other, both might be seen together disappearing like a huge snow-flake into watery blackness.

Among the more remarkable incidents of modern date that now add to the sensational interest of our forest, are those to be detailed in the progress of the ensuing narrative. The guide, who conducts visitors to the loch, points to an old tree on the dam-ridge, which is monumental of the saddest of deaths and of the most stirring of dangers. He then leads the way up to the castle, showing the spot where a mysterious figure rose out of the earth to greet a solitary rambler, and conducting the visitor to subterraneous vaults, wherein the ghost of a long deceased lord of the castle relieved curiosity of its desire for information, and points to the window through which the apparition made its exit to be seen no more. In another part of the forest he shows the scene of a mortal struggle between a man of dire vengeance and another of exemplary virtue; then leads on to the cave of spirits, where long-concealed mischiefs were ultimately developed; speaks of strange sounds seeming to issue on still days from brier-veiled clefts in rocks, something resembling the bark of a small dog mingled with bleat of a sheep, but evidently neither of one nor the other, as it sometimes resembled as decided a laugh as ever came from human lungs. The story of the mortal struggle, just alluded to, involved not the death of both parties, as in the case of the ancient baron and his rival; but it is more interesting, in being exempt from all suspicion of fiction, and the scene where the facts occurred is only second in impressive aspect to the Black Loch. It is termed "The Waters-Meet," because, into a miniature loch resembling the great one—being, in truth, a mere rock-basin—fall two cascades, the larger, in its body of water and depth of fall being of the torrent from the Black Loch, and the smaller being that of a stream, having its rise in a distant locality northward and out of the forest, and being within the vault of a lofty natural tunnel or cavernous passage opening above the basin. The meeting of the two falls in a solitude almost closed in by rocks, and entirely veiled from the sky by overhanging trees, with the never-ceasing roar of their waters, produces an effect on the sight and hearing which even a dull imagination may conceive, though it be beyond a painter's art to present, for the whole is too concentrated and too closely proximate within the confined and embowered space that contains it, to allow of the receded position necessary to the artist; and, after all, there is no painting water in furious motion, there is no painting noise. "Here," says the guide, bawling into the listener's ear, "sat the slayer, and there lay the slain," and so on, the spectator feeling that never was there more fitting scene for tragedy's fulfilment.

The so-called Forest of Blacklock is but a portion of the great chase, which centuries ago formed one of the royal hunting grounds, especially noted for its wolves, and being, it is said, the last hold of those voracious animals in England. A considerable extent of the now cultivated open land, stretching away westward from the present boundary, was included within the old one. The remaining part now exhibits, perhaps, more than its original wildness, from its having been ever unconvertible to the

purposes of husbandry; and other causes of impediment or neglect, including such as operated upon superstitious terror, have left it to increase in savageness rather than to "improve," in the unromantic sense of the term. Though now surrounded by lands rich in pasture and in grain, the castle and loch portion continued defiant of the plough and spade, while Nature, unaided and uncontrolled, threw her seeds about, to find nourishment wherever there might be bed or hollow for soil to receive them. So the great and decayed great-grandsire trees saw their progeny, old and young, rising above and around them, till the wood-cutter alone could make his way where the successive owners of the forest had not preserved the few necessary roads for transit through and for reaching the loch, &c. Though abundant in quarries for building a hundred castles, the gnarled timber of the forest afforded little material for the carpenter, however there might be firewood enough for all the hearths in the kingdom. There were too many foxes to allow of any increase of rabbits and hares, and too many owls and hawks to permit the thriving supply of winged game, but the loch and its outflowing stream afforded abundance of fish, notwithstanding the voracity of a "giant pike," which was believed to be the undying tyrant of its depths, and which it would seem had devoured all the "one-eyed trout" that, according to tradition, were once plentiful in its waters.

The general description of the forest already given may be deemed by many all-sufficient, but where the interest of a narrative is enhanced by a correct knowledge of localities frequently referred to, and as description unaided by graphic illustration never produces the same impression on any two readers, the following particulars are added. A public road passes round the east end of the forest from Blackleigh village on the north to the small sea-town of Blackport on the south, the circuit being about eight miles. Directly through the forest is a road, reducing the distance between the village and seaport to about six miles. From the latter road a branch westward leads to the loch and castle, and a divergent path, branching to the Waters-Meet, reunites with the main road. The Waters-Meet is the confluence of the torrent from the Black Loch, and of the stream from a lake in the grounds of Blackleigh Hall, and the united waters flow thence, united in the river which enters the sea at Blackport. The road through the forest has a lodge at the northern, and another at the southern extremity.

The villagers of the north rarely venture, singly, further than the point where the branch-path, leading to the Waters-Meet, diverges from the thoroughfare, and where they obtain their first glimpse into the perspective that is lost in the "Cimmerian darkness" of the inner part of the forest; while the southerners of the seaport mostly confine their incursions to the first bridge; some penetrate to the second, but it is only in company that any of the simpler folk will dare to traverse the entire thoroughfare between the north and south lodges; and few are they, even among the more enlightened, who, without one of the forest guides, will leave the main road to explore the dark quarters right or left. At the same time, as will appear, there are certain dare-devils who, unprotected, have penetrated where there is not so much as a path to suggest their advances; and, of course, these have not hesitated to follow the branching paths which lead to the Black Loch and the Waters-Meet;

fearlessly progressing into the horror of horrors, as rash scepticism might pry into the holy of holies in an Egyptian temple or Indian pagoda; and the hardy multitude of the village and seaport, who would be undaunted by the antagonism of a savage bull, or the most infuriated and robust of their own kind, are candid in confessing that the most delicate of the gentry around are far more prompt than themselves to dare the demons of the forest. Beardless young squires, and their fairer-faced young lady-loves, have been seen to enter at either lodge in the morning and reappear at eve with a basket of the particular fish, which afford undeniable evidence that they have not only traced the wood streams in their gloomy meanderings, but that they have angled in the basin of Waters-Meet, and in the fathomless depths of the haunted Black Loch.

But, in sober truth, irrespective of all that is below the serious estimate of educated intelligence, the scenes we have described might stimulate the imaginations of the most philosophical to "thick coming fancies" of fearful incident; and the writer is only apprehensive that the current tone of his narrative may not, in the expected degree, be accordant with the deep diapason of its opening chord. He will have much to do with the common events of ordinary life, and with localities no way connected with that which it has been his aim to depict so minutely. At the same time, much of the story is so closely associated with it, that its accurate presentment will be allowed to have been justly prefatory, as an enlistment of the reader's interest in respect to the romantic character of the narrative generally. The letter of Pope's Eloisa to Abelard need have contained no allusion to any more than convent gloom, "long sounding aisles and intermingled graves;" yet she is made to depict a scene much more suiting our purpose than her own, when she says:

> In twilight groves and dusky caves
> Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
> A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
> Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
> Shades ev'ry rock, and darkens ev'ry green;
> Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
> And breathes a browner horror on the woods!

II.

> He is a man who makes his will the law
> To rule the wills of others. To that end,
> He deems his wealth, position, and the pow'r
> Of riches and high place, conferr'd by Heav'n;
> Though they were giv'n by Fortune (ever deaf
> To Merit's claims), who follows Accident
> And oft empow'rs the meritless.
>
> THE TYRANT FATHER.

SIR EDMUND BLACKLEIGH, Baronet, by right of succession, inherited his title, together with Blacklock Forest, which was inseparable from it: but the Castle of Blacklock, once an Anglo-Norman stronghold of no less domestic than of martial character, had long been little other than "a name," signifying no "local habitation;" and he therefore resided in Blackleigh Hall, the palatial centre of a pleasant domain, divided from

the forest by only the turnpike road. The Hall estate had become the baronet's by bequest, and he was left to bequeath it as he might please.

Marked, indeed, was the contrast between the gloomy surroundings of the old castle ruin and the cheerful beauties of the pleasure-grounds encircling the residence, though the ominous adjective "black" still gave a sable tone and corresponding sentiment to everything connected with Sir Edmund's family name. The dark waters of the forest loch seemed to have left a baptismal stain on the whole of the places in the neighbourhood, excepting only the pleasant mansion on the rising grounds of an adjoining property belonging to a Mr. Goldrich, and justly distinguished by the fitting name of Belmont. Saving this alone, every place within the manor, whether town, village, or private dwelling was of the "black" community. There were Blackleigh, which, having a market, was dignified by the title of town; Blackleigh Hamlet, a kind of suburb, having local elevation in its including the residences of the rector of the parish, the doctor, the lawyers, and others of the second-class aristocracy —to say nothing of the parish church, which held itself apart from the conventicles in the town; Blackport, being, as its name implies, a small seaport on the coast, not without its district chapel and zealous curate, but within the rectorial jurisdiction of the Blackleigh dignitary; Blackleigh Court, an old manorial residence of the mediæval period; Blackleigh Cottage; Blackleigh Grange; and in both port and market-town, inns, each bearing the sign of the Blackleigh Arms.

Blackleigh Hall had long belonged to a branch of the family bearing its name before it was conveyed to Sir Edmund, and had been for some time, under lease, the residing home of the preceding baronets; nor, when he first came into positive possession, before his marriage, had he any thought of retaining the estate apart from the titular property. His only purpose now was to make it worthy of a son worthy to succeed him, and to this end he, of course, contemplated marriage with a lady deserving as should be the mother of such a son; his final measure being, (should all the rest be satisfactory) to attach the Hall estate to that of the castle.

It came to him a substantial mansion of "the old English gentleman" kind, rather picturesque than elegant, and with more of nature than of art in its park-like surroundings. To be sure, there was the formal avenue of trees in three straight rows, and the garden of abundant box cut into all sorts of queer forms; but, otherwise, the character of the grounds was such as might rather be improved by tasteful appliances than by any material alteration. They included a fine sheet of water, encompassed by shady wood and sunny glade, and exhibited the perfection of landscape-gardening in the concealment of boundary, with the suggestion of extent far exceeding the veritable amount. The outlying fields were rich in harvest plenty; and the whole estate, isle of Prospero, was prodigal in the supply of "everything advantageous to life, and of means to live;" while "the air was of most subtle, tender, and delicate temperance." But Sir Edmund had a taste; and leaving the useful to his steward and bailiff, he gave his care to the ornamental. He had visited the pine-clad heights of the Villa Pamfili at Rome, and other palace-gardens in Italy; and, though he returned not with any loss of his feeling for English landscape, he brought his foreign experiences

very happily to bear on his native prepossessions. Blackleigh Hall, therefore, soon became an admired example of Anglo-Italian beauty. The Palladian style of the altered mansion does not now more strongly contrast with the Gothic character of Blacklock Castle, than the Hall lake with the black loch of the forest. The expanse of the former "piece of water" is as far greater than that of the tarn, as it is less profound; and, instead of overhanging precipices, rising out of a seeming fathomless pool, the smoothly cut and rolled grass bank of the wide-spreading lake shelves gently into its waters, which glitter in the breeze, or brighten with sunshine, save when, on its clear calm surface is mirrored the dark underside of an impending cloud. The stately swan traverses its space, or coasts near its margin—now making the overhanging willow its bower; now stemming its way with potent strokes through the water-lilies; now sailing into the creek bordered with flowering shrubs; now "reposing on its shadow" under an arch of the Palladian bridge. The latter crosses an outlet of some breadth, or rather a natural river, which, with curious interest, connects the Hall lake with the Black Loch; the two streams, from each respectively, meeting at the "Waters-Meet," already mentioned in our description of the forest as a scene of dread associations. Never surely may be seen a more startling junction than that at the spot where the wild river of the meadow, tortured into fury, rushes to mingle with the savage torrent of the forest!

But we have now to speak of a commingling, extraordinary as that of a meadow rivulet with the mountain torrent, viz. that involved in the marriage of a soft-hearted and gentle-minded woman with a man of no gentleness, and no heart at all, unless the stolid quiet of perfect self-satisfaction in every sense, and impenetrable self-will, may indicate the virtues we have assumed to be wanting. Sir Edmund had romantic theories of the lordly importance of baronial sway, and (as we have seen) a keen perception of artistic and natural beauty; but these intellectual gifts did not operate upon any natural suavity of temper, or upon any sense of the beautiful in moral goodness, except, indeed, as they rendered him the more careless of any regard for the feelings or fancies of others who possessed them. We hear of the humanising effects of an educated taste for the refined in art, and the mansion and grounds of Blackleigh Hall evinced it in every phase; but how may we look for verification of the asserted results in the amateur, when the artist himself gives proof to the contrary? The great French painter, David, has left his name pre-eminent in renown, yet he was the friend of Robespierre, the warranter of Louis XVI.'s execution, and a Terrorist of the bloodiest die. "Let us grind enough of the red," was his art-phrase for the sanguinary work of the Revolution; and, without resting on any such extreme case, as justly in point, we may be disbelievers in education and intellectual accomplishment, as having corrective influence on any constitutional evil in the heart. Therefore it was that the worthy girl who became Lady Blackleigh soon discovered she had been falsely "congratulated" on the occasion of her elevation to that title. The baronet speedily evinced such a tyrannical intolerance and contempt for the practical domestic virtues as made his wife supremely unhappy; the more so when she came to be looked upon by him as the mere bearer and nourisher of *his* chil-

dren, rather than as having equal parental authority over them and care for them as her *own*. She also had her own opinions on things in general, and her independent notions as to the proper management of the two sons she duly presented to him; nor had she gone dowerless to the marriage altar, having previously become possessed of some thousands, which had been fortunately secured to her for her own distinct use and appropriation as she might thereafter be minded; the baronet never conceiving, at the time of settlement, that she would ever act independently of his sovereign decision, or that any of his children would be won by her maternal tenderness to give decisive evidence of being "his mother's boy." The two were, however, respectively influenced by their very differing parents, from whom, in fact, they derived their equally varying and natural dispositions. The elder, when advanced in youth, turned out to be exemplary of what, in the language of nursery advertisement, is termed "a real blessing to mothers;" but the younger, "tetchy and wayward" from his babyhood, became (under the encouragement of Sir Edmund) little other than his mother's bane. Lady Blackleigh was assured by her husband, that her favoured boy had ever been to his father what she averred the younger had been to her; and that nothing more of the Blackleigh property, than was inseparable from the baronetcy, should be left to the first-born, Edmund, should he live to become the heir.

"Truly," said the lady, "a grand inheritance; an old forest of firewood, and the remains of its ruined castle!"

This was perhaps not strictly the case, as a certain portion of the cultivated land, which was once included in the forest, was still attached to the title.

"He will, at all events," added she, "in all probability be possessed of that, and it is simply my duty to leave him what means I can command towards its support."

The world around, however, remained ignorant of the discord which existed among the apparently happy occupants of a place that was of paradisal beauty. The baronet, with his Anglo-Italian taste, was ever active in the addition of "temples of virtue and honour," and "flowering gardens of pleasaunce," to make the domain of Blacklock Hall a rival of the Buckinghamshire Stowe, and all for the dutiful son Richard, who was to have, in the elegancies of wealth, what might be denied to him in titular distinction. Never was woman less deserving of the penalty that should attach to marriage for title or money than Lady Blackleigh. She might have wedded a better man, of higher position and larger means than Sir Edmund, who, fearing the probability of being accepted for other than himself merely, had, until after his marriage, concealed the fact of his being the assured possessor of the Hall and its appended property, and who was aware that he was the successful wooer of a lady who had been vainly solicited by a lover more eligible in a worldly sense, to say nothing of her being possessed of a fortune equivalent to what he was supposed to own when she accepted him. It is certainly well that every man of wealth should beware of the high-flying "penniless lass," whose only care is to sell herself to the abstract husband, able to afford her an equipage and the unquestioning payment of her milliner's bills, careless of the especial lover to whom, under any

circumstances, she could devote herself; and perhaps the happiness of marriage is, upon the whole, more secured by the alliance of equal means, or by other equalising circumstances, than by a union which elevates the woman above her family, and encumbers the husband with a batch of her poor relations. But, between the girl's heartless acceptance of a proposing lover, and the heartless proposal of a mercenary man, there is the difference of *her* passive submission of herself to a solicitor (not meaning of law), and *his* active self-appropriation of her and her belongings in the sense expressed (rather than felt) by Shakspeare's Petruchio:

> I will be master of what is mine own;
> She's my goods, my chattels; she's my house,
> My household stuff, my field, my barn,
> My ox, my ass, my anything!

May every Katherine, "the shrew," meet with no worse a "tamer" than Petruchio; but Lady Blackleigh was no shrew, while her husband was a tyrant that Petruchio would have whipped—the law allowing. She herself was indeed one well entitled to be regarded by her husband as the very sum and substance of his "goods," in the optimal sense of the word; as his "chattels," in her all comprehensiveness; as his "house," without which he were comparatively without a home, for she was the "very stuff" of it; its productive, conservative, and laborious blessing. We have shortly to lose sight of this admirable woman, and therefore cannot but dwell a moment on her virtues while she is yet before us. The excuse for her marriage was the mistake of regarding the baronet's personal handsomeness, agreeable manners, refined taste, and earnest courtship, as truly expressive of corresponding moral qualities and the sincerity of his professed love as reciprocating the reality of her own. Sad was the discovery of his having falsely played his part too well; but sadder still was the perception that he soon disregarded the elder son because the latter retained, with unfailing culture, the feelings and principles his mother had given to him; and that her husband's chief parental care was to wean the younger boy from the maternal influence. So completely did she conceal her mortification that not even her own family were aware of anything less than the usual amount of happiness in her wedded life; and, as we have already seen, the neighbours around considered the baronet and his lady as equally blessed in each other and in their children.

Among the neighbours of the Blackleigh locality, the most distinguished by wealth and social standing, were Mr. and Mrs. Goldrich, married some few years after the union of the baronet and his lady, and who had

> One fair daughter, and no more,
> The which they lovèd passing well.

Mr. Goldrich had inherited the adjoining estate of Belmont, together with two or three merchant ships, which gave its chief importance to the little sea-town of Blackport. Mrs. Goldrich had been solely elevated into position by her husband; but it was soon observed that she did not bear her dignities with quite so meek a spirit as might be looked for in one of her lowly origin.

The two young men of Blackleigh Hall, though joint inhabitants of the same home during their boyhood, divided to complete their academical education; Edmund becoming an industrious student amid the groves of Cam, and Richard playing the "faster" man in the boat-racings of Isis. And thus the years passed on till the college days of the two were concluded, when, what with her decayed health, the baronet's unkindness, and the heartless conduct of her youngest boy, poor Lady Blacklock lay down to die, having secured all she could to make happy the life of her loving and beloved son Edmund.

It need scarcely be said that Edmund was the only real mourner at his mother's funeral, nor will it be expected that any domestic cordiality existed on the part of the two others and himself. There was less active quarrel than before, because the especial cause of their disagreement was buried, and not to be spoken of; but as there was no likelihood of their now or hereafter acquiring that household harmony that had never existed, the elder son, soon after his mother's funeral, when he became possessed of sufficient, or indeed abundant independent means, bade his father and brother farewell, and departed for the Continent, relieving the baronet, at least, of all further care or responsibility as to provision for his "undutiful" son. We will not say there was no care otherwise; for, should Edmund die on his travels, both father and brother would care to know it immediately. Should he marry, then would Richard have still more care in his prospective fears of an heir-at-law to the title he hoped for, however unreasonably. An exchange of letters, therefore, took place from time to time; those of the traveller being easy and contented in their tone, while the replies of Sir Edmund and his other son were rather strained and anxiously-inquiring—the baronet's on his pet boy's part, the other's on the pet's part only. Blackleigh Hall was a sumptuous residence, with its gallery of paintings by the old masters, and sculptures by the new, its grounds of earthly beauty, and its heaven-reflecting waters; but the title of "Sir Richard Blackleigh of Blackleigh and Blacklock, Bart.," was still necessary to the ambitious aspirant; and the delicate state of his brother's health, inherited from his mother, was a chance in favour of his own flattering imaginings. As to the old baronet, he felt at liberty only to express his hopes that the inheritor of the title, with its "forest of firewood and ruined castle," would be worthy of all that of his ancestral line—and something more.

The traveller had not been long absent before a letter arrived intimating that the "ancestral line" of the Blacklocks was likely to have another line knotted to it, or rather twisted with it; the combined continuation diverging from the course which had hitherto been confined within the sea-bounded extent of Great Britain. If the father had coquetted with Italian art in painting, statuary, architecture, and ornamental gardening, the son had found pleasure in the society of Italy's sons and daughters; and the delicate state of his health had claimed the especial interest of an Italian gentleman, who had invited him to his house, and whose daughter had been his best physician. The cure of his more immediate malady—*a disease of the heart*, occasioned by the loss of his mother—had been homœopathically effected by the inoculation of another variety of the same disease, producing a desire for the gain of a wife. Not that he distinctly stated these particulars in his letter to

the baronet, but that the statement of them was unnecessary to his father, who, with the jealous apprehension of his family and national pride, immediately concluded that "some artful Italian wench had conspired with her designing parents to hook a stray English gudgeon who had been fool enough to talk of his present means and future prospects." The letter of Edmund seemed studiously non-explicit, and the irate baronet penned a reply, the explicitness of which was emphatic. "So," he wrote, "you have got yourself into the toils of some singing girl, or opera dancer, or possibly worse, and who may prove—if you are careless of our family dignity—its lasting disgrace! I have had reason enough to lament your unfilial conduct to me, and the selfish use you made of your influence over a weak and too partial mother, but I could not have thought you would have degraded her memory and my name," and so on.

In the rejoinder to this, the insulted Edmund calmly acknowledged that, since his former letter, "he *had* been 'hooked,' but not by the inducement of so mean a bait as supposed. The conclusion that he was in love with his fair physician was perfectly true, but the supposition of her social status was extravagantly false; and he had now merely to say that his love—approved by the young lady's father—was reciprocated by herself, and that he was irrevocably engaged to one who was worthy to succeed his mother, should the former ever become Lady Blackleigh: that nothing could advance his present happiness except the concurrence of his father in the marriage he had resolved upon; but that nothing would impede his determination, sanctioned as it was by the father of his lady-love, in whose concession he had as much to wonder at as in the opposition of his own father, after the latter had expressly left him disinherited of all but what was not estrangeable, and that, too, by no more than the same moral right which he now himself exercised, in following up the example of independent self-will afforded him by his surviving parent."

To the foregoing letter there was no reply, the baronet's impression being that, in his own words, "he had done his duty, as said 'surviving parent,' in rationally arguing the culpable imprudence of an engagement which would acquit him of anything harsh in whatever he might do, or not do, in respect to so incorrigibly obstinate a young man." The reader may, however, refer the non-reply to the unanswerable statements in the son's letter.

A third letter from Edmund Blackleigh arrived some time after, announcing his marriage, mildly and respectfully worded, regretting deeply the refusal of the approbation that would have left him nothing more to wish for, but not with any further attempt to justify a proceeding to which his father, by declining to answer the preceding letter, seemed to be determinately opposed. This was, of course, only "pish'd" and "pshaw'd" by the baronet, who was "only too glad to be rid of all claims even upon his parental mercy."

No answer, as indeed might be expected. But, in truth, Sir Edmund was not without cautionary sense; and the policy of his silence will the more appear when the difficulty is considered of replying to arguments such as the following: "You should consider, my dear father, that you replied to my first letter in terms of the most unkindly abuse, not only of my folly, on which" (from your knowledge of me) "you might be at

liberty to speak, but of my beloved girl's character, when you knew no more of it than she now does of yours, of our 'family dignity,' of your offence with me, or of anything more than my trusted truth in representing myself as a homeless Englishman, in the position of an orphan, with no future prospects of augmented importance or fortune, and with no more than the just sufficient means, afforded by my deceased mother, to support a wife in the quietest way of respectable gentility. That you should have spoken of my 'degrading my too partial mother's memory' is an indication—pardon my thinking it—that she does not live as she ought to do in *yours*. I cannot help being the heir to your title and its belongings; nor is the father of my bride more aware that I am so, than is she herself. It is not for me, in my desire for your protracted life, and in the sense of my weakly constitution, to think of what might be mine as your survivor; and be it as it may, I earnestly wish that my brother may advantage by all you can bequeath him by will, being much more than satisfied with what I already have, including one, 'the riches of whose self alone' far transcends all your love might have left me, had I been blessed in its retention."

The cold-blooded recipient of this communication soliloquised to his spleen's satisfaction, saying, "he did not think" (which he did) "that the desire for his brother's 'advantage' was other than in the 'sour-grape' sense, and 'he only hoped'" (which he did not) "that Master Edmund's means, with the added 'riches of his wife's self alone,' would be available to the provision of enough maccaroni and garlick for two. He had no distressing feeling in respect to their beggary" (which was true), "because to relieve those who had, in their determinate self-will, volunteered into the ranks of romantic starvation, would be to rob them of their votarist glory in 'the army of martyrs.'" An expression he emphasised in his reverence for the liturgical language of his church. The fact is, the baronet had little to exempt him from the appellation of "a bad man." He had hated his wife because, with all her gentle amiability, she had a will of her own, leaving her to be convinced by reason, but not commanded by martial authority. He equally disliked his eldest born, because "he was all the mother from the top to toe." He was attached to the younger, because the latter in part resembled him, submitted to him, and seemed to be accordant even when he was not so entirely; for, as we shall see hereafter, Richard Blackleigh was ultimately capable of better feelings than such as were developed under his father's training.

The anathematised Edmund was, however, not yet to be driven from "all filial decency," as his father denominated his manly self-respect. Other letters followed occasionally, in proof of the "decency" yet existant. They were ever respectful, but never suppliant; though, by inference, rather corrective than conciliatory. The fourth letter announced the birth of a son.

"Brat, number one," said the grandfather to Richard.

"Yes," replied the latter, with a bitter grin. "*Sir Bambino Blacklock, Bart.*"

This was too much. The angry baronet threw the letter into the fire, the pet burning his fingers in the attempt to rescue it.

"Let alone, dullard!" exclaimed the sire; "the less you know of him, from himself, the better. Know nothing, Dick."

No answer. Another twelvemonth, and another letter.

"Brat number two," said the baronet.

"A boy?" asked Richard.

"Yes," replied the grandfather, "*Sir Ricciardo Blackleigh—Sir Bambino* failing. Bad chance for you, Dick."

"Not so bad," said the uncle, "as maccaroni half rations."

They were walking by the lake when the servant delivered the letter, and as there was no fire at hand, the baronet, tearing up the letter, threw the pieces on to the water. The swans, breasting the ruffled surge, tried the taste of the scattered fragments, but they could make nothing of them, and paddled away in contemptuous disgust.

Only a week more, and another letter. Richard was alone in the library when it was laid on the table to await the baronet's coming, but the young man was quick to observe his brother's hand-writing in the superscription, and more particularly to notice the black seal! "But what can *that* signify, anyhow?" he said to himself; and turn the matter over and over as he might, there was no divinable probability favourable to his hopes. There was his brother's life against them still; and if both children were dead, there might yet be the mother of others to be born, and she dead, there were three lives remaining against him. He continued brooding over the direction, speculating on what act of death would be most encouraging, till he bethought him the letter might announce no more than the demise of "the old signore," when Sir Edmund entered, to join his son in silent contemplation of the black seal as it still remained unopened on the table. "But," said he, as his son had said before him, "what *can* it matter?"

Richard intently watched his father as the latter perused the mysterious epistle with close attention, but with no emotion of any kind beyond a slight expression of displeased suspicion.

"Richard," said the baronet, shivering as with the cold.

"Yes, sir," answered the expectant son, mistaking the shiver for one of disgust.

"Poke the fire; I feel quite chill." A reply chilling to Dick's curiosity. "It is obvious to me," continued Sir Edmund, "that your brother has a correspondent in Blackleigh who can be no other than Mr. Lovell, the lawyer, selected, of course, because he was your late mother's adviser, and because he has ever been engaged in opposition to me. He is obviously informed of more than we have been apprised of concerning Edmund. They were frequently together just before your brother's departure, and, though Lovell has often spoken to me in the ordinary way of out-door greeting, he has never made any mention of Edmund, the conclusion being that he is independent of the necessity of any information from me touching his friend abroad."

"He has been," said Richard, "equally silent to *me* on that subject, or, indeed, on every other, since the day when he supported Hawkins in his objections to bear the cost of those repairs at the Grange, and when, as you, sir, remember, to *your* cost, your own lawyer felt obliged to give way. But, sir, now that I have poked the fire, and your shivering fit is over, may I inquire as to the contents of that letter, which bears Edmund's superscription, and by its black seal denotes a death in our family, of which I am wholly ignorant?"

"Oh," replied the baronet, with admirable composure, "the—a—the woman—your brother's wife, I mean—is—a—is dead. She was of a sickly constitution, and almost immediately after the birth of the second child, died. From what I here read, both children are very delicate, and if what Edmund says be correct, he is himself dying of a broken heart, so that Sir Richard may yet be the successor to Blackleigh Hall as well as to the 'forest of firewood' and the ruined castle. I am happy he acquits *me* of any share in his malady, though not of paternal deficiency in declining to answer letters which were simply demands upon me for the approval of his conduct in holding as nothing my disapprobation of his filial misdoings; and he furthermore intimates 'the improbability of his addressing me any more'—an expression which he would leave me to interpret as meaning the likelihood of his own death before he might have any further communication to make concerning his infants. I entertain, however, no faith in deaths by the breaking of hearts, except, indeed, in such cases as that of old Jobson the Blackport coalheaver, who fell dead on the quay pavement under a sack of coals, and whose heart, on examination, was found literally to have been rent or burst open like a broken threepenny loaf by the over-weight of his loaded sack acting on the—the——In short, the poor fellow (who, by the way, was the happiest fellow that ever bore burden) did unquestionably die of a 'broken heart.' Let me, however, say that I can feel for the sorrow of your brother, and that I would write a few lines of sympathetic condolence, with a postscript of monition, if I knew where to direct to him. He tells me, in prohibition of my inclining, that he is en route on an undecided course of travel; that he has finally left the scene of his wife's death; that his children are with their maternal grandfather, whose address is not forwarded; and, in short, he leaves me without the means of doing as I would do, unless by a course of inquiry to which this letter does not supply the least clue, and which I do not therefore seek to follow. I cannot believe that the grandfather or other members of the deceased wife's family are (as Edmund has said) ignorant of my social position or local address, or that they will suffer us to remain ignorant of the intelligence their duty to themselves would prompt them to afford; therefore, my son, rest content with what I have now imparted to you, and let events work their own progress as they may."

"Will not the progress of events," said Richard, "be aided, or at least affected, by Mr. Lovell?"

"True, boy," said the baronet. "I had forgotten, in the flow of our converse, the theme of my own starting."

They then proceeded to consider the "theme" of Lovel's connexion with their affairs; but as the reader only requires to be possessed of the real facts of the matter, we leave unnoticed the speculations of Sir Edmund and Mr. Richard, and will open our next chapter with an account of Mr. Lovell as the friend of Edmund Blackleigh.

IMPOSSIBLE.

A WORD EXPUNGED FROM SOME VOCABULARIES.

By Francis Jacox.

Rien *d'impossible* is a French commonplace, alike in literature and war. Napoleon has the credit of enunciating and establishing the proposition with the most distinctive emphasis. But from Corneille and Molière downwards, to go no further back, the phrase has been counted one worthy of all acceptation; and as regards strategy, a royal general of an earlier age and another people, had the start of Napoleon in showing how practicable it might be to strike off the first syllable of the word impossible. Frederick the Great, equally with Bonaparte, was for cancelling the word altogether, when military enterprises were in question.

Pellisson's adulation of Louis the Great, in a certain prologue to one of Molière's Court comedies, contains the line,

Qu'il parle ou qu'il souhaite, il n'est rien d'impossible.*

Molière's own Scapin gaily and complacently avows of himself, "A vous dire la vérité, il y a peu de choses qui me soient impossible, quand je m'en veux mêler."† Corneille's redoubtable Cid had already said, in one of those lines that the playhouse at once voted sublime,

A qui venge son père il n'est rien d'impossible.‡

And in the next scene the Infante assures Chimène,

Et tu sais que mon âme, à tes ennuis sensible,
Pour en tarir la source y fera l'impossible.

So Dorante to Clarice (but then to be sure Dorante is a great liar; in fact the Liar, *Le Menteur;* the original of Foote's Young Wilding):

Clar. Je vous voulais tantôt proposer quelque chose,
Mais il n'est plus besoin que je vous la propose,
Car elle est impossible.
Dor. Impossible! ah! pour vous
Je pourrai tout, madame, en tous lieux, contre tous.§

That once celebrated Chevalier who did not shrink either from snubbing Pascal in mathematics, or from offering his hand in marriage to Madame de Maintenon, shortly before the king took it, sententiously remarks, "Les violents désirs sont industrieux, et c'est ce qu'on dit que, lorsqu'on aime, on ne trouve rien d'impossible."‖ Nothing is impossible to the man who can will, Mirabeau declares: "Is that necessary? That shall be," he styles the only law of success. The Cardinal de Retz remarks on the wisdom of observing the distinction between things difficult and things impossible, and, as the Roman poet has it, time, in its revolutions, brings about events which even the Gods themselves durst not promise

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* Prologue to Les Facheux.
† Les Fourberies de Scapin, Acte I. Sc. 2.
‡ Le Cid, Acte II. Sc. 2.
§ Le Menteur, Acte III. Sc. 5.
‖ Le Chevalier de Méré.

to their votaries.* *Industriæ nil impossibile*, is the Latinised version of a saw ascribed to one of the seven wise men of Greece, Periander of Corinth. The Earl of Chesterfield never tires of warning his son against the sort of people who either think, or represent, so many things as impossible; whereas few things, he asserts, are so, to industry and activity. "But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their laziness."† In another letter, "None but madmen," he says, "attempt impossibilities; and whatever is possible, is one way or another to be brought about."‡ The noble lord would no doubt have applauded the dictum of the seventh of those Gymnosophists whom Alexander the Great sought to pose with problematical questionings, and who, being asked, "How a man might become a god?" answered, "By doing what is impossible for man to do."§ Sense, argues Chesterfield, must distinguish between what is impossible and what is only difficult; and spirit and perseverance will get the better of the latter. In another epistle he strenuously denounces that "favourite expression" which is the absurd excuse, he says, of all fools and blockheads: "I cannot do such a thing,"—a thing by no means either morally or physically impossible. "I remember a very awkward fellow,"—and a very awkward fellow was always a black beast to his very elegant lordship,—"who did not know what to do with his sword, and who always took it off before dinner, saying, that he could not possibly dine with his sword on; upon which I could not help telling him that I really believed he could without any probable danger either to himself or others."‖ We are apt, it has been said, to confound the potential mood with the optative. What we wish to do, we think we can do: but when we don't wish a thing, it becomes impossible.¶ We are told of the late Sir Fowell Buxton, that, before entering upon an undertaking his habit was to consider, not whether success in it was probable, but whether it was possible; if the latter, he would set about it at once, and never give in till that success was gained.** *Nemo tenetur ad impossibile*, is a maxim in law. But some less determined spirits would have thought Sir Fowell tenacious even of that. Unable to keep pace with him, and such as him, either in his projects, or his perseverance in pursuing them, they would be as conscious of "imperfect sympathy" as the carper at King Arthur's idealities and day-dreams,

> In swearing men to vows impossible,
> To make them like himself.††

Everything is possible for him who possesses courage and activity, is Diana Vernon's reply to Frank Osbaldistone's demand, "How is it possible for me to do" what she has proposed. She says it with a look resembling one of those heroines of the age of chivalry, whose encouragement was wont to give champions double valour at the hour of need. "To the timid and hesitating," she adds, "everything is impossible,

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* See Fonblanque's England under Seven Administrations, iii. 323.
† Chesterfield's Letters, July 26, 1748. ‡ Ibid., June 5, 1750.
§ Plutarch, Life of Alexander. ‖ Chesterfield's Letters, May 11, 1752.
¶ Guesses at Truth. ** Life of Sir T. F. Buxton, ch. xxxii.
†† Tennyson, Idylls of the King: Elaine.

because it seems so."* King James gives a drier rendering of the same implied reproach to George Heriot, when that sober and substantial citizen pronounces a certain course to be impossible. "Difficult, ye mean, Geordie, not impossible," rejoined the king; "for that whilk is impossible, is either naturally so, *exempli gratiâ* to make two into three; or morally so, as to make what is truth falsehood; but what is only difficult may come to pass, with assistance of wisdom and patience."† Another illustration from Scott. Louis XI. asks young Quentin Durward if ever he saw so strong a fortress as that of Plessis-les-Tours, and if he thinks there are men bold enough to storm it. Long and fixedly the youth gazes on that stronghold; and his eye glances, and the colour mounts to his cheek like that of a daring man who meditates an honourable action, as he replies, "It is a strong castle, and strongly guarded; but there is no impossibility to brave men."‡ Louis, by the sneering tone of his reply, seems to have rated Quentin much as a Scottish historian of the '45 rates that self-styled Monsieur Mirabelle, by the Highlander called Mr. Admirable,—a French engineer consulted by Prince Charles as to the storming of Stirling Castle. "It is the characteristic of ignorance never to think anything impossible; and this man at once undertook to open a battery upon the Gowan Hill, though there were not fifteen inches' depth of earth above the rock, and the walls of the castle overlooked it by at least fifty feet."§

One is reminded of the comedian's musings in one of the Caxton novels. If his plan should fail? He will tell you that is impossible. But if it *should* fail, you say. Well, as to that—there runs a story (not that Lord Lytton vouches for its truth, but tells it as it was told to him), that in the last Russian war a British admiral of renown for daring and scientific invention, was examined before some great officials as to the chances of taking Cronstadt. "If you send me," said the veteran, "with so many ships of the line, and so many gunboats, Cronstadt of course will be taken." "But," said a prudent lord, "suppose it should not be taken?" "That is impossible—it must be taken!" "Yes," persisted my lord, "you think so, no doubt; but still, if it should not be taken—what then?" "What then!—why, there's an end of the British fleet!" His meaning—misinterpreted by the authorities, who, in alarm, declined to send him—was to prove that one hypothesis was impossible, by the suggestion of a counter-impossibility more self-evident. "It is impossible but what I shall take Cronstadt!" "But if you don't take it?" "It is impossible but what I shall take it; for if I don't take it, there's an end of the British fleet; and as it is impossible that there should be an end of the British fleet, it is impossible that I should not take Cronstadt.—Q. E. D."‖ There is so much power in faith, muses Lionel, in a later chapter of the same work, that let a man but be firmly persuaded that he is born to do, some day, what at the moment seems impossible, and it is fifty to one but what he does it before he dies.¶

Probably the times might be told by hundreds, in which M. Dumas the elder introduces heroes undertaking and cavalierly performing the impos-

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* Rob Roy, ch. xvi. † Fortunes of Nigel, ch. xxxi.
‡ Quentin Durward, ch. iii.
§ Chambers's History of the Rebellion of 1745-6, ch. xviii.
‖ What will He Do with It? book iii. ch. xi. ¶ Book vi. ch. i.

sible. What though his Gabriel, Comte de Montgomery, in one chapter, pleads with offended royalty, "But your majesty will not insist on the impossible; and is it not impossible at this time to take a city from the English or the Spaniards?"* In the next we have him proposing, as the heading of the chapter runs, "a great idea for a great man." He proposes to the Duke of Guise to take Calais: "I fear you will at first condemn my suggestion as impossible, but in truth it is only difficult and perilous." Then again we have D'Artagnan egging himself on to run great risks, lest he lose ground with the cardinal. "Great men are only gratified when one can perform impossibilities for them. 'If it had been possible,' say they, 'we could have done it ourselves.' And the great are in the right."† Speaking up for his friend Porthos, the Gascon says to Mazarin, at a subsequent interview, "Monseigneur, M. du Vallon is like myself, he loves extraordinary service; that is to say, enterprises that are deemed wild and impossible"‡—a gasconnade which did not displease Mazarin. Later on we have this characteristic bit of colloquy between the cardinal and the queen. Anne of Austria has seen M. le Prince, who has undertaken to starve *frondeur* Paris, and force it to surrender at discretion. "The project is not deficient in spirit," observes Mazarin; "I see only one impediment to it."—"And what is that?"—"Impossibility."—"A word totally void of sense: nothing is impossible."—"In project, I grant."—"Oh, or in execution."§ Anon we have Mazarin commissioning D'Artagnan to convey the queen and young king to Saint-Germain. "Yes, monseigneur, and I feel all the responsibility of such a charge."—"You accept it, nevertheless?"—"I always accept such."—"Do you think it possible?"—"Everything is so."‖ Soon after we have Mordaunt in the same spirit demanding of Cromwell, "When, sir, you have formed a wish, and have charged me with the accomplishment of it, have I ever replied, 'It is impossible'?"¶ Then again in the still longer sequel of that long story, we have Louis the Fourteenth thus rebuking his minister: "Monsieur Colbert, when you speak to me of public business, exclude more frequently the word 'difficulty' from your reasonings and opinions; as to the word 'impossible,' never let it pass your lips."** A score of chapters later, Louis tells Colbert that Fouquet must be arrested. "That is impossible," replies Colbert.—"I thought I had told you already, monsieur," rejoins the king, "that I suppressed that word in my service."†† After a while—say a century of chapters—we come upon Charles II. and his circle, discussing the notion of Bragelonne setting off for Paris within an hour's time. "But, sire," said the duke, "your majesty knows that is impossible." "That is to say, my dear Buckingham, that it is impossible until the contrary happens."‡‡ Pass on another half century of chapters, and we have D'Artagnan accepting what Colbert demurred to as impracticable,—the arrest of Fouquet. True, he is astounded when Louis gives the order. "To do what, sire?" D'Artagnan fell back a step. "To arrest M. Fouquet?" he burst forth.—"Are you going to tell me that it is impossible?" exclaimed the king, with cold and vindictive passion.—"I never say that

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* Les deux Diane, ch. xlii. † Vingt Ans Après, ch. vii.
‡ Ibid., ch. xxvi. § Ibid., ch. li. ‖ Ibid., ch. liii. ¶ Ibid., ch. lix.
** Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, ch. liii. †† Ch. lxxv. ‡‡ Ch. clxxviii.

anything is impossible," replied D'Artagnan, wounded to the quick.—"Very well; do it, then."* And how opens the historical romance of The Queen's Necklace? With a scene between the old Marshal Richelieu and his maître-d'hôtel, when the latter, in answer to his master's requisition to have dinner (a king among the guests) at four o'clock that day, affirms with the courage of despair that in any event his grace cannot dine before five o'clock. "Why so, sir?" cried the Marshal.—"Because it is utterly impossible." Whereupon the marshal gives the maître-d'hôtel notice to quit his service that very evening, after being more than twenty years in it. "This evening you seek a new master; I do not choose that the word impossible shall be pronounced in my house; I am too old now [eighty-eight] to begin to learn its meaning."† A milder reproach is bestowed on Madame de la Motte by the Cardinal de Rohan, when she affects reluctance to accept his present of a dwelling-house, furnished and complete. "Oh, monseigneur, it is impossible for me to accept this." "Impossible, why? Do not say that word to me, for it is a word I do not believe in."‡ As indeed what Frenchman does—especially in romance?

That Rhadamanthine Marquis, as Mr. Carlyle calls him, the sire of Mirabeau, was proud of his son, as well as wrathful against him, when he styled Gabriel Honoré the Demon of the Impossible, *le démon de la chose impossible.* It was this Gabriel Honoré who, long afterwards, ordered his secretary to do some miracle or other, miraculous within the time,§ and was answered, "Monsieur, it is impossible." "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau; "Ne me dites jamais cette bête de mot!" Lord Chatham said, "I trample on impossibilities." Nelson used to say‖ that in sea affairs nothing is impossible, and nothing improbable. Our Nelsons and Wellingtons, wrote Coleridge in their time, inherited that glorious hardihood, which completes the undertaking, ere the contemptuous calculator, who has left nothing omitted in his scheme of probabilities, except the might of the human mind, has finished his pretended proof of its impossibility.¶

Lord Brougham remarks of the great step which Frederick II. made in military science—namely, the connecting together all the operations of an extensive campaign in various quarters, and especially the moving vast bodies of troops rapidly on a given point, so as to fight his adversaries there at a certain advantage,—that it required a brave neglect of the established rule of tactics; a firm determination to despise formidable obstacles; an erasure of the words "difficult and impossible" from the general's vocabulary.** This remark occurs in the course of a comparative estimate of Frederick the Great and Napoleon. In another, of Nelson and St. Vincent, the same noble author affirms, that such a peremptory will as the latter showed—such a fixed resolution to be obeyed—"such an obdurate, inflexible, unteachable ignorance of the word 'impossible,' when any preparation was to be made,—formed no

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* Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, ch. ccxxii.
† Le Collier de la Reine; Prologue. ‡ Ch. xxi.
§ Dumont tells the story, and Mr. Carlyle after him, in his Essay on Mirabeau.
‖ Southey's Life of Nelson, ch. viii.
¶ See the Sixteenth of Coleridge's Essays in The Friend.
** Comparison of Napoleon and Washington.

part of Nelson's character; although he showed his master's profound and crass ignorance of that word—the mother tongue of little souls—when any mighty feat was to be done, such as souls like these cannot rise to comprehend."* Mrs. Gaskell aptly describes, in her contrasted pictures of North and South, Margaret Hale's liking for that exultation in the sense of power which the Milton men exhibit. "It might be rather rampant in its display, and savour of boasting; but still they seemed to defy the old limits of possibility, in a kind of fine intoxication, caused by the recollection of what had been achieved, and [by a confidence in] what yet should be."†

The Earl of Peterborough, announcing his fixed determination to raise the siege of Monjuich, urged on by the Archduke and Prince, who, however, suggested no plan, as Macaulay says, by which seven thousand men could be enabled to do the work of thirty thousand,—was blamed by some critics for giving up his own opinion to the childish whims of Charles, and for sacrificing his men in an attempt to perform what was impossible.‡ But he performed it. Frederick the Great is himself blamed by military critics for that disaster which brought disgrace to Finck, "a second Turenne," who is said to have died of the grief it caused him. Frederick was anxious to force Daun out of Saxony before winter set in, and with this view he placed General Finck in Daun's rear, so as to interrupt his communications with Bohemia. But Finck submitted to the king that he was exposed to attack by Daun's whole army. Frederick answered that he disliked to hear of difficulties. He vetoed Finck's proposal to extend his position, by ordering him to keep his force together. The result was, that after some hard fighting and struggling through frost and snow, fifteen thousand Prussians were compelled to lay down their arms. "Having lost an army by his own recklessness, the king proceeded to punish the unfortunate commander who had failed to perform an impossibility." Finck was imprisoned and dismissed the service,§ by a master who had expunged "impossible" from his dictionary.

There is a clerical story of an Oxford tutor, who, not many years ago, went down to manage a country parish; and who upon entering on his parochial duties announced that he was going to put down tobacco in the parish. An elder and wiser man told him it was impossible; to which the enthusiastic tutor replied that "impossible" was not a word in his dictionary. "He little knew the agricultural poor. They did not find it necessary to erase the word 'tobacco' from their dictionary, and the moral reformer had to retire and leave his parishioners to smoke like a house on fire."‖

John of Ligny, the surrenderer of the Pucelle, had painted on his arms a camel sinking under its burden, with what Michelet calls the sad device, unknown to men of heart, "Nul n'est tenu à l'impossible."¶ Jacques Cœur, on the other hand, took for *his* device what Michelet, again, calls the heroic rebus, "*A vaillans* (cœurs) *rien impossible*"—a

* Statesmen of Time of George III., vol. iii.
† North and South, ch. xx. ‡ Macaulay's Essays, ii.
§ See Sir E. Cust's Annals of the Wars of the Eighteenth Century, vol. iii.
‖ Art. "The Dean of Carlisle on Tobacco," in *Saturday Review*, No. 196.
¶ Michelet, Histoire de France, l. xi. ch. iv.

motto bespeaking the man, his daring, his naive pride.* It is an undoubted fact of human nature, observes Coleridge,† that the sense of impossibility quenches all will. And Mr. Carlyle calls it greatly wise to recognise the impossible, the unreasonably difficult, when it presents itself.‡ Let Reason, says the judicious Hooker, "teach impossibility in anything, and the Will of Man doth let it go; a thing impossible it doth not affect, the impossibility thereof being manifest."§

> Dieu vous ordonne-t-il de tenter l'impossible ?‖

asks Abner of Joad in Racine's Scripture-play. On the other hand, *the* Christian Poet of these latter days writes,

> What cannot be, Love counts it done.¶

Psein, the Hungarian captain, in Mr. Landor's trilogy, being urged by the Princess Maria to undertake a daring enterprise, on behalf of her imperilled sister, Giovanna of Naples, excuses himself from a feat so practically impossible, with the deprecating words, "Devoted as I am to you, O lady! it cannot be." "Is that the phrase of Psein ?" exclaims the princess:

> We love the marvellous; we love the man
> Who shows how things which cannot be can be.**

The "leading journal," as becomes its character as such, does its best, from time to time, to discredit the word "impossible," as a word, and a thing, out of keeping with the spirit of the times. Of such work as the late Colonel Baird Smith, in India, lived for, and died in, many would say at once that the work cannot be done, the task is impossible. "It is indeed impossible," answers the *Times*, "but, nevertheless, such men as Colonel Baird Smith will undertake it, and do it, and prove it to be indeed impossible, inasmuch as they must make their lives the forfeit for it. Such is, indeed, the chief difference between men. One man calls a thing an impossibility, and wisely will not touch it. Another is equally aware that it is impossible, but undertakes it, and does it, though he die in the work." Another time the *motif* of the journal's disquisition on the same text is Bismark's adventurous scheme of German unity. Let us hope, it said, while that scheme was as yet only *in posse*, that the mover of the great enterprise may not shrink back from that craven word "impossible"—a word that ought to have been long erased from all dictionaries. History, the *Times* went on to say, is but a string of impossibilities that have come to pass: events are constantly taking the world by surprise: human progress, whether scientific or political, always arrives at unforeseen results, at events beyond the reach not only of the vulgar mind, but even of the very highest intellect. "Napoleon I. [abjure though he might the word impossible] died a sceptic as to the practicability of propelling a ship against wind and tide. Seeing how often the upshot of things turns out contrary to all rational forecast, one is tempted to frame his faith upon the paradox of the old divine, '*Credo*

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* Michelet, l. xii. ch. iii. † In The Friend, Essay xiv.
‡ History of Friedrich II., book v. ch. viii.
§ Hooker, Ecclesiastical Polity, book i. ‖ Athalie, Acte V. Sc. 2.
¶ Keble, Christian Year. ** Giovanna of Naples, Act II. Sc. 3.

quid impossibile.' Why should Bismark at the eleventh hour shrink from German unity as an 'impossible' undertaking ?* Was not Italy deemed as unfit as Germany for political unity? . . . Yet the Italians did achieve their unity."† Another time the Atlantic cable is the topic in debate; and the *Times* exults in publishing a three weeks' diary that told the simple tale of a triumph over one of the impossibilities that had become typical in the human mind. For seemed it not utterly out of the question to recover anything once gone to the bottom of the ocean? If to lay a cable along the depth of the Atlantic, and thereby hold a conversation between Osborne and Washington, was not thought impossible a few years ago, it was only because it had not been thought of at all. "One more impossibility has been struck off the old list. What next? Well, a good deal remains to be done. There is work enough for many such expeditions, and openings for many such successes, if people will but perceive that what they choose to call impossibilities are only difficulties, to be encountered by adequate means." Another time the theme is the preservation for this country of the surplus beef and mutton of South America and Australia—a difficult task, confessedly, where there are prejudices as well as natural obstacles to be overcome. But, "no one, we should imagine, will tell us in these days that the design is impossible. That is a word which must be banished at all events from the scientific vocabulary."‡ Three or four days later, however, discussing the feasibility of a proposed invasion of Abyssinia, to release the captives held by King Theodore, the *Times* stated the fact to be, that, "although it would be absurd to pronounce the enterprise 'impossible,' there are yet achievements which are only practicable on certain conditions."§ A statement by no means audacious or paradoxical.

In ordinary circumstances, and with ordinary people, said the same journal on another occasion, life is full of impossibilities, which some surmount or break through; while there are those who, like Napoleon, have erased the word from their vocabularies; and these sometimes make great failures, sometimes great successes. "The failures, of course, are natural, and according to programme. The successes are often plainly ascribable to lucky chances, or special interposition." But the truth is held to be that such people do a little gentle violence to the conditions of the problem. "It is really impossible to make an egg stand on its end;‖ so Columbus crushed in the impossible basis, and made it stand, though with some damage to the refractory shell." And among other illustrations that follow, Earl Grey, it is added, found it impossible to get his bill through the existing parliament, so he crushed in the shell; that is, he changed one house, added to his own side in the other, and let it be understood that he would do anything else that he found necessary.¶

Take a lesson from Miss Ophelia closing and locking her trunk. "Why, aunty," cries Eva, "what'll you do now? That trunk is too full to be shut down." "It *must* shut down," said aunty, with the air of a

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* This was written at the time of a reported "hitch" in the minister's annexation projects—the action of the government being, so rumour ran, paralysed by the influence of "some illustrious personages at court."

† *The Times*, Aug. 16, 1866.

‡ Ibid., Aug. 3, 1867.

§ Ibid., Aug. 7.

‖ *Pace* Mr. Craig of Leamington.

¶ Ibid., March 10, 1866.

general, as she squeezed the things in, and sprung upon the lid. Still a little gap remained about the mouth of the truuk. "Get up here, Eva," said Miss Ophelia, courageously: "This trunk has *got to be* shut and locked—there are no two ways about it." And the trunk, intimidated, doubtless, by this resolute statement, gave in. The hasp snapped sharply in its hole, and Miss Ophelia turned the key, and pocketed it in triumph.* No doubt this middle-aged maiden aunty was regarded by her intimates much as Lamartine tells us that Vergniaud was regarded by his—as one of those persons "from whom everything, even impossibilities, are expected."† As good mistress Polish tells Nurse Keep in the play, when r young lady is sick, and Keep professes her will to do her duty,

> You must do more than your duty, foolish nurse;
> You must do all you can, and more than you can,
> More than is possible.‡

It is one of the first principles of Mr. Vivian Grey—and perhaps of his author, whom many assume to *be* Vivian Grey—that everything is possible. Men do fail in life, that author observes, and, after all, very little is done by the generality; but all these failures, and all this inefficiency, Mr. Disraeli would simply trace to a want of physical and mental courage.§ His own success he would probably trace to an exceptionally full supply of that potent quality. In part at least, energy and industry are co-efficients in bringing out the result. Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge‖ makes it a characteristic of all true creoles, that what they are too indolent to do, they conveniently declare is impossible to be done at all.

At Rome, the two young French travellers in "Monte Christo" are told, things either can or cannot be done: when you are told anything cannot be done, there is an end of it. The method they pursue at Paris, one of the two replies, is much more convenient—when anything cannot be done, you pay double, and it is done directly.¶

Sir Richard Mayne, in his evidence before the Lords' Committee on the Traffic Regulation Bill, harped significantly on that jarring string, the impossible. On the question of limiting to certain hours the delivery of coals, beer, &c., he said: "I cannot judge of the amount of inconvenience it may cause, but I have known so many cases in which I was told that things were 'impossible,' and which I have found, when the law was compulsory, were quite possible, that I do not entirely consider that a case is made out by the mere assertion that the thing is 'impossible.' When the Act for the abatement of the smoke nuisance was passed, I was told that it was 'impossible,' and could not be carried out. When the Act for the regulation of cattle passing through the streets was passed, I remember that a deputation of the cattle salesmen and drovers came to me, and represented that it was 'impossible,' and that I should raise the price of meat to 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. per lb." Sir Richard would seem to expect in every man, from cattle-drover to common-councilman, the same

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* Uncle Tom's Cabin, ch. xv.
† Histoire des Girondins, l. xlvii. § xvi.
‡ Ben Jonson, The Magnetic Lady, Act II. Sc. 1.
§ Vivian Grey, book i. ch. vii.
‖ Six Months in the West Indies, ch. xii.
¶ Monte Christo, ch. xxxiii.

capacity which an old French critic regards as demoniacal in Jodelle: "Rien ne sembloit lui être impossible où il employoit son esprit."* Like Shakspeare's Richard,

> Flattering them with impossibilities†—

or say, in Coriolanus's phrase,

> Murd'ring impossibility, to make
> What cannot be, slight work.‡

And as we are in for Shakspearean variations of the theme, or varied readings of the text, let us cite his Ligarius, aroused by Brutus to a spirit of enterprise which makes him say,

> And I will strive with things impossible;
> Yea, get the better of them.§

And Helena, sanguine of a royal cure, saying:

> Impossible be strange attempts, to those
> That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
> What hath been cannot be.‖

And Isabella, praying the Duke to

> ——make not impossible
> That which but seems unlike.¶

And Sebastian and Antonio deriding honest old Gonzalo in the enchanted isle:

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.**

And Leontes apostrophising imagination:

> Thou dost make possible, things not so held.††

Or, lastly, Timon of Athens, in the same vein, apostrophising gold:

> Thou visible god,
> That solder'st close impossibilities,
> And mak'st them kiss.‡‡

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* Pasquier.
† King Henry VI., part iii.
‡ Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. 3.
§ Julius Cæsar, Act II. Sc. 1.
‖ All's Well that Ends Well, Act I. Sc. 1.
¶ Measure for Measure, Act V. Sc. 1.
** The Tempest, Act II. Sc. 1.
†† Winter's Tale, Act I. Sc. 2.
‡‡ Timon of Athens, Act IV. Sc. 3.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

PART THE ELEVENTH.

I.

LADY DANBY'S PLANS FRUSTRATED.

LADY DANBY, in pursuance of the little plan she had designed to bring about a marriage between her husband's niece and Sir Adam Loftus—namely, to pique Susan into a pet with Colonel Dean, by parading his attentions to Eleanor Arlington, asked that young lady to spend a few weeks with her and the admiral on their return home to Plymouth. Aurelia and Maria were both sadly disappointed that they had not been asked; they thought that surely one of them might have been taken as well as Eleanor. And Fanny considered herself very ill used because her aunt had not selected her. But Lady Danby cared about nobody's feelings, wishes, or convenience except her own, a fact of which they ought to have been quite well aware.

Immediately after their arrival at Plymouth, Lady Danby wrote to Sir Adam Loftus, giving him the invitation she had proposed. To her surprise and annoyance he declined it. But she was not easily daunted, therefore she made Sir Thomas write to press his friend to come. In a postscript he mentioned that Eleanor had joined her aunt, and was going to stay some little time with them. She did not seem in good spirits, he said, for she felt her brother's misconduct very much, and he rather fancied her brother's friend, to whom she had been engaged, or partly engaged, having married another lady for her money, had been a disappointment to her.

If Eleanor, whom he could not forget, were staying with the Danbys, aud her military admirer had given her the go by, Sir Adam felt that there might be a slight hope for him, and at any rate he could not resist the pleasure of seeing her again. So he asked permission to change his mind, and to accept the hospitality offered to him by his Plymouth friends.

In the mean time Colonel Dean had taken the field vigorously, as far as compliments and little attentions went. In his conceit he fancied that Eleanor had gone down to Plymouth on his account; else why, he argued, should she, of the five Miss Arlingtons, be the one, and the only one to go there.

Susan Danby looked very rueful, and hardly found it possible to be at all cordial with Eleanor, who, however, was quite innocent of any design to rival her, and was only bored by the colonel's pertinacity in so often imposing his tiresome conversation upon her.

But Lady Danby was delighted.

"Things are just going on as I wished," she said to herself, for Sir

Thomas was too single-minded and straightforward to enter into or comprehend her schemes. "Poor Susan looks so dreadfully downcast, and sometimes so provoked, that I have great hopes she will pluck up spirit enough to set her cap for the baronet, and leave the little colonel to Eleanor. There's nothing like good management, and I flatter myself I *am* a good manager."

Sir Adam arrived, and he was delighted to see Eleanor again; but it was only his tell-tale countenance that evinced his pleasure, for in his words he was exceedingly guarded. He could not forget that he had been refused, and he was determined to show no particular interest in her unless he found that her sentiments were very much changed, which he hardly expected. His extremely undemonstrative manners towards Eleanor quite misled his hostess, who fairly laid siege to him in favour of Susan. It was a regular game of cross purposes, though, as yet, there had been no crooked answers.

Lady Danby hinted, and more than hinted what an excellent wife Susan would make; Sir Adam listened politely, and replied that the gentleman upon whom Miss Susan might bestow her hand would be a fortunate man.

The speech was repeated to Susan by her aunt, who, at the same time, favoured the damsel with an oration touching the advantages to be gained by marrying Sir Adam, and impressed upon her what would probably be her destitute situation in future if she did not marry, and moreover marry a man who could maintain her.

"I see," continued the monitor, "that you are nursing a foolish fancy for Colonel Dean. But you had better put that out of your head, for he won't marry you; he can't, Susan. People must have something to live on. He has only his pay, and you have absolutely not a penny except the little trifle your papa allows you for your dress. That won't help to pay butchers' and bakers' bills. Now, Eleanor will have some money by-and-by, and her father is able to settle something on her when she marries. So, my good girl, make up your mind that you won't get Colonel Dean, and try to secure the baronet, though he *is* rather elderly."

This was very unpalatable advice to Miss Susan, and she did not feel inclined to follow it, but if she had it would have been of no use. The elderly party, as Colonel Dean would have called him, did not evince the slightest predilection for his friend's portionless niece. He became more and more devoted to Eleanor, though he took care not to show his admiration openly, for he was afraid of alarming her, and also of alarming her aunt, whose designs upon him in favour of Susan Danby had begun to dawn upon him. He was not at all vain, but he could comprehend that his fortune and title would make him a desirable match for the daughter of a poor clergyman. However, he acquitted the young lady of all participation in her aunt's schemes, and could not fail to see what were her sentiments towards Colonel Dean. For Susan, either on purpose to melt that gallant officer's flinty heart, or through inadvertence, scarcely attempted to conceal her preference for him.

Sir Adam saw the said colonel constantly hovering round Eleanor; could she, too, be captivated by him? It was of importance to himself to ascertain this, therefore he ventured one day to ask Eleanor what she,

and the other young ladies who made such a fuss about him, found so fascinating in Colonel Dean.

"I do not know what others may find in him to charm them," replied Eleanor, "but *I* am not among the number of his admirers. No doubt he is very efficient in his military duties, and he is certainly a good-natured little man; but to confide the truth to you, Sir Adam, I consider him a very wearisome person. He is a complete fribble; with ladies, at least, he never attempts anything like rational conversation. Perhaps he thinks that our sex are all fools; or, at any rate, so inferior in mind, that we cannot take in anything but nonsense. I do not care for gossip anywhere, or at any time, but it is too fatiguing to have it thrust on one here, where I know nobody."

"But you and he are almost inseparable; he is like your shadow wherever he meets you."

"So much the worse for me. He bores me beyond measure; I wish he would bestow his . . . his notice on some one else."

Sir Adam's face brightened.

"Then you are not engaged to him, dear Miss Eleanor?"

"*I!* Certainly not. How could such an idea have entered into your . . . into any one's head? I would not marry him if he were to inherit a dukedom and a princely fortune."

"You do not value rank and wealth, then?"

"Rank and wealth have their advantages, no doubt; but something more is wanting for happiness."

"What more? There are people who think everything should be sacrificed for money," said Sir Adam.

"Money is desirable," replied Eleanor, "as it gives its possessor the power of doing good, and also because it procures so many comforts, and ensures its owner against so many privations. But it cannot bestow affection, esteem, mutual confidence, and that companionship of mind which is so essential to domestic happiness."

"No; you are right, it cannot. But alas! how few are able to inspire affection, esteem, and confidence—aye, though they may pine to do so! But," he continued, "I gather from what you say, that you do not approve of marrying for money, only for money?"

Eleanor recollected Captain Colville's marriage; she fancied that Sir Adam alluded to that match, and wished to find out what she thought of it, so she answered,

"I would not marry for money myself, but I have no right to disapprove of what others may do. Things are not always what they appear on the surface. People's reasons and feelings may be very different from what we think them, and what the harsh world ascribes to them."

"She has not forgotten that man who threw her off for a girl with more fortune," said Sir Adam to himself; "she has no ill-will to him, and therefore I have no chance with her. I shall leave Plymouth and her."

But he did not leave her and Plymouth; and he was rewarded for his constancy by perceiving that Eleanor began to take much pleasure in his society. The contrast between him and her bête noir, Colonel Dean, was much in the baronet's favour.

Colonel Dean, meantime, was progressing towards a proposal, and his

attention to Eleanor was so marked, that every one set him down as her accepted suitor. Lady Danby was in high spirits; poor Susan very much depressed, and she would have been utterly in despair, had she not known that Eleanor was really not engaged to Colonel Dean, nor likely to become so.

A ball was given by the officers of a regiment stationed at Plymouth; of course the Danbys and their party were asked to it. Besides the handsome rooms in which the dancing took place, there were tents erected for refreshments and promenading. In the latter were arranged some snug little alcoves, which the gay younger officers called "flirtation corners." Into one of these flirtation corners, Colonel Dean had succeeded in dragging Eleanor, much against her will; and, probably having drank too much wine at the mess-table that day, for he was generally very abstemious, in a hurried and flurried manner he then and there made the offer which had been hovering on his lips for several days.

Eleanor very politely, but at the same time decidedly, declined the proposed honour. The little colonel was perfectly amazed; he did not think he could have heard aright, and throwing his arm round her waist, he began to speak in very ardent terms. Eleanor thereupon became colder, and more peremptory in her refusal. But he did not believe she meant what she said. He could not possibly understand that any young lady could be indifferent to *his* attentions.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "this is only mock modesty, dear Eleanor; put it aside, and honestly say that . . . that you will be the future Mrs. Dean."

"Never, Colonel Dean. Let me go, there is no need to prolong this unpleasant scene. And look how people are staring at us."

But he insisted on detaining her until she gave him the answer he expected, and wished. At length she managed to break from him, and hurried out of the alcove to look for her uncle or aunt. But she could see neither of them in the tent, nor did she perceive any one with whom she was acquainted, until near the entrance to the tent she met Sir Adam Loftus.

In the impulse of the moment she put her arm within his, and begged him to escort her to her party. She seemed excited, and he could perceive that she was annoyed.

"You have been with Colonel Dean," he said; "that gentleman has been making himself very conspicuous this evening."

"I fear he has," replied Eleanor; "and making others conspicuous too, who had no wish to be so. How glad I am that I met you, Sir Adam!"

Sir Adam slightly pressed the arm that rested on his; he remained for a few moments as if reflecting on something, and then, instead of taking Eleanor to her aunt in the crowded ball-room, he contrived to get her into one of the side apartments, which were very prettily fitted up, and where a few people were quietly conversing.

He too began to converse, and his subject was the same as Colonel Dean's had been in the alcove in the tent; but it was differently handled. There was no presumptuous certainty of success in Sir Adam's words, but there was abundance of deep feeling, and feeling delicately expressed. He said he would be satisfied with her esteem, and did not

doubt that, in time, he might acquire her confidence if he proved deserving of it.

Eleanor was touched and gratified by the manner in which he spoke; there was now no obstacle to be got over, no Captain Colville to stand in his way, and the baronet's offer, repeated for the second time, was accepted. And very much surprised and chagrined Lady Danby was when she heard of her niece's engagement. Susan Danby, then, would never be Lady Loftus!

II.

PAINFUL SURMISES.

WHAT different scenes are enacted even among near relatives at the same time! If the innumerable gossips of the world but knew all that was really going on in many families, how glib their tongues would become! Marriages are always discussed by them, but they are still more eloquent when death and disasters form their themes!

Letitia Arlington's marriage had been amply descanted upon; but now she was to be dragged forward under less fortunate circumstances by these scavengers of society.

She and Mr. Duff Watson had returned to England, but instead of going straight up to London, they had determined to remain a week or two longer at Dover. Letitia liked being by the seaside, and so did Mr. Duff Watson; neither of them cared much for the London season, which was then in full operation.

"But I suppose," said Mr. Watson, "we must take a house in town for three months, and encounter the gaiety, as it is called, which will be going on. I can't say that I care for it myself; but you have been accustomed to it, and it would be unfair to deprive you of it. We shall have an opera-box, and perhaps you would like one of your sisters to come and stay with you. It will be more cheerful for you to have one or two, if they like to come, of your sisters with you, and I am sure I shall make them extremely welcome."

"Thank you very much," replied Letitia. "But really I do not care about London gaieties, or the London season, any more than you do. There is a great deal more toil than pleasure in the London gay season, what with endless balls and dinner-parties, morning visitors, and crawling about the Park amidst hundreds of carriages. I would much rather go to Scotland and see the charming scenery described by one of my favourite authors, Walter Scott. It is your native country, and I should like to visit the town where you lived when you were a boy. I had always a fancy for Scotland, and now that, through you, I am in a manner connected with it, I should be delighted to become acquainted with it."

Mr. Duff Watson's countenance, cheerful before, immediately assumed a gloomy look.

"No doubt the mountain and lake scenery is very fine in Scotland," he said, "but I am sure you would like Switzerland better. Everything there is on a grander scale. To tell you the truth, I do not care for Scotland, though it is my native country; I have no pleasant reminiscences of it, for my boyish, or rather youthful days, were not happy

ones. To be sure, Stirling Castle is a fine object, and the view from it extremely pretty; but the town itself has nothing to recommend it. *I* never wish to see *it* again."

"What a pity we had not gone to Switzerland when we were at Strasburg," exclaimed Letitia.

"It was rather too early in the year then," said Mr. Duff Watson; "but we can still go. We can pay a flying visit to your family in London, and then return to the Continent. There is nothing to call me to Scotland, for I have sold the property near Stirling which belonged to my father. The house upon it was a very poor one, not fit for the residence of a gentleman's family, though the land was valuable, and being such an absentee, I was glad to get rid of it."

Letitia, with her usual prudence, or tact, whichever it might have been called, did not press the subject of going to Scotland, but immediately led the conversation to the continental countries in which Mr. Duff Watson had travelled.

He recovered his good spirits, and all was going on well when the post came to mar their comfort. If the post brings joy sometimes, how often does it not bring misery, or at least disquiet and annoyance?

Letters were received by Letitia from her family in Eaton-square, and among these was one from her father, who was not much given to letter-writing. These letters arrived by the earliest postal delivery. Later in the day, Mr. Duff Watson found a letter awaiting him at the hotel, by the second post from London. Letitia had been much startled and shocked by the contents of her letters—indeed, she had felt quite overwhelmed, quite miserable. But with a wonderful exertion of self-command and command of countenance, she had not betrayed her deep distress and dismay to her husband. He always scrupulously abstained from asking any questions about the contents of the letters she received, and she had only been in the habit of mentioning any little matter, written to her, which she fancied might amuse or interest him; therefore her silence in respect to the letters from London that morning was not even remarked by him.

She looked exceedingly pale, and appeared very nervous at breakfast; she could not taste a morsel even of dry toast, and seemed with difficulty to swallow a cup of tea; but she accounted for all this by saying that she had a bad headache, and that these severe headaches generally affected her whole system. Mr. Duff Watson was all for calling in a doctor; but Letitia would not hear of his doing so, merely, to satisfy him, sending to a chemist's for some quinine. They drove over to Folkestone, and lunched there; but the quinine had not given Letitia an appetite, nor did the fresh air seem to relieve the headache of which she still complained. Mr. Duff Watson was most anxious about her, and begged her to go and lie down as soon as they should return to their hotel at Dover.

Arrived there, he found the letter addressed to him, which had come by the afternoon post, lying on a side table in the sitting-room. He took it up, gazed at it as if it had been some terrible spectacle, and then laid it down, while the swelling veins of his forehead, and his trembling hands evinced how powerfully the very sight of the writing of the address had affected him.

"It is from *him*—my bane, my hated enemy—my destroyer!" he muttered, in a hoarse voice. "I thought he would not leave me in peace."

Then he stamped furiously on the floor, as if he were treading some noxious viper under his feet, and began to heap curses on "the wretch;" such bitter curses that Letitia thought he had lost his senses, and she stood leaning on the back of a large chair, without which support she must have fallen to the ground. After a whole volley of imprecations, Mr. Duff Watson sank exhausted on a sofa, and covering his face with his hands, he remained silent for a while. Letitia did not know what to do, whether to leave him until he recovered some composure, or to remain with him and try to soothe him. She thought it might seem unkind to leave him, so she stayed, and in a few minutes, or moments—though they appeared long to her—she went up to him, and asked him if he would allow her to tear up into atoms the letter, the receipt of which had annoyed him so much, and thus save him reading anything rude or disagreeable. She added:

"I do not suppose it is a business letter, and no other can be much worth keeping."

"No, do not tear it up. I *must* read it, for I must know how far his malice has carried him."

He took up his letter, and walked with the unsteady steps of a person in great agitation to his dressing-room; and Letitia retired also to her room, to think and be miserable.

Her letters of the morning had revealed a dreadful tale—a frightful secret to her; and in going through the day, as she had done, she had exercised immense self-command, and shown much courage. The stress on her nervous system had been, and still was, very great. It was wonderful that she was able to bear up, without a creature to whom she could communicate her feelings, perhaps her fears! The letters had told her that her husband was a lunatic—that he had been long confined in an asylum, from whence he had made his escape, and that in the early part of his life he had, while in a state of mental derangement, murdered his own mother!

Mrs. Arlington, her sisters, and even Mr. Arlington, all urged her to leave the unfortunate man, who could not be considered always responsible for his actions, and who might take her life also, in a fit of frenzy. They urged her to come home to them, and not to expose herself to dangers which might at any moment assail her. They reminded her that insane persons are not accountable for their actions, and that when a disordered brain is in a state of feverish activity, it may originate the wildest ideas. She was informed that the relation from India, whom Mr. Duff Watson so much dreaded and hated, was a respectable, sensible man. That he had been much shocked when he heard of his cousin's marriage, knowing what had been, for a long time, the unfortunate state of his mind. He said that he had blamed the agent in Scotland very severely, for not having warned Mr. Arlington of Mr. Duff Watson's malady, for it was terrible to think that his wife might be exposed to some fearful attack, even upon her life, if he were suddenly to have an access of insanity. The cousin farther mentioned that insanity was hereditary in the families of both Mr. Duff Watson's parents, though it had not showed itself in either of themselves.

Mr. Arlington offered to go to Dover for Letitia, who, he hoped, would return with him to London.

Poor Letitia, in consequence of these dreadful communications, was in great distress, and felt somewhat irresolute what she should do. She remembered her husband's conduct on the highest gallery of the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, and also his agitation during a part of the sermon in one of the chapels below; she remembered his dream, in which he vehemently asserted that he was not mad. Could it be possible that he *was* so? Or was his cousin playing the hypocrite, and endeavouring to work on a sensitive temper for his own purposes? Letitia wished that she could have seen this cousin, questioned him herself, and judged for herself of the honesty or dishonesty of his motives.

It was natural, she allowed, that her father and mother and sisters should be alarmed, and anxious for her safety. But was there any real cause for alarm? That was the question which she was endeavouring to solve in her own mind. Mr. Duff Watson was certainly an eccentric man, but eccentricity was not madness.

"If I accept my father's offer to come for me, and I leave the suspected maniac, it may drive him mad. I will not do so. I will only beg him to go to town at once, and take up our abode in Eaton-square, until we can find a house to suit us for the season. In so large a family circle as ours, there cannot be much opportunity for any sudden tragical event to take place. He will be a good deal in society, and not be able to nurse foolish fancies in solitude."

So she determined to write to her family in Eaton-square that she had no fear of any outbreak on the part of Mr. Duff Watson, such as they anticipated, and would not trouble Mr. Arlington to come down to Dover for her. She and Mr. Watson would soon be in London, and if Mrs. Arlington could receive them they would stay a few days in Eaton-square until they could get a furnished house to suit them.

She wrote both to her mother and her father, for she knew very well that Mrs. Arlington seldom showed *her* letters to her husband, though she made a point of reading almost all he received.

In a postscript to the letter to her father, she begged that he would, if possible, prevent Mr. Duff Watson's cousin from India coming to Dover to annoy him.

"There are some dislikes," she added, "which cannot be got over; and there is no use in forcing the appearance of friendship when there is none in reality."

At dinner that day Letitia compelled herself to appear as if nothing had ruffled her equanimity of temper; she was calm, self-possessed, and even cheerful, while poor Mr. Duff Watson seemed to be labouring under the burden of some sudden calamity, and was thoroughly depressed and out of spirits. Letitia saw how much his mind was affected, but would not seem to see it. She observed, however, with vexation that he drank an unusual quantity of wine, and even ordered liqueurs and cognac.

"Try this curaçoa, Letitia," he said; "it is uncommonly good, better than one can get at hotels in general."

But Letitia declined the curaçoa on the plea that it might increase her headache. She felt quite relieved when the waiter was in the room, and asked him several questions about Dover, the Castle, &c. &c., to detain him; but the dinner was at length over, wine and dessert were placed on

the table, and Letitia had no longer the protection even of the waiter's presence.

Mr. Duff Watson became by fits gay and gloomy. He laughed at nothing, and then fell into a state of absence of mind with his eyes fixed on vacancy. He would remain in this sort of trance for several minutes, and then suddenly aroused himself, and began to speak with volubility, almost with incoherence. Letitia feared that the extra quantity of wine he had drank had affected him, and she hoped that he might drop asleep, but he remained wide awake. At length, large as the hotel is, a little bustle was heard in the entrance-hall—a railway train had just arrived from London, and some of the passengers had come to the hotel. Mr. Duff Watson rushed first to the window and then to the door; a waiter was heard to say at that moment,

"This way, sir, this way."

"He is coming," exclaimed the poor man, in great excitement. "Coming to drag me back to that dreadful prison-house! Look if you see him, Letitia—or rather, bolt the door, and don't let him in here!"

"He shall not come in—I assure you he shall not. You are quite safe here," she replied, in a voice trembling with agitation, and to please him she bolted the door; but she unbolted it soon after, for the steps and the voices had passed on, and were no longer audible in the corridor.

It was growing dark; the lamps on the pier were lighted, and those along the terraces of handsome houses which border the esplanade. Lights were also visible in the castle, and the barracks on the hill, forming, with the blue expanse of water, really a beautiful night view. But Letitia, so keenly alive to fine views, could not enjoy it, and Mr. Duff Watson did not glance beyond the walls of the room. Letitia rang for candles, but this fretted her husband, who vehemently declared that he liked better sitting in the half dark than in a glare of light.

"But it is much more than *half* dark," said Letitia, "and it is tiresome to be idle the whole evening. We won't have the gas lighted, only order a pair of candles, so that you may see to read if you like, and I can work."

"I cannot read, I cannot do anything, I cannot even think calmly. That man's letter has . . . has . . . He is determined to blast my whole life, and he will do so."

"No, no," replied Letitia, "he has no power over you now, whatever he may have had when he was your guardian. Send his letter back to him, and say in a few words that you do not choose to correspond with him, or have anything more to do with him."

"It would be of no avail; you do not know him, or what a determined spirit he has."

"Other people can be determined too; and I am quite determined he shall not annoy us. We cannot prevent his coming to an hotel which is public to every one who can pay their bills; but we can go up to-morrow to town, and to Eaton-square in the first instance. I shall give the servants there strict orders never to admit this person who is so disagreeable to you. He can't force himself in, you know."

"*I* cannot go to your father's house. I should not be welcome there."

"You were always welcome there, and at our house in Dorsetshire when you were a stranger, why should you not be welcome now that you are a member of the family?"

"Don't ask—don't ask! you will know all soon enough," groaned poor Mr. Duff Watson.

He rose suddenly, and, ringing the bell, he ordered some brandy, hot water, and sugar to be brought for him. It was brought, and going to the table, he poured out full half a tumbler of brandy, adding a little water and sugar to it. He raised the glass to his lips, but Letitia caught his arm, exclaiming:

"You surely are not going to drink all that brandy? It will make you——"

"Mad! you were going to say," he answered, with a strange and bitter smile. "It cannot make me what I am already."

He put the glass down, but presently seized it again, and drank a portion of its contents.

"There, that will steady my nerves a little, I hope."

"And to steady my nerves, I should like some tea," said Letitia, who felt rather anxious to have the waiter again in the room.

The tea was brought up, and removed, though Letitia lingered over it as long as she could. Then the couple were left again to themselves. They remained for a long time in silence; Mr. Duff Watson leaning back on the sofa with his eyes shut; Letitia, who thought he was asleep, quietly doing some trifling work, which often fell from her hands in the fits of abstraction, from which she every now and then roused herself.

"Oh! that to-morrow were come!" she sighed to herself, "and that we were at home, in Eaton-square! I should at least have some one there to speak to. We *must* go to London to-morrow."

To-morrow! who shall say what will happen on the morrow, or what it may bring?

For a long time they remained as described above, till at length, from the silence in the room, a waiter thought they had retired to rest, and popped his head in to see if the candles were out. He withdrew with a "Beg pardon, ma'am, but I thought you had gone, it is getting so late."

"It is time, indeed, to go," said Letitia, looking at her watch; "it only wants twenty minutes to twelve o'clock."

Mr. Duff Watson raised his head for a moment from the sofa-pillow, and looked at her with a vacant stare, then relapsed into his recumbent attitude and apparently sleepy state.

The clocks within and without were at length heard to strike twelve; all was hushed in the street, and all was quiet in the hotel, for the porter, the night waiters, and night chamber-maids were dozing in their arm-chairs, the flaring gas was reduced, and everything betokened the stillness of the midnight hour.

Suddenly, Mr. Duff Watson started up, and exclaiming,

"Are you there still, Letitia? Why are you watching me?" His eyes glared on her like those of a wild beast. Presently he added: "It is midnight—there is no soul near! How can you trust yourself here with me—a madman? What is to hinder me from murdering you—I am stronger than you?"

Letitia had just risen to light her bedroom candle, but she sat down again immediately, and fixing her eyes steadily on her husband, she said in a calm, firm voice:

"You *could* do it, but you would not. I do not fear you, for I know you would not injure a hair of my head."

The poor man's countenance worked with emotion for a time, then, tears standing in his eyes, he cried:

"You are right—you are right; I would not injure a hair of your head for worlds, my darling!"

III.

THE EFFECTS OF A LETTER.

On retiring to his dressing-room, Mr. Duff Watson had told Letitia that he might probably sleep there, as there was a comfortable sofa-bed in the apartment, and he would be up late writing letters. He had to write to his cousin, and that letter would require some reflection, therefore he could not hurry it.

She advised him to put off writing until the morning, and to take a comfortable night's rest, when he would be better able to concoct a letter to his disagreeable relative. But he shook his head, and replied that the letter must be written at once; and he had some little papers to arrange, which he did not wish to put off longer—business letters, he added, which he had too long neglected.

"I would rather get through them all to-night," he said, "and so be free of them. It is unpleasant to have matters of business hanging over one."

Letitia remembered what a reverence her father entertained for *business*, and that word silenced her. She bade him good night in a cheerful tone of voice, and was somewhat surprised at the very affectionate leave he took of her.

"We will quit Dover to-morrow," she said, "unless you wish to remain here longer."

"No; I do not wish to remain here longer. Certainly I will leave Dover to-morrow."

He stood at the door of his room looking after Letitia until she entered her own apartment, a little way farther up the corridor. Here she found her sleepy maid waiting for her, and was told by this woman that in the course of the afternoon Mr. Duff Watson had got two of the waiters to witness his signature to some deed—she did not know what, nor did they.

"Oh yes—a paper on business, which he mentioned to me," said Letitia.

The maid seemed inclined to make some further communications, but was not encouraged by her mistress, who did not like gossiping with servants, and who dismissed her as soon as possible.

Letitia was tired after the mental conflicts and anxieties of the day, and it was rather a relief to her, knowing as she now did poor Mr. Duff Watson's unfortunate history, that he was to sleep in his dressing-room.

"I should have been on the qui vive all night," she said to herself, "if he had been here. I should not have dared to sleep; now, I can lay my head on my pillow in comfort and security. Shall I ever feel comfortable and safe again? Alas! I fear not. To be constantly

associated with a person who has ever been so bereft of reason as to commit a murder will be a dreadful trial. Heaven only knows if I shall have strength to bear it. It is terrible to think that this unfortunate man has been for years in a lunatic asylum! The asylum from which he escaped was near Paris. No wonder he was in such a state of uneasiness, and even terror, when we were in Paris."

Letitia's thoughts dwelled for a long time on this most painful subject, but at last she fell asleep, and slept soundly, for she was quite worn out.

She would probably have slept until a late hour, but at Dover there is too much noise in the morning to admit of prolonged slumber. The rattling of the carriages taking passengers for the early trains; the street-cries, which commence almost immediately after daylight; and the bugle practice at the barracks, above the long, narrow, strip of town, are sad enemies to repose in the early morning.

Though awake, however, Letitia did not attempt to get up until some time past eight o'clock, though her maid had brought in warm water, and had come back fidgetting about the room. She evidently wished to say something; but Letitia so decidedly desired her to go, telling her that she would ring for her when she wanted her, that she had no excuse to stay.

When at length Letitia summoned her, the woman immediately began with:

"Master has not come back yet, ma'am. Will you wait breakfast for him?"

"Of course I will," said Letitia: "I suppose he is taking an early walk, as it is a fine fresh morning."

"Rather too fresh, ma'am; the wind is awfully high, and master must have taken a very long walk, for he went out at the first peep of day—in fact almost before dawn."

"How do you know that?" asked Letitia.

"They were talking of it in the servants' hall when I was at breakfast, ma'am, and they were wondering where he could have gone to, that he had never come back."

Letitia quickly finished her simple morning toilette, and as she descended to the sitting-room, passing Mr. Duff Watson's dressing-room, she knocked at the door. There was no answer, and she perceived that a jug of what had been warm water was outside of it. She opened the door and looked in; he was not there. She did not observe anything worth remarking in the chamber, except that the candles had burned low in the sockets of the candlesticks; a proof that the tenant of the apartment had been up very late. She went to the sitting-room, and found the breakfast-table laid, but there was no sign there of her husband.

"What can keep him out so long?" she thought, as she paced up and down the room. "I will have the tea made, at any rate; he will surely be back soon."

Ten o'clock struck. Letitia took a cup of tea and a morsel of bread, then walked again to the window, from which there was a view of the pier.

"What can have happened?" she mentally exclaimed, "that there

should be such a crowd on the pier, and people rushing along at such a rate."

"Did you ring, ma'am?" said the waiter, bolting into the room, and looking very pale and very flurried.

"No," she replied. "But what is the matter? Why is there such a crowd on the pier?"

"A man has been drowned, and the body has just cast up. It is very shocking," added the waiter, hurrying away.

"A body cast up—a man drowned!" cried Letitia, though the waiter did not stop to hear her exclamation. An icy cold sensation passed over her heart. "It cannot be—no, it cannot possibly be *him!*"

She remained at the window, rooted there, as it were, by a sort of spell. Presently she saw the crowd moving and giving way, and soon after something being carried on a sort of stretcher, but a large cloak was thrown over it, and she could not discern what it was. Still she stood watching it eagerly, and with almost a foreboding of evil. The little procession came nearer, nearer, and now it was close to the entrance to the lower pier. For a few minutes it halted there, and then she observed some persons issuing from the side door of the hotel and going towards it. After a short delay, the men who were bearing the burden, whatever it was, resumed their march, and came straight to the hotel. There appeared to be a human body under the cloak. It was doubtless the corpse of the unfortunate creature who had been drowned.

Letitia felt inclined to throw open the window and spring out, but she dismissed the foolish idea; giving way, however, to her morbid curiosity, she hastily quitted the room and ran down stairs, reaching the entrance-hall just as the body was brought in.

"What is it? Who is it?" she asked, in almost breathless agitation.

"My dear lady," said the housekeeper, "let me persuade you to retire—this is no sight for you—or—or—for any female."

But with a kind of wild impulse Letitia rushed forward, and before any one could stop her she had removed the cloak from the face of the dead man! With a piercing shriek she started back, and presently after fell on the ground in a dead swoon.

The housekeeper and some of the chambermaids removed her to her room, and a doctor was sent for. Her own maid was not able to do anything for her, as she had gone off into a fit of hysterics.

The drowned man was—Mr. Duff Watson!

Letitia remained for so long a time insensible, that her attendants feared the shock had killed her, but the doctor assured them she was still living. When, at length, she came to herself, the doctor wished her to take a composing draught, but she would not, alleging that she must act, and not sleep. Her first act was to send a telegraphic despatch to her family in London, requesting her father and one of her sisters to come down to her immediately. Mr. Arlington and Fanny set off as soon as possible after the telegram was received, and they reached Dover early in the afternoon.

It was a comfort to poor Letitia to see her kind father and her sister, for Fanny was quiet, and as sympathising as it was in her nature to be.

"Order everything for me, papa, will you?" said poor Letitia; "for I feel that it is impossible for me to collect my thoughts. How could he

have been drowned? Did he drown himself!" If so, it is all the doing of that wicked cousin of his!"

"My dear child," replied Mr. Arlington, "it is the doing of the Almighty; we must bow with submission to his decrees, nor question their wisdom. Your poor husband was, unhappily insane, though none of us knew it."

"Then he was driven so by that wretch."

"No, my dear, insanity showed itself in him at a very early period of his life," replied Mr. Arlington.

"This man says so," Letitia answered, with some vehemence, "but he is not to be believed."

"It is not his assertion alone," said her father; "he showed me the written opinions of experienced medical men, and other testimonies to the dreadful fact."

Letitia burst into tears; it was good for her to give vent to her feelings, and Mr. Arlington left her to Fanny's quiet companionship, while he went to make inquiries into the distressing and shocking affair.

He learned that the people at the hotel had thought Mr. Duff Watson rather "queer," especially on the last evening of his life, and that one of the waiters would have sat up to watch him if the lady had not seemed quite at her ease, and to have no apprehension respecting anything befalling him. They had little guessed in what a state of anxiety poor Letitia really was, it appeared. Mr. Arlington was told that Mr. Duff Watson had risen at a very early hour that morning, and gone out, telling the porter, who had to open one of the house doors for him, that he was very fond of seeing the sun rise, and would take a stroll on the pier. The porter warned him that the wind had risen considerably during the night, and advised him not to go too near the end of the lower pier, where it was scarcely safe for any one to walk. Nothing more was seen of him at the hotel until he was brought in a corpse; but inquiry had elicited that a coastguard-man and a fisherman had, soon after daybreak, seen a man as they both thought, a gentleman, walking on the pier. Sometimes he loitered, sometimes he walked very fast. The coastguard thought he saw the individual raising his clasped hands and looking up towards the heavens, and presently afterwards he missed him. The fisherman had seen the solitary person on the pier, and had also observed some one spring or fall off the extreme end into the sea. He was just getting into his boat, a boy with him, and they rowed as fast as they could to the place. The coast guard and a labourer who had joined him were looking out at the bottom of the pier, but none of them saw any one in the water. They all waited a long time, and the man in the boat paddled about, but without finding the object he sought. The wind was very strong, and the sea rough, but the weather moderated as the morning advanced, and when the tide turned a body was seen floating in the sea on the far side of the pier. It was picked up and brought ashore, but life was quite extinct. A crowd soon gathered, and some of the hotel people identified the poor drowned person as a gentleman who had been staying there.

The door of the dressing-room had been locked by order of the mistress of the hotel, and the key given to Letitia's maid, who brought it to Fanny Arlington.

"I think," said Fanny to her father, "that it would be as well to examine the room, and especially to see if there be any clue to this fearful mystery. The unfortunate man may have left some document which might throw a little light on the motives which led him to self-destruction; if indeed he had any motive, and it was not merely a sudden and insane determination."

Mr. Arlington approved of his daughter's advice, and they proceeded together to the dressing-room of the late Mr. Watson. There were a few papers lying on a table, but these were merely some bills which had been paid, and a few memoranda of no consequence. However, Fanny perceived the key of his desk lying on the top of it, and pointed it out to her father.

"I do not know," said Mr. Arlington, "whether you or I have any right to open it. If Letitia would do so, there could be no fault found."

Fanny accordingly went to poor Letitia, and persuaded her to come and open the desk of the deceased.

"If you don't do it, his cousin will, and he may find papers never meant for *his* eye. Depend upon it he will come to Dover, and you had better have the desk, &c., in your own keeping, then he cannot meddle with its contents."

This argument prevailed with Letitia, who had imbibed the poor lunatic's dislike to his former guardian. She joined her father in the dressing-room, and exerted herself to open the desk. On doing this, the first paper that met her eye was a letter addressed to herself. Beneath it was one to his cousin, and under that again lay a large envelope, on which was written: "My last Will and Testament."

Letitia took the desk to her own room to look over it minutely, while she begged her father and sister to examine the contents of the chest of drawers, and what other keeping places there might be in the room. The very sight of his dressing-gown, and the neck-tie he had worn the evening before, made her quite ill, and she hastened to quit the chamber, which now wore so melancholy an aspect to her.

The letter to herself affected her deeply. It was couched in terms of the warmest affection, and told how much he grieved to leave her, who he had fondly and foolishiy hoped might have been the cherished and beloved companion of his future earthly life. But, it went on to say, that these hopes had been all destroyed, and his life blasted by his unrelenting enemy, who had written a statement of his early misfortunes to Mr. and Mrs. Arlington, which statement would naturally alarm them, and induce them to fear for the safety of their daughter. "They will prejudice you against me," he continued, "and inspire you with distrust of me. You will feel that your very life is not safe, and will either leave me, or, if you do not, you will lead a life of constant watchfulness and misery with me. I cannot support this; I cannot be looked upon as a wild beast, devoid of all reason, all sense; no, I will not blast your existence as mine has been blasted. I pray that there may be many happy days in store for you—you whom I love so much! My life would be a curse to you, my death will be a blessing, therefore farewell, my dearest Letitia."

This letter would have shown that poor Mr. Duff Watson had contemplated suicide—that he had drowned himself. But Letitia would not

communicate its contents even to her father and sister *then*, and there was no evidence at the inquest to prove other than accidental death.

By his will Mr. Duff Watson left everything in his power to dispose of to Letitia. But about ten thousand pounds were, by his father's will, to become the property of the cousin, if Mr. Duff Watson died without legitimate heirs—children of his own. Still Letitia was left a tolerably rich widow, which in a great measure counterbalanced in the mind of her mother, Mrs. Arlington, the regret at the sad circumstances of Mr. Duff Watson's death. But Letitia herself could not forget them, nor get over, for a long time, the horror and distress they inspired. She lost her flow of spirits, became quiet and grave, and seldom indulged in the sarcastic speeches for which she had been so noted. She seemed to shrink from notice and society; the shock to her nerves had been very severe, and she could not but lament one who had been so kind and affectionate to her.

MY FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

My dear, dear father! Earth hath not a name
Holier than that which echoes to the claim—
My father! Oh, with anguish, and with tears,
Back through the mist of unforgotten years,
My spirit seems a glad young child's once more,
Springing to meet thee as it did of yore
With all its deep idolatry of love,
Yielding to thee the homage due above!
What years have fled since last I saw that face,
And turned to clasp thee in that sad embrace
Which left me lonely in a world of strife,
And mid its vortex cast my troubled life—
What pleasing memories of early days,
When thy fond care o'ershadowed all my ways,
Come hovering o'er me, as I gaze and dream
Of youth's bright wave on life's untroubled stream—
That wave too lightly scanned, too swiftly sped,
And only valued when its dream is fled!

My father! Ere earth's weary toil is o'er,
Might we but meet one passing moment more—
Might I but once more press my lip to thine,
And claim the blessing which was always mine,
How full a fount of pleasure unsurpast
Of heartfelt bliss would be my own at last!
For thee, my dearest, earliest friend, and best.
Till life's last pulse throb faintly in my breast
Thy sacred image shall its altar keep,
Untouched, unchanged, in time's unfathomed deep!
And oh, when passing from this fleeting day
My weary soul shall cast its woes away,
My heart's last throb of joy on earth will be
The hope of life eternal spent with thee!

I. Saxon.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF IRELAND.

It may be possible to find a theory which will fit in with the Established Church of Ireland, and to demonstrate it *à priori* to be an institution based on a strictly logical foundation. It may be possible to do this as respects the principle of an establishment generally; indeed, it is not only possible, but easy. Logic and theory, a few postulates being admitted, will build up a system against which abstract reason will have little to say. But, then, unfortunately, starting from other postulates equally axiomable and innocent in appearance, it is possible to develop a theory with which any kind of connexion between Church and State is irreconcilable. But this method of reasoning has lost its prestige, and men look suspiciously at its conclusions. It is instinctively felt that what seems so perfectly coherent in theory will fail in practice, or will lead to those consequences which, expressed in the maxim "Justicia fiat cœlum ruat," are rather strong for our modern consciences. Eschewing, therefore, the high *à priori* road, I will base what I have to say mostly on expediency, and will be content to abide the Malthusian test of the greatest possible happiness to the greatest numbers, as the ultimate standard by which the maintenance or abolition of the Irish Church Establishment is to be determined.

Who are these greatest possible numbers on whose happiness I am willing that the justification of the Irish Church should depend? Is it the Irish themselves, or is it the population of the United Kingdom, of which the Irish form a part? This is a question the decision of which I will adjourn, because to a considerable extent the interests and happiness of these two populations, as they will be referred to in the course of my argument, are coincident, and it will be time to determine to which the preference is to be given when it is seen in what respects they conflict.

Relegating, then, this question, there is one which we cannot relegate, but which, strangely enough, seems hitherto to have been disregarded as irrelevant to the controversy; we mean the existing state of things—that is to say, the real state of Ireland, and the necessities of her position in relation to England. This we must understand before we can determine the exact position of this problem of the Established Church, which we are all trying to solve.

Now, it is a fact which we cannot help, but which is of infinite importance in the present question, that the large majority of the Irish are against the English rule. We may denounce Fenianism, and certainly only a minority of the Irish peasantry sympathise with that fraternal body of assassins, but there was no doubt of the sympathy of the majority of Irishmen with the projects of repeal which were advocated by O'Connell, and that the aspirations of his followers and of those of Smith O'Brian were only prevented being realised by the military power of England, which in the latter case had to be openly displayed; and that had the repeal of the union been left to be determined by universal suffrage, the majority by which that measure would have been carried would have been relatively as large as any of those majorities on which Louis Napoleon rests his claim as the elect of the people. Nor does any

one maintain that the anti-union feeling has decreased, or that the ardent feeling of nationality has become of less force in Ireland in the years which have elapsed since O'Connell's monster meetings, or since the fiasco in the cabbage garden. On the contrary, European examples must have strengthened the patriotic feelings of the Romanist Irish, and at this day there can be little doubt, that if it were possible to make the union an open question, our new household suffrage, with small education on the part of an Ultramontane clergy, would decide by enormous majorities that the imperial rule should cease and determine in Ireland. In plain English, now as ever, the allegiance of Ireland is only maintained by the knowledge of the overwhelming power which the ruling state can bring to bear to enforce its supremacy.

It is a pity this should be. It is a most unfortunate circumstance that the Irish should insist on regarding themselves as a separate race, and should be agitated by all the emotions of nationality; but we cannot help history or nature. Ireland was a conquered kingdom—that is history; that she still feels herself a conquered nation—that is at least Irish nature, if it is not human nature; and the feeling, instead of growing weaker as time goes on, instead of disappearing as the symbols of the conquest are effaced, seems rather to grow in intensity, and probably at the present moment, notwithstanding the festive demonstrations of Dublin to the Prince of Wales, are more intense than they were prior to the battle of the Boyne.

How, then, is this state of things to be met? Firstly, it is to be met by overwhelming power. It is all well to speak of justice and equity. It is right, perhaps, to try and win over the Irish by an exceptional legislation, paying them from the imperial purse ten times as much in proportion as is given to the other two parts of the United Kingdom, but in a state of things such as we have, force is the first essential, control is a necessity. We cannot assent to the union being repealed, and not being able to do so, we must support it by force, since it is hopeless to expect that it be willingly acquiesced in. This is an aspect of the case which both parties concur in passing over in silence. It is most invidious and unpleasant, and certainly will not at present conduce to the popularity of any one who insists on it; but, nevertheless, it is the great ruling condition of the problem we are called on to solve.

If Ireland were loyal, the fact of an Established Church being the Church of a minority, would in some objects, though not in all, go far to a conclusion in which many Conservatives would acquiesce. In such a case there would be less risk than in handing over the religious teaching of the people to a Church which is avowedly and formally opposed to modern progress, because among a loyal people it would be possible to largely develop secular education, and make it practically supersede ecclesiastical teaching, as it is doing in France. I do not say that this would be a good thing, because I believe in Christianity; but it would be better than to hand over the mind of the country to priests actuated by the reactionary spirit which at present is in the ascendency in Romish counsels, and nowhere more potent than in the Romish Church of Ireland. But it is not with a loyal Ireland that we have to do, but with a country, the large majority of the population of which are disloyal to our rule. I do not say this in any spirit of reproach. Setting Fenianism

aside, there is much in Irish nationality in which every one will sympathise. It is the same feeling as that which we almost venerate in Poland, and the triumph of which we hail in Italy. There is nothing immoral in it. It is no insult to the Irishman to say he is disloyal—no reason to think him a bit worse than ourselves, because he wishes to repeal the union and to have a parliament in College-green. The misfortune is that such aspirations are in opposition to the order of existence. Their realisation is impossible. The votaries who dream of them are enthusiasts—that is all we can say against or for them.

Accepting, then, that British supremacy must be maintained by force, I go on to say that the more this force is concealed, the more it takes the place of persuasion the better, the more it can be exercised without the open intervention of the State the better, and that the worst of all the aspects of that which we unwillingly accept as the fated condition of our problem is, when force is openly exercised, and control and coercion meets the recalcitrant subject at every point. This was the fatal necessity in Italy under the Austrian régime, which was benevolent in intention; it is the fatal necessity of the Russian rule of Poland, which is probably also benevolent in its intentions. We have abandoned this species of imperial rule in Ireland, may we never have to recur to it.

But to secure this we ought to be careful in giving up any of those institutions and arrangements by which our supremacy is maintained, without the necessity of the naked exhibition of brute force. Now, first of all, amongst these indirect expedients is the obvious one of encouraging the loyal minority. They are our advanced guard, and it is not till their ranks are broken and dispersed that the arm of the State need be put forth.

Now, nothing more combines a party than similarity of religion, and especially is this the nucleus of union in a country where the opposite party belongs to another faith. But this religion, like all other religions, must be kept up by the external exercise of its rites and ceremonies by regular functionaries, and that entails expense. Now, whence are the necessary funds to be derived? It cannot be supplied by the Protestants in Ireland, because they are too few and too scattered. Left to voluntary effort, there might be two or three Protestant churches in Dublin, and Ulster would have its Presbyterian clergymen and churches, but in the rest of Ireland there would hardly be a Protestant church, or a clergyman so endowed as to give the chance in favour of his being a well-educated Christian gentleman. At present, throughout Ireland, in every parish, there is an English clergyman, who administers the rites of the English church to the loyalists within his cure. These men meet together once a week at his church. It may be they are very few. Let us accept the Liberal statistics, and select a district in which there are ten Catholics, or, if you will, twenty Catholics to one Protestant, it is just the more important in the interests of the imperial rule that these few Protestants should meet together and gather courage from their mutual counsels. Because they are comparatively few it is just the more important that each should know how many friends of the English rule are within his call. It is just the more important that the Roman Catholics should see that there are a certain number of men resolute to maintain the integrity of the union, and who will not submit to the dictation of

the priests. Abolish the Established Church, and these neuclei of loyalty disappear. These little fearless garrisons lose their place of habitual rendezvous, and become so many separate atoms in the population, without combination, without encouragement, and without the ordinances of that religion to which they belong. Is it not plain what will happen? Can it be expected that these Protestants will remain in isolation? Will they not adopt one of two alternatives—either emigrate altogether, and seek a congenial religion in the colonies, or else come into some of the few foci of Protestantism which will remain in Ireland?

The Whigs refuse to realise this. They see an airy vision of a contented peasantry worshipping in the church they believe in, and no longer vexed by the wrong of paying tithes which were never theirs to pay to the English clergyman. They say this is the last symbol of the conquest, and once it is removed from Ireland she will be contented and happy, and shut their eyes to the fate of the Protestant minority. They think they will still be contented and loyal, and that they will become accustomed to the new state of things in time. It is possible this may be realised. The loyalty of the Protestants may be proof against the suppression of their religion, and they may come to be accustomed to having no church to go to on Sundays. They may be content with coming once or twice a year to Dublin to attend the English service, and the railway communication will render this comparatively easy; but these Protestants will not be the Protestants of to-day, they will not be the Protestants whose well-known fidelity to English rule, and whose dislike to papal supremacy, is the first thing which occurs to an Irishman when he dreams of the kingdom of Brian Boru. Henceforth he can brood over his wrongs, and hatch his conspiracies at first in comparative safety. He may find himself, indeed, in high treason without incurring the slightest risk of detection on the road, without anything appearing to oppose him, or anyone attempting to dissuade him. His creed is paramount. There are, it may be, Protestants in his neighbourhood, but they have no clergyman and no church, they have no organisation, no power. The fact will not, as at present, stare the man disposed to conspire in the face, that here in his neighbourhood there is a body of men who will certainly oppose him, and who must first be subdued. He will no longer be diverted from his schemes of rebellion by the charities of the English clergyman, by his gentle demeanour, by his calm demonstration of the futility of treasonable attempts. All these deterring influences are away, or only exist in isolation, and every one sympathises with his projects.

Thus Irishmen will be, as it were, precipitated into collision with that overwhelming force which in all cases, and under all circumstances, must ultimately confront them. The danger of the new situation is this, that there is nothing to warn him of his danger till he is irretrievably in it; nothing to prove to him the insanity of high treason till he has committed it; none of the substitutional exercise of authority and influence, which at present, for the most part, prevent him going far on the road to ruin; nothing but bare force in its most repulsive form.

And by this I don't mean exclusively the British army. I mean mainly the police. If you are to prevent treason at all, your only way to substitute an influence which can at all compensate the loss of the Established Church is by increasing the preventive service of the police. Take away

the English clergyman and his curates from a parish in which the overwhelming majority are Romanists, and dissipate the Protestant congregation, and you must, if you wish to keep up the present state of peace and tranquillity, establish a corps of police, whose duty it will be to prevent the first beginnings of rebellion. Now the question comes to be whether this supplementary police will tend to make English rule more agreeable to Irishmen than that Christian organisation which it superseded. I am aware it is difficult to speculate on the Irish nature, with its large element of the unexpected and impulsive, but if they have anything in common with us in Scotland and England, I think they would bitterly regret the ancient régime. The English clergyman did not necessarily interfere with them. He left in the main their domestic life uncontrolled; they were not bound nor expected to attend his church, but they knew that he considered himself bound as well as he could to administer to their wants because they were his parishioners; but a policeman, and especially one who in Ireland must be mainly detective, would necessarily interfere largely with their domestic life. A policeman in the midst of a population, the majority of which is disposed to rebel, would necessarily be a spy—a character always odious to those who are spied, but always necessary to authority in such a state of things as the suppression of the Irish Church would leave in Ireland. Nor would this functionary have any of the benevolent offices, which must occasionally endear the English clergyman, his wife, and family, to the Catholic peasant. A policeman is essentially repressive, and both his functions and his power terminate in the simple office of repression.

But we shall lose more by the substitution than this. The English Church is a Church of free inquiry and toleration, and it is so, perhaps, simply because it is a State Church; for there are tendencies in the ecclesiastical mind which naturally lead to intolerance and dogmatism, unless tempered and restrained by the co-ordinate action of the State. So that it is not so much the Anglican Church which it is of importance to perpetuate in Ireland as the Anglican Church modified by the State. The Anglican Church has proved itself susceptible of this modification: the supremacy of the Crown admits and consecrates the secular influence, and no one will deny that, as so modified, the English Church has been friendly to the liberty of the subject, while it still vindicates for religion a high place in directing the national destinies. But the Romish Church in Ireland, which, if you abolish the Established Church, would be supreme, has proved itself to be unsusceptible of secular influence; for in Catholic states, wherever the civil government modifies the ecclesiastical influence, it is not as a power acting along with the Church, but as a power acting outside of the Church, and generally in opposition to it.

This impracticability of the Romish Church to suffer modification from secular interests and opinions, and to keep up with modern progress, is a consequence of its claim to be an infallible Church, and to derive its rules and principles of government not from the State but from the See of Rome. It claims an exclusive jurisdiction in matters spiritual, a right to direct the conscience of the population, and to administer its education, and it logically regards any interference of the State in these matters as usurpation. Are we prepared to hand over the mind of Ireland to this priesthood? Is it likely to conduce to the civilisation of Ireland

that a Church, which keeps the Bible from the laity, should have practically uncontrolled power in Ireland? At present, in every parish, there is at least one Protestant bound to the doctrine of liberty of conscience, and whose duty it is to dissimulate the Bible as the best expression of the religion of Protestants. Abolish the Established Church, and in three-fourths of Ireland there will be no one on whom this high duty is officially imposed, and missionary efforts will be able to do nothing against the strong organisation of the Romish Church. We don't urge here considerations from a religious point of view, for we do not wish to add theological controversy to the perplexities of the situation, but we would urge it in the interest of civil liberty. A free Bible is the guarantee of liberty of opinion; that privilege denied, and the control of liberty of opinion is the necessary consequence; and the degree to which it may be carried by the Roman Church is merely a question of power. The Church of Rome has not altered its maxims, though it has been compelled to stop short in carrying them into action; but the degree to which the great priestly confederacy of Europe may carry out what they consider their duty of controlling and directing opinion is a mere question of circumstances, and in the position in which Ireland will find herself when the Established Church is abolished, there is no country in which interference may be further carried, for the Irish still believe in the infallibility of their priests.

We admit a good deal might be said in favour of risking the experiment of abolishing the Established Church in Ireland if it were at all probable that it would bring peace. If Ireland were contented, it is, perhaps, her own look out whether she should be under the direction of a reactionary church. The bliss of ignorance is, after all, worth something, and it might be perpetuated by the suppression of free inquiry; but apart from the question whether it is not the duty of England to do everything in her power to civilise Ireland, and that to hand her over to the Church of Rome would be at present to neglect that duty, there are few so sanguine as to believe that the change in question would have any appreciable effect in even mitigating Irish discontent. That it could not do so seems plain to us, when it is considered how little the Irish themselves say against the English Church. In all their recent attempts at rebellion they have never set forth the Establishment as a grievance. Take their own word for it, what they complain of is the state of the land rights and the union. They are dissatisfied with the relations in which they stand as tenants to their landlords, and that is a grievance which the dissolution of the Irish Church does not touch. They are dissatisfied with the union; they wish to be a nation possessing autonomy; and that cannot be granted to them. Yet they object to the union on the very same principles on which their friends, who insist on the Irish Church being a grievance, clamour in their name and without their authority for its abolition. They say it is not the Church of the majority, and it is therefore unjust to impose it on them; but is it less unjust to impose a distasteful civil authority on the majority? Surely that is a greater injustice and a greater grievance, because a man can free himself from the interference of the Established Church if he pleases, but he cannot free himself from the interference of the magistrate appointed by the ruling power; and until that is done in Ireland discon-

tent will continue. It is, after all, a question of race and history, this discontent; a condition of things which has descended to us from our forefathers, and which it is impossible to remedy.

But it is said by many—allowing that we must maintain the imperial rule in Ireland—we ought to be as just as it is possible to be, consistent with that fatal necessity. This we admit at once; but we deny the Irish Church to be an absolute injustice, for it is, at least, the Church of the minority—the Church of that part of her Irish population which has always been faithful to England, and, so far as it presses upon the rest of the population, it is an incident of that foreign rule which we must keep up, and one of the least objectionable of the apparatus of measures and institutions by which that rule is maintained.

But the abolition of the Irish Church—for that is what is involved in the dissolution of the Establishment—is not a question to be considered with reference to Ireland only. It is a measure of confiscation; for it is an abstraction of property from a corporation which has enjoyed it for three hundred years, and applied it faithfully to the purposes for which it was originally gifted, and an application of it to totally different purposes. Now, a measure of this kind is not capable of justification by a mere balance of advantages, or by any disputed and disputable notion of injustice. The advantage of the abolition must be great and incontrovertible, and it must be clear that the injustice is a real injustice, and that it is not part of a system—a sequence of a state of things which must be accepted and dealt with in all its consequences as best we may. And the reason why all this, and more, must be made out to justify confiscation, is that confiscation attacks the very basis of society—the right of property—and tends to destroy the feeling of security, which is the main advantage of civil government. Moreover, when the proposed measure attacks the principle of property generally, there is one species of property which the example of confiscation of the property of the Irish Church more immediately exposes to peril. The Established Church in Ireland is a branch of the Church of England; and there is a church establishment in Scotland. Both these institutions are endangered if once it be allowed; for the reasons hitherto alleged in parliament, you are to abolish the Irish Establishment. It is doubtful whether the Church of England is in a majority over all kinds of dissent. In Wales it is in a minority. The Church of Scotland barely keeps on a par with her free church, and is, confessedly, in a large minority, if other dissenters are to be counted. Abolish the Irish Church, and the days of her sister establishments are numbered. The question, therefore, before us is one of such paramount importance, involving consequences so sweeping, that it is absurd to say that any case has been made out by Mr. Gladstone and his party for the step they propose to take. Their arguments have been met, and are, if not confuted, at least of very doubtful force. The advantages of the change are more than doubtful; the injury to the loyalists of Ireland is undeniable.

But there are many who—admitting that the tendency of the step proposed to be taken leads to the abolition of all connexion between Church and State—affirm that this is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. The voluntaries have always consistently held this doctrine, but recently it has been adopted by an influential party in the Church of

England. This party holds that the Church of England would be freer in her action if separated from the State, and would better fulfil its religious functions. Perhaps this is true, according to the High Church conception of priestly duty; but are the laymen of this country prepared for a régime of uncontrolled clerical action? Are they prepared to forego the moderating effect of the State control? If so, we are somewhat mistaken in the signs of the times, for an impatience of ecclesiastical interference and a love of toleration are characteristic features in modern progress. We do not want to go back to the days of clerical direction. We do not wish to see dominant factions in the Church tyrannise over those who do not adopt the prevailing dogma. We do not wish the practice of excommunication to be an incident of difference of opinion. We do not wish to leave it to clergymen to decide absolutely what is and what is not the faith of the Church.

In conscious or unconscious confederacy with this party in the Church are the voluntaries and their organ, the Liberation Society, who support this measure because they think it will lead to the abolition of all established churches; and there are the Roman Catholics, who support the measure because they see in it the commencement of the overthrow of the Protestant religion. All these parties, each hating the other after a Christian fashion, at present combine against the Established Church; but here is a purely secular motive, which has secured for the combination a number of adherents. The Irish Church has existed much as it is during the dreary period of Liberal ascendency, which is about coming to its close, and no serious attempt has been made to disestablish it. The Conservatives, when they did during this interval occasionally attain power, have been displaced on other questions; but now that a Conservative Reform Bill has deprived the Liberals of their usual weapon of assault, and the Tories are again in power, this Irish question was the only one on which they could be turned out, because it was the only one which could unite the Liberals; and hence all those Whigs whose creed is office join the cry. Deny it as they may, whether with the religious unction of Gladstone or with the superlative patriotism of Bright, very few people will believe but that the assault on the Irish Church was largely instigated by party strategy and a love of office; and very few will believe that if the Liberals succeed in their object and oust the Tories at present, they will hesitate hereafter, when the Tories may chance again to be in power, to make the next rallying cry to assault the Treasury benches the abolition of the Established Church of England.

LAST DAYS OF AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GRAHAMES."

PART THE THIRD.

I.

MIDNIGHT AT BURRELL WOOD.

THREE years elapsed, and again I found myself at Murset Beeches.

My sister Sophronia was as hearty and enthusiastic as ever. There was not much alteration in John Junket Digby. What I had deemed an utter impossibility had, nevertheless, actually occurred in his case; he was undoubtedly greater in rotundity than before.

And lo! sitting there in the corner, as if she had never left it, was Miss Pastison, knitting white wool out of the little wickerwork basket that rumbled as mysteriously as ever—Miss Pastison, as pasty-looking, with the same plump hands and black silk knees, as patient, and amiable, and undecided, and astonished as of yore.

"And what of Whitingham Grange?" I asked, when I was in for it, inquiring after the old celebrities, and raking up bygones. "Is Mrs. Cutter yet alive?"

"Mrs. Cutter's much the same—scarcely looking a day older to my eyes, and she's close upon eighty-five."

"And the treasure?"

Mrs. Digby laughed.

"There's a change come over Susan," with a puzzled look "I really can't make her out."

"Why not?"

"She's not the same woman she used to be. She's uncertain and capricious. I begin to think she's losing her wits."

"I never yet saw a woman who looked more likely to keep them," I rejoined.

"I told Mrs. Cutter, when last I went to Whitingham, that both she and Susan were quite lost—buried alive in living so closely caged in that gloomy place; that they ought for very health's sake to have a change, and that Susan seemed failing for need of it. The old lady took immensely to the notion. The proposition put new life in her. She would have set off that very afternoon but for the packing, and invited me to accompany them. But when Susan was consulted—as she always has to be now, you know—she looked so black, so sullen and vexed, and was quite impatient and out of temper. 'It would kill her,' she said, 'to leave the old place.' 'What! just for a few days, Susan, just to shake off the cobwebs?' 'She didn't want to go, and she wouldn't go either, if it came to that. She was sure missus looked all right, and was all right, if folks would leave her alone. *She* wanting change indeed! It was nothing of the sort. Surely she knew what she *did* want.' And she muttered and murmured under her voice. Poor Mrs. Cutter seemed quite

nervous, and never said another word about it." And Mrs. Digby looked vexed, too, at the remembrance.

"It seems to me you all conspired together to spoil that woman."

"Oh, you know, Josiah, she really has great virtues—she has indeed. Perhaps we may have expected too much of her in being disappointed at her little faults."

"Has the amber necklace ever been heard of?"

"No; and I don't think it ever will now."

"It was a strange affair."

"But I will tell you who has been heard of, Jos," said Sophronia, with a laugh. "Who, now, do you think."

"Indeed, I cannot tell."

"Why, Miss Chelmsford."

"But she died. I remember all about it." And the recollection of how it had pained me when first I heard the cool announcement of her death from Sophronia's lips flashed across my mind again with something of that old pain.

"Oh, her dying doesn't matter at all. They say her ghost haunts the Grange. You remember the wood toward Whitingham Mere?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, they say Miss Chelmsford's ghost wanders nightly in that wood. I haven't seen it myself, but then I haven't been in the wood at night, which may account for it. It is so foolish," Sophronia went on again—"so foolish of people. They're always on the look out to see these things. Of course it's all very well for the lower classes, poor silly creatures." And my sister drew her handsome Cashmere shawl comfortably round her in an enduring kind of way. "But when you come to hear of people who should know better, I've no patience with them. I can't make the same allowance for all alike. And yet, dear me! I always think of that night at Mrs. Cutter's. How startled we were! It proves how easily empty fancies take hold of weak minds, especially under excitement, or in the dark."

Doubtless Sophronia felt herself vastly superior in the sense and discrimination of her convictions. Who is there who cannot talk as she did? Unfortunately, however, on the occasion alluded to she had not distinguished herself beyond her compeers; yet there was something more than ordinary to be said in Sophronia's case. She was one of those strong, robust women who never ail anything, except it may be from a too hearty supper and the injudicious mixing of contrarily disposed viands. No nervous acuteness troubled Sophronia; no unaccountable whims, no urgent dislikes that for the time usurped every sensible desire, broke in on the sunshiny evenness of her temperament; none of those strange mysterious creepings, chills, and startlings—horrors that, despite a strong will, hold back the very beatings of the heart, or hurry them in suffocating throbs, not of fear or cowardly terror, but, as it were, the sudden presence of some unseen being whose existence is *felt*, not seen, and from contact with whom our earthly tenement in its mortality shrinks appalled, freaks of shattered nerves kindling to maddening acuteness the faculties of sight and hearing. If Sophronia suffered, it was because her digestion was not quite that of an ostrich. Therefore could plain, hearty

Mrs. Digby afford to deride weak fancies or vivid imaginations about ghosts.

"Did you ever hear anything about the artist who painted Miss Chelmsford's picture?"

"Mr. Duncombe! Nothing beyond the singular fact of his last great painting being a likeness of Whitingham Grange. There is one old apple-tree near the avenue, you know, Josiah, very wonderful when it is in full blossom. It was in very remarkable condition the very year Miss Chelmsford died. Well, they say Mr. Duncombe has painted that tree marvellously, just as it looked then. It is a perfect study I suppose. Sir John Romney offered two thousand pounds for it, but Mr. Duncombe refused to sell it. Sir John told Digby so himself."

It so happened that that very night Mrs. Digby was taken with spasms.

"Sophronia is ill," quoth John Junket, knocking at my door at half-past twelve o'clock.

"Eh? what? who's there?"

"Sophronia's not well," said my brother-in-law, walking in, attired in a tight suit of white flannel and a night-cap with a huge tassel on the top, altogether looking uncommonly like one of those men who work in well-holes, and are called navigators.

"What's the matter?"

"Spasms," was the laconic reply.

"Try brandy."

"Won't take it."

"Then an emetic."

"Haven't got one."

"What's to be done!" I said, desperately, quite well knowing what he wanted.

"Fetch a doctor," said he.

If ever I felt indisposed to leave my bed, I think it was that particular night. There was nothing else for it, however, so out I turned in the dripping rain, certainly not in the best of humours, and by no means too well inclined to lay a high value on my strong-minded sister's practical views. It was one of those nights that seem to take a pleasure, so to speak, in pouring themselves out in floods of patient, obstinate, despairing rain, just as the human heart sometimes delights in dreariness, rioting, as it were, in its own misery. There was a hopeless pertinacity in the straight, wall-like torrent, that seemed to say, "You may take me on my own terms; I shan't give in." Earth and sky had made a compact of it, and, view it any way you would, there was nothing to be gained; so, grumbling internally, I faced my position, and picked my steps, as best I could, over the common that skirted the house, along the road by some cottages, across a field path that led out by Whitingham Mere lying bleak and misty before me, on past the water-mill to the wide plain called Whitingham-green; and dreary and cold it looked in the blinding mist that drove across it, and hung over like a garment of leaden vapour.

Trying to poise my umbrella so as to shield me in some degree from the rain, I could not help thinking of the pleasant drive I had had that lovely summer afternoon when I last traversed these paths. The contrast impressed me forcibly in my present unpleasant experience. Over

the green, now brown and bare, that was then luxuriant with its crops of hay, grass, and corn, the beauty of which even the matter-of-fact Mr. Moffat was said to have somewhat enthusiastically expatiated upon, I drew near the end of the orchard wall leading through the wood. The doctor's house was located in the entrance of the village toward the back of the Grange, and I stood a moment hesitating whether, in the deluged condition of the land, to take the by-path through it in preference to the circuitous roadway over the green.

I stood hesitating; something of the feeling pervading nature had already communicated itself to me—a tacit satisfaction that the scene was as dreary as could well be imagined. The trees stood brooding and melancholy; now and then the spiritless breeze seemed to wake up and feel its incompetency, and, trying to get up a little special interest, weakly bullied along the wood, shaking the bending young shoots feebly at one another, resulting in nothing but spouts and showers that fell in drizzled sheets on the reeking earth, that sputtered them back defiantly, routing out whole rows of crystal drops that were running along branches, dipping into one another, gliding off, and balancing themselves—the only things that had a spark of play left in them—dying out in a helpless sob (as if it knew itself beaten, and hadn't strength to contend) over the mere; and still constant and monotonous sounded the drip, drip of rain-drops into pools of water, and the trickle of tiny rivulets that bubbled and choked in their eagerness to get away—dismal indeed. Overhead curled lead-coloured clouds, turning themselves slowly and imperceptibly into wild fantastic shapes, driving along. Not a star was to be seen, but the crescent of the moon occasionally glimmered apologetically through a dark gauzy veil, and then, as if finding the scene so very uninteresting, she dipped back, to laugh with her gleeful moonbeams in a more congenial sphere. The wide plain was lost as with a blot of Erebus; no horizon marked it out. The sombre wood just showed itself a little darker in its strong masses of interwoven branches, forming a barrier against which the elements might spread themselves in vain.

The parish clock of Burrell tolled one. It might be the unusual weight of the damp air, but that solitary stroke reverberated so heavily and so long, that I stood marvelling. Why should the hour of one, of all others, be deemed the most solemn? Surely the fact of its being the commencement of another era in the twenty-four hours should indicate hope in the renewal of fresh opportunities to the anxious heart. Three would seem more ominous; twelve, ripe with fears or expectations; but one is the magic hour. Yes, time went telling its tale on the clock. One hour more, one less, night, and darkness, and rain alike indifferent, counting its minutes, heedless as to whether there were any to hear that debt and credit account which only the final day of reckoning should balance. One more remonstrance that time is fleeting—that old, old tale that has been telling since the first night when the moon rose grandly (that same moon that was now shyly hiding her face) over the garden of Eden. We believe it—we know it—we take up the cry, and call aloud to others, "Time is fleeting! Take heed to it!" and they take it up, and carry it on. So it tells us, and we tell them, and they tell others; but we none of us feel as if it quite applies to ourselves, but work the harder to impress the lesson elsewhere.

Around the grey old church, booming grandiloquently over it, it seemed as if the solemn stroke that had just sounded was glorying in its dead, and calling aloud to the living, gathering them together. "So much work done," it seemed to say—"so many gathered unto the harvest!" And then I thought of Miss Chelmsford, and her desolate life in that lonely old Grange—her strange and unexpected death. She was one of the sleepers over whom that bell moaned, but its warning availed her not. Were there any listening to its appealing cry beyond myself just then? Weary heads on uneasy pillows in closed chambers counting that single stroke, and longing for the morning only to long for night. For miles and miles that old ivy clad church tower could be seen and its clock heard. How many wakeful ones beside myself had listened to that one heavy clang?

Turning my face towards the wood, in the act of continuing my route, the plantation looked so dark and uninviting, it seemed as if a deep shade was on it. It might be the shifting mists that had been rolling before me in the night, as I strained my gaze towards where I knew in the distance the church tower stood, that had dazzled my eyes. Yet as I looked, close beside me from the wood, there came a long-drawn dismal sigh.

It was not the moan as of one ailing in body and pining for human aid, it was the despairing heart-wrung cry of a desolate soul. I listened, expecting that it might be repeated, but only the drip drip of the rain drops—only the trickle of the little rivulets went gurgling by. Who could be out on such a night, unless on some such errand as mine? Still I stood hearkening, and intent, and yet not another sound. "Who's there?" I said, aloud.

At once there was a slight flutter among the branches, the vibration as of some one moving, or creeping stealthily.

Oh for a glimpse of that sullen moon, that was robed so dejectedly in her clouds! for a single solitary ray! And lo! as if in answer to my prayer, that one lonely beam shot forth from the centre of a grey cloud right across the plantation, and fell into the heart of the trees, lifting as it were from out the gloom the figure of a woman, flying down the glen. Speeding onward, as I watched, she turned her head to see if any one pursued, and the light revealed a careworn face with hollow eyes, and long elfish hair floating over the shoulders.

I stood still, spell-bound. Yes, let Sophronia laugh as she would, I had seen what Burrell called Miss Chelmsford's ghost.

The moonbeams died away, a pile of mountain-like clouds rose one upon another over the moon, and impenetrable darkness enveloped me as with a pall.

II.

MRS. DIGBY TALKS REASON.

Next day all Burrell was astir with the knowledge that good Mrs. Digby had been seriously ill. Mr. Dickenson, calling to visit young Mellor, with the broken leg, descanted upon the weather.

"Fearfully wet night—coming down in torrents, my good sir, at half-past one this morning. Called up to Mrs. Digby, of Murset Beeches, you

know—case of excessive prostration—cold sweats and debility. Really, neither umbrella nor top-coat was any protection. Rain just as heavy at five o'clock as at two. Fearful night. Not over pleasant, I can assure you, coming out of your warm bed on such a night." And the doctor looks up with a good-humoured smile, for all that.

So by the middle of the day everybody has heard of Mrs. Digby's illness. Indeed, it had even been said she was lying at the point of death, the sudden victim of all sorts of extraordinary diseases. Everybody flocked to see her, for Sophronia was deservedly popular. The first day she innocently kept up the excitement by the verbal bulletin issued to eager inquirers. "Much the same, thank you, Mrs. Gregson. Mrs. Digby has not had a good night;" the housemaid wearing the most doleful of countenances. The second day: "Much obliged to you, Miss Fisherton, missis has decidedly rallied," given in a more hopeful manner. The third: "Mrs. Digby is now, thank Heaven, quite out of danger, ma'am," with a demonstrative sigh of relief; and Burrell felt itself relieved accordingly. Certainly, Burrell would never have troubled itself, if it could have seen the invalid lying comfortably in a huge four-poster, with green curtains, eating oranges by the dozen and sipping dry sherry.

Very well all the friends of that lady said she looked, sitting up in her room, with a new cap on. Of course nothing was said respecting the *cause* of the illness, because Sophronia had only just *tasted* the forbidden viands. She confessed, privately to me, that "stuffing" never did agree with her; but in what sense she meant it, I do not presume to say.

Amongst the tribe of callers were Miss Green and Miss Euphemia.

The conversation turned, after the ailments of the hostess had been duly and fully considered in every light and view, towards Whitingham Grange and its inhabitants.

"I can't understand Susan," said Miss Green. "She's quite an altered woman of late. She goes about in a dull stupid way I can't at all account for. If you speak to her, she seems scarcely to hear you. If you ask her the simplest question, she looks as if she was busy on some other matter, and couldn't be disturbed to reply to you. I think Mrs. Cutter must see it; and somehow I think she's afraid of her, too. Last week I was taking tea with the old lady, and a violent storm came on. 'Stay all night, Miss Green, and I'll let Euphemia know,' Mrs. Cutter said. At first I thought of waiting awhile, but the rain continued so heavy—it was the very night you were taken ill, ma'am," said Miss Green, pulling up—"that I was obliged to bend to circumstances, for it was very inconvenient to me to remain. I had promised Euphemia to be back in time to iron out our best lace collars, and she had arranged to have the irons all hot for me, just to take up on my return. What could I do? Mrs. Cutter was fidgetty, and evidently wished me to stay, and the rain continuing unabated—you know what a night it was—at last I gave my consent. When she rang the bell, to give Susan the message for Dick, she looked so vexed and sullen I felt quite uncomfortable. I always fancied I had been rather a favourite with Susan than otherwise, but it didn't seem so just then. 'Ma'am,' she says, turning sharply round to her mistress, 'what makes you want Miss Green? Have

I been neglecting you? What'have I done, that you're forced to have Miss Green to sleep here?' 'Oh, Susan!' Mrs. Cutter remonstrates, quite shocked and hurt, 'you've done nothing—you are my good, faithful treasure! If we were all as good and as unselfish as you are, Susan dear, it would be well for us.' And then, going on the rule of contrary, she burst into tears, the pampered thing! and said 'she wished she was dead, and out of the way, for nobody considered her'—and she didn't deserve to be considered—'but it was hard—it was very hard!' And really I was quite perplexed at her extraordinary behaviour." And Miss Green paused, and looked down at the carpet.

"Hah!" said Mrs. Digby, patronisingly. "I must say Susan is always remarkably attentive to *me;* indeed she never seems to think she can do enough for me—but then I have always felt it was better to leave Mrs. Cutter and Susan to their own quiet course."

"Indeed, ma'am," Miss Green said, with a slightly prim tightness across her upper lip. "That is the more remarkable, as Susan was only last week complaining loudly of your interference in having advised Mrs. Cutter to leave the Grange for a while—and very indignant Susan was about it, I assure you, ma'am."

Mrs. Digby reddened, having doubtless at the moment forgotten the circumstance of which she had complained to me.

"I certainly do believe that that woman is going out of her mind," my sister said, with sudden alacrity. "She looks like it. Why, when I think of her as she was in Miss Chelmsford's time, and look at her now, I'm quite lost in astonishment."

"It's a dreary place to live in—that Grange," said Miss Green, thoughtfully.

"Dreary! I think so. Why, whenever I go, a damp chill strikes into my blood. It feels like a vault; one thinks instinctively of graves, and black plumes, green mould, and bloated toads. Josiah, do you remember that great creature that sat at the root of that tree? How it watched us with its eyes. It seems the very place, of all others, for a ghost."

And Mrs. Digby laughed derisively. Sophronia had not much imagination herself, and not too much patience with those who had.

"They say the Grange is haunted," quoth Miss Euphemia.

"People always do say these things in the country," said Mrs. Digby, patronisingly, settling herself in her chair. "What should haunt the Grange, I wonder, now that folks have dropped the old tales about the Whitinghams? It would be a poor country place that hadn't some scrag of a ghost to be scraped up. An old barn, or a cowhouse, a lane, or a rickety tumble-down shed, some such place will certainly be found to bear witness to a robbery or a murder, or an old man's pot of money. There's always some place haunted in the country. Now I call it really impertinent of the village people to be gossiping and talking about the Grange—I do, indeed. It's just because people are not always wide-awake! Whoever that *was* awake, ever did see a ghost! I should like to know!" said Mrs. Digby, warmly.

Miss Green bridled. She drew up her throat from within the folds of her Paisley shawl, and shook her black velvet bonnet from side to side nervously, making the black bugles which adorned it jingle against one

another; while Sophronia, quite innocent of her friend's agitation, laughed on.

"Ghosts, indeed! I always class ghosts and witches in one category. It's always somebody that tells you, a particular friend of somebody else, perhaps you once saw, or somebody once thought they had seen, who saw the ghost; never does anybody tell you they themselves have seen a ghost. That's the worst of it! It's always second hand, or a deal worse. And tales don't lose anything by telling—witness the 'three black crows.'"

"I can only say what I have seen myself," said Miss Green, with a tremor on her lips. "I don't care to repeat second-hand——"

"Oh, certainly not, Amelia. But what did you see?"

"It does not signify, Sophronia."

"Oh yes, dear, do tell us, pray. Why this is just the grand exception to the rule, for which I was longing. Do tell us."

"I would not wish to stay another night at the Grange for all the storms that ever blew," Miss Green said, her face paling as she went on. "Mrs. Cutter was not so well in the night; she rang her bell for Susan. I slept in the little room that leads out of Mrs. Cutter's, and which is now appropriated to her old friends remaining all night, just as I did. Whether Susan was asleep, or the wind prevented her hearing, I cannot tell; but Mrs. Cutter rang three times, and nobody came. So I threw over me a shawl, and went to see what was wanted. The old lady being faint, off I hurried in the dark, quite well knowing the passages, just as you would yourself, dear, to get some brandy from the sideboard in the breakfast-room. At the top of the stairs I thought I heard some one in the hall below. 'What's the use of thinking such nonsense, when a body's ill,' thought I. But when I got to the bottom of the stairs, and was turning into the room, I saw—if ever I saw in my life"—Miss Green choked and gasped, and then went on earnestly, with an air of truth in her exuberance that was not to be mistaken—"two great wild eyes. I looked straight at 'em. I saw them come nearer and nearer—a great black shadow. It went softly up the stairs as I drew into the doorway of the breakfast-room—up the stairs—and I lost it, as it went."

"Then it wasn't all in white?" asked Miss Euphemia.

"It was like a dark shadow," reiterated Miss Green. "I could just see two great eyes, that neither looked at me, nor anything else for aught I know. It seemed to glide on, just as a shadow does. I watched it nearly to the top of the stairs, and about Miss Chelmsford's room I lost it."

"Dear me!" murmured Mrs. Digby, interested, in spite of herself and her incredulity. "And you're sure you were quite awake!"

"Oh, ma'am! can you doubt it?"—excitedly—"I had actually been talking with the old lady, and the keys were in my hand to get the brandy. Could anything be plainer?"

"Well, you know, Amelia, people are so apt to fancy things. I don't say that *you* are, you know, Amelia. I only say people in general. Sometimes it's one thing they see, sometimes another. They quite believe they do see it; but then they don't, for they only *fancy* it. Then other people, who look really into subjects, and know all about such matters, say it's 'cabbage,' or 'toasted cheese,' or 'roasted

potatoes,' as the case happens, that haven't digested, and then it is called an optical delusion. I have been told that, when anything of this sort occurs, it's always your digestion in reality that's to blame. I once heard of a dreadful case of 'death's head and cross bones,' resulting from a young woman eating heartily for her supper of roasted potatoes. Some people, I am told, are perfect martyrs in this way. I suffer dreadfully from indigestion myself. The least thing upsets me. Now veal and sausages with pickled onions for supper, always give me the most distressing dreams. And it's hard—indeed, it's extremely hard—that the nicest things are sure to disagree the most. But I suppose it's the rule of contrary that runs through life. Now you don't think that you could be suffering from indigestion at the time—do you ?"

"Certainly not, Sophronia."

"You don't think it might be a cat, now ? Because a cat's eyes are very peculiar, as well as deceptive, in the dark."

"A cat six feet high !"

"Well, well, Amelia, never mind—no offence. You know, my dear, you'd be glad if you could account for it in some way, would you not ?"

"I should be truly thankful," said Miss Green, earnestly.

"You say you saw two eyes. Now Amelia, do you think it might be two holes in the shutters over the top of the door (if there are any) ? The moon would shine in, and go up on the wall, and really look very startling, especially getting up out of one's sleep in that sudden way."

"It was nothing of the sort," said Miss Green, sharply.

"Well, at any rate, I suppose you didn't say anything about it to Mrs. Cutter?"

"No, I thought it better not. You know how matter-of-fact she is," said Miss Green, a little spitefully. "You remember that time, when we were sitting in the twilight at the Grange, and the branch of the tree struck the window in such an extraordinary way, how quick and matter-of-fact she was. And if I remember rightly, you were as frightened as any of us, Sophronia ?"

"Probably, Amelia. But I do not tie myself down, by abjuring possible indigestion. I might have been eating something injudiciously—indeed, I rather incline to that notion. I acknowledge that I am a dreadful sufferer. Ever such a morsel of salmon—oh, quite a mere nothing—will upset me at times. If other people are stronger than I, so much the better for them—so much more am I to be pitied."

"Well, and what do you think it to have been, Amelia ?" Mrs. Digby asked, after an awkward little pause.

"Do you ask me what I really believe?" Miss Green repeated, her face wan with excitement.

Mrs. Digby nodded, and bent her head nearer.

"*I believe it to have been Miss Chelmsford's ghost!*"

"Good gracious! Amelia ?"

"I know no more than what my eyes saw, and I ask no one to credit my experience," Miss Green said, proudly. She rose, and hurriedly took her leave.

"Did you ever hear such nonsense, Jos ?" said my sister Sophronia, looking round at me where I stood at the window, a half-comical expression on her face. "I told you the ghost was all over the place. It's very well

for the lower classes—one expects such rubbish from empty heads—but when it comes to sensible women—women of sober years like Amelia Green—the thing deserves to be looked into. I can't understand it, Josiah, unless the poor thing was dreaming; or if not exactly that, there's no knowing what! It *must* have been indigestion; it could be nothing else! Now, there's John Junket. The quantity of veal and ham—fried brown, you know—that that man will eat! and then will be twisting and turning, and bouncing up out of his bed, and walking about half the night with pains here and pains there, and, 'Sophronia, I'm sure there's somebody trying to get in at the drawing-room window!' Why, only last night he was at it: 'Sophronia! there are footsteps below; don't you hear them—they're coming up the stairs.' 'John Junket! it's nothing but your fancy!' 'Sophronia, get me my revolver ready. I'm not so active as you are'—which of course you know he isn't. Oh dear, dear! I've no patience with such work. You couldn't persuade him it's his supper—not you, indeed—if you talked ever so! It's the east wind, or the north wind, or the last medicine; but never his supper. And here am I. If I'm in the least imprudent, I'm so ill—oh, so ill! But then I try always to act upon that example in Murray's Grammar, that I learnt at school—I forget what rule it's in, but it's 'Candour is to be approved and practised.' I dare say you'll remember it. I must confess I am astonished at Miss Green; I gave her credit for more sense. There always was a ghost at the Grange, and I suppose always will be. Once it was Sir Geoffry Whitingham, now it's Clarice Chelmsford; but what does she want? I do think folks might leave them quiet in their graves."

And then Sophronia burst out in a good hearty laugh at Miss Green's expense. I stood looking out of the window, amused at her merriment, for she laughed loud and long.

III.

"JUST ONE HALF-HOUR!"

RETURNING one afternoon from a shooting expedition a few days after this illness of Mrs. Digby's, in one of the quiet lanes about Burrell I met Mr. Dickenson. He was slowly walking his horse, whilst beside him, on foot, paced Mrs. Cutter's old farm-servant, Dick, who, spade in hand, was earnestly talkings as it seemed confidentially.

"Perhaps it's too much to expect Mr. Symperton to remember," said the surgeon, when I had exchanged a few civilities with him, and would have passed on, "all the gossips and tales of this busy Burrell; but you may have heard about a late patient of mine losing a necklace some two or three years ago."

"Certainly, I quite well remember."

"I know the thing was talked of at the time. The old lady, too, lost some valuable coins. Well, Dick tells me the coins are found."

"Indeed!"

"It was a mysterious affair that, altogether, Mr. Symperton."

"Aye, it were some childher i' Whitingham wood," said Dick, eager enough to recount it all over again for my benefit. "They'd gone a

lookin' for firewood, and right a-top o' th' mere there were a bit o' siller lyin'. It were Tom Simkin's lad—he's a ra'al dacent feller is Tom; he lives three doors fra us. Well, they came stray't off to me i' the kitchen garden, diggin' up th' winter potayters. I were that pleased I cu'dn't tell ye, for it's hard cheese ever sin' it wur tuck to me, an' to th' old missis. So h'off I goes wi' the garden spade i' my h'ont—as it might he now—and I set a diggin', an' lor, quite high i' th' groynd, as if it had bin meddle wi' loike, wur the jug, stuck inside wi' pieces. I've seen 'em mony a toime, an' mony a toime agin, when I wur clayning th' winders or that, mysell. I wudn't gie haife a crown for th' lot; but missus thought a deal on 'em, she did."

"But the necklet was not there?" asked Mr. Dickenson.

"No, not th' beads—not th' beads," and the old man looked away.

"And what does Susan say?"

"Ay, I dunnot know," said Dick, scratching his head with a puzzled look. "She's got that cranky I nayther know nor want t' know. She said summat about th' beads havin' brought nowt but ill luck to th' Grange, but how she comes to know what they brought, caps me. At any rate, we've got th' coins, that's one thing."

"Mrs. Cutter would be well pleased, at any rate, Dick."

"Ay, she were playsed, but there's no havin' a bit o' talk wi' missus now. I tould her it 'd be a gran' day for me, as had bin on th' farm for five-an'-forty year, when things wuz made wright and toight; for folks even agate to say queer things—things as one dunnot loike t' hear of happen to them as has lived and died at th' Grange." And the old man shook his head.

"Well, Dick, and what did the old lady say?"

"Well, sir, missus isn't th' same as she woz—not her. There's no havin' a bit a talk wi' her, loike as in old times. She stares at me (you know her way), an' goes on wi' her bit o' knittin'. 'Folks will talk, you know, Dick; we mustn't mind 'em,' she says. No, there's no havin' a bit o' talk wi' th' old missus now, there isent."

He turned away, and looked down at his spade.

"Dick, what do you think came of that necklace?"

"Neay, sir, how can th' loikes o' me tell?"

"I have heard that you saw Miss Chelmsford and Mr. Duncombe talking privately in the garden the very day the necklace disappeared. Is this true?"

"Happen I did."

Dick looked uneasily about him, as if for means of escape.

"And that you saw Miss Chelmsford lay something secretly in Mr. Duncombe's hand?"

"Happen I did," he said, sulkily.

"Was it the necklace—*beads*, as you call it?"

"Lord a mercy! how should *I* know out on it," said the old man, pettishly. And lifting his cap to us, he hurried off, going down the lane back towards the Grange.

"The old man knows more than he likes to tell, it seems to me," said the surgeon, looking after him. "It is a strange house that, Mr. Symperton, and its inhabitants are just as strange, and always were, to my knowledge. It was a mysterious affair that altogether."

"She was not long ill, I suppose?"

"Only two days. Do you know Mr. Symperton," lowering his voice, and stooping from the saddle, "I had not the most remote idea that she would die. The attack was extraordinarily severe. I never knew such strong paroxysms; they were really fearful to behold. There was much about the case that was extremely dark—much that perplexed me. Miss Chelmsford had the character of being exceedingly reserved; a very cold and distant person, certainly. Very probably the continued excitement under which she had been for some little time suffering—the loss of this trinket, more than ordinarily prized on account of some family history, some local legend, and then the loss of the lover accruing from it, I am told—all this may have exhausted the vital powers, and they gave way, you see, swept off suddenly, under the tremendous pressure, at once and for ever!"

I turned towards him, a certain question on my lips, when coming with hasty steps towards us was a quiet, respectably attired female of middle age. She was tall and gaunt, stooping heavily and wearily, but what struck me chiefly was the livid pallor of her face and the brightness of her small black eyes. Her cheeks fell in so that you could distinctly see the form of the jaw in the thinness of its coating. She came eagerly up to Mr. Dickenson, and spoke to him as he leant over his horse's neck in a dull sleepy way, as if she were in a dream, yet with a wild earnestness that impressed me. I moved aside, not desiring to interfere with a patient of the doctor's.

"For one half hour!" I heard her say. "Mr. Dickenson, for the love of God, give me one half hour!"

"Susan, recollect yourself. Should I not be glad to relieve you if it were in my power?"

"Ten minutes, then—ten minutes!"

"Susan, I think you are worse than ever to day!"

"I never wronged *you*, Mr. Dickenson."

"You want change of scene. Leave the Grange for a while; this dreary place is turning your brain. Mrs. Cutter will only be too glad, and it will benefit you both. Leave the Grange, I say, just for a while, Susan."

"I cannot," despairingly.

"What child's talk is this? 'You cannot.' Why do you ask my advice if you will not take it? What is there wanting but the will to do as you are told? I know your mistress urged this on you quite recently. I say you want change. Leave Burrell for a while."

"I tell you I cannot," she said again.

"Why cannot you?"

"Oh, you don't know—you don't know! Let me alone, Mr. Dickenson!"

"Then don't come to me any more," he said, turning impatiently away from her.

"Oh, you're not vexed, Mr. Dickenson! It's only me. I would do as you bid me, if I could—if I could—ha, ha!—I would indeed. You don't see—see anything behind me now, do you—eh, Mr. Dickenson?" And she turned her face, wan and worn, and looked behind her with a half-scared, half-defiant look.

"Ye—yes."

"What? Eh, what?" she almost shrieked.

"Well, what do *you* make it out?" he replied, watching her face, and pretending to peer into the air.

"Tell me what you see, Mr. Dickenson! Tell me! What is it you see?"

Her voice had risen into an excited scream. She had turned herself away from the surgeon, and was glaring into space with protruding eyes, waving her hands before her, as though thrusting something back that encroached upon her.

"Woman, isn't there the hedge?"

She turned her face slowly round, and scanned his visage with eager scrutiny, to see if he meant it, and then laughed a cold dull laugh.

"Just so! Ha, ha! the hedge! You're so fond of a joke, Mr. Dickenson; so am I—so am I!"

Her saying so seemed an extra mockery.

"Then you won't give me just one half hour's sleep?" she said, supplicatingly.

"It is peace of mind you want, Susan. A stronger hand than mine must grant you that. Seek it in the proper place," said the surgeon, with emphasis.

"If I were rich—a duchess, now?"

"If you were a queen, *I* could not give you five minutes' ease."

"Ha!" she sighed, after a momentary pause, clasping her hands over her head impetuously, "if I could give you money, gold, guinea upon guinea, you would cure me. It is but sleep I want—only sleep. It is a curse to be poor. They say the very reins of life are in the doctor's hands. You tell us if we break our bones you can join them together; if we faint, you can revive us; if we are dying, send to you time enough, and you can prolong our life. I only ask for sleep—just one half hour's sleep; it's a paltry boon. Do you pretend to tell me you can heal my broken bones, and not give me sleep? Oh, I know better—I know better! It's because—because you think me poor, you will not. But take care—take care; perhaps I'm not too poor to bring your hard-heartedness home to you. Oh, it's a curse to be poor! But, Mr. Dickenson—Mr. Dickenson, now"—as though returning more immediately to the subject, the old coaxing tone renewed—"if I were to ask my mistress, for how much—how much money would you sell me an hour's sleep?"

"Woman! God help you!"

She stared at him with her glittering eyes, unclasped her hands, and drew them down slowly, and, first *looking behind* her, went wearily on her way.

"Yes," sighed Mr. Dickenson, as we watched her, "with such as she, the poor and uneducated, life and death indeed lie with us. God pity her! Night after night she has beset me thus. She believes I can ease her, but will not. I have tried every known drug in her case. I have ransacked old tomes, desiring to procure for her that rest which has become an urgent necessity. What for others would find sleep, to her brings redoubled excitement. She tells me she could not bear the fatigue of existence were it not for opium, which she takes largely.

Whether it be this that keeps the irritation going, supporting her in one way while it surely wears her out in the other, I do not say. She says she has not slept for three years. That, of course, is impossible, but she believes it. A weary time—a weary time! It is the mind that is diseased, and what can minister to that?"

"What do you consider to be the matter with her?"

"I cannot tell, except that she is possessed, crazed, fairly mad, Mr. Symperton—fairly mad. I believe her harmless, however. She bears an excellent character in the neighbourhood. Her old mistress dotes on her. I think that the loneliness of the old house has preyed upon her. The sudden and unexpected death of Mrs. Cutter's niece, and the antagonistic life they led—all this has done its work, until, as you hear, she is imbued with the fancy that to leave Burrell would be to surrender life itself."

Parting with the doctor, I continued my route along the high road, past the avenue of the Grange, by the wall skirting the shrubbery. It was fast growing dark. The moon was softly gleaming in the clear blue sky, over which a few light clouds gracefully floated. The trees, bare and leafless, in summer forming an impenetrable screen, were here less closely grouped. I could plainly see over the low wall the jagged ruins, grim and stark enough.

Standing out on the adjoining belt of lawn, the moonlight shining full upon her, I distinctly saw Susan beckoning to me from within the garden. I must confess to feeling the most decided aversion towards this woman, but the notion occurred to me that she might have something to communicate which prudence recommended I should hear. After a momentary hesitation, I leaped over the boundary and reached her side, she gesticulating to me all the while to come softly, and pointing excitedly, with trembling hands and quivering face, toward that part of the ruin where the old banqueting-hall lay.

"Hush!" she gasped, her face distorted with excitement. "She's there dancing—dancing, dancing up th' hall—wi' her head up just as she used to go across yon dining-room—oh, so grand and stately!"

Softly over the velvety moss I crept to humour her, and stood looking through a broken loophole into the vast lonely room. The tufts of rank grass and withered fern-leaves that had last summer grown in the gaps where windows had once been, stiffly nodded as the breeze went by, and the shadows mocked them on the floor below. The moonlight went shimmering over it in waving, flickering figures, reflecting the gauzy clouds. The wind moaned, winding in and out, along narrow corridors, through crypts, and cloisters, and secret chambers, and along galleries, sighing itself out in the distance in a wild, dreary wail.

"D'ye see her? There! right i' th' middle, dancin' up th' hall!"

But the ruined banqueting-hall was desolate. Only the moonbeams danced—only the moonbeams.

A NARRATIVE OF A SHORT RESIDENCE IN LOWER CANADA, AND A VISIT TO THE FALLS.

IV.

In the Government Gardens here, twice a week, the military band, which plays in the evenings, is a great resource for the gentry, and the benches which are situated under the trees are usually crowded with groups of ladies and children, who come to listen. The love of sight-seeing, and of assembling in various ways for purposes of recreation, seems just as much a passion with the French Canadians as it is with the Parisians themselves. There the young ladies promenade the different walks, escorted by young officers or other beaux. The children play on the grass, and the mothers sit watching them. Some middle-aged or elderly spinsters hold their scandal debates in different corners, and idle exquisites lounge up and down the pathways. The view of the river and the adjacent scenery has a charming effect. Thus, in the cities, as well as in the wilds of the country, these Canadians seem to enjoy themselves. In the latter one finds the pure unadulterated class of rustic peasantry, who are well used to hardihood and toil. To see them working at the axe all day in the woods cheerful and contented; to watch them in winter-time, crossing the rivers in their canoes when the thermometer is twenty degrees below zero; to view their utter disregard of the severity of cold, or the intensity of heat, one cannot help respecting them as a race,

> ——strong, and swift of foot are they,
> Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
> * * * * *
> Motion is in their days, rest in their slumbers,
> And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil.

One of the most attractive, as well as one of the most conspicuous objects as seen from the central points of Quebec, is the island of Orleans, which is a large one, extending to a circumference of thirty-two miles, and covered with the most beautiful shrubs, which grow in great luxuriance from the heights over the town down to the water's edge. Here grow the wild raspberries and strawberries in great profusion. The thick woods lie on the high grounds, and there is also a great deal of meadow-land. There are a few small towns or villages, of which the houses are built of wood, and in the streets of each are some few small shops; also there are what are called "maisons de pension," which are fitted for the reception of strangers.

We went over in the small steamer which goes twice a day in summer between Quebec and Orleans. It stopped at a wharf on the Point Levi side, where we saw a very vast pile of wood extending for many hundred yards inside the wharf, and mostly about fifty feet high. This is all the property of a rich merchant—a Mr. Gilmour—who sells it either for house-building or ship-building. Numerous other timber stores and yards are on the river on both sides; in fact, such a mart as Quebec is for timber one could scarcely see equalled anywhere else.

Previous to putting into this wharf, we had a full view of the falls of

Montmorenci, which, with its white foaming mass of waters, swollen as they were after the late heavy falls of rain, looked broader and finer than I ever saw them as viewed from any other point. We reached the small quay on the island of Orleans about three-quarters of an hour after we had left the Quebec side. We saw there were several cottages and small villas belonging to gentry who had their summer residences here. We went to walk on the roads and paths of the island. The interior of the houses belonging to the Canadians here was neat, clean, and simple. There is a church on the island for the French Catholics, but none for the Protestants.

We went into a small auberge, where the French hostess provided us milk, bread-and-butter and water, but said she had "point de boisson." However, she charged us quite enough for her sour bread and indifferent milk. The small village where we stopped was called Woodlyn. Farther on there is a town called Pierre. Round the island is a road which extends thirty-two miles, and a very pretty drive it is. The heat of the atmosphere after the rains here is so oppressive, that it forbids one taking much exercise. It is of a humid nature, and causes great languor.

The thunder-storms which take place in Quebec are so numerous during the hottest of the summer months, that scarcely did two days pass without our encountering one of them during the month of June, from the 20th to the end, and the whole of July. Previous to the coming on of the thunder-storm, the extreme heat and closeness of the atmosphere is such that one feels every pore of the skin sensible of it, though one is sitting quietly. Then comes on a great collection of dark clouds, and soon afterwards the violent shocks of thunder, and most terrific and loud they certainly are. The vivid and frequent lightning startles with its glare. On one occasion a cow was struck with the lightning and killed. This happened in a field a few yards from the barrier in Quebec. Shortly after the thunder and lightning the rain descends in torrents, more like a waterspout than a shower, and continues till perhaps the end of the next day.

> Pater et rubento
> Dextera sacras jaculatus arces
> Ferruit urbem
> Terruit gentes.

To those who have gone out in the light holland dress or silk wrapper and straw hat far into the country, on horseback or on foot, such an occurrence is no small drawback to their pleasure; and if they can procure a hospitable shelter in a Canadian cabane, they think themselves happy, as indeed

> The tyranny of the open air's too rough
> For nature to endure.

The thunder is louder and more frequent than in any country which I have been, except Bengal. The peculiar phenomenon here is, that after the thunder-storms and deluge of rain, there still remains a great elasticity in the air, and the heat quickly succeeds a few moments after the air has become clear. During the winter months, except but once or twice, one never has a shower of rain; but in the autumn, or, as it is here called, the fall, the rain falls in torrents, and generally lasts three days.

During the rain the atmosphere is gloomy and dark; so much so, that even at noonday, in rooms which of a fine summer's day are quite too bright, it is difficult to see to read.

The young officers like the station very much, owing to the pleasant manners, hospitality, and love of society which characterise the Canadian gentry and the residents of the different military stations; but, with the exception of tours, and of sport during the spring and autumn, and sleighing during the long course of the dreary winter, they have not much amusement to look forward to. The troops, also, very seldom change their stations.

A favourite excursion in summer was across the water by one of the steamers to Point Levi, and a picnic on the other side. I recollect particularly having found great pleasure in this short voyage. The hotels on the other side are clean and commodious, but the line of houses which stretch from the farthest point opposite to the citadel up to the point which faces the island of Orleans are what give you an idea of the residences of the French Canadians more than any other places near Quebec. They are small and low, built completely of wood, and the shops, which all of them contain, are in the same room as the inhabitants reside in. These are all French colonists. The men are dressed in the frieze grey or brown coat, the boots of untanned leather, and the wideawake hat; the women, in a plain homely French dress, remind one of the peasantry which one sees in the country parts of the aboriginal soil. On one occasion I went into one of the native houses belonging to a Canadian of the better class, and stayed there during the heat of the summer day. His daughter played on the pianoforte in a very creditable manner. None of the inmates of the house could speak a word of English. For the extent of about four miles, which is the distance from the two points which I spoke of, the pathways of the roads were made of wood on each side, about four feet from the houses; also, on the roads from Quebec for the distance of two miles in each, the pathways are thus formed. It is certainly cleanly, but after a thaw which is succeeded by frost, the slipperiness of these pathways makes them very dangerous. The ease with which wood is procured makes it a favourite composition in the construction of residences, buildings, and even of roads. The river steamers which plied across the St. Lawrence at all hours of the day were certainly a great boon in the summer months; but when winter set it, this mighty river presented a great barrier between the Point Levi and the Quebec residents.

I anticipated much pleasure in making a tour to the West, on visiting Upper Canada, and in seeing the great Falls of Niagara, which, during the month of September, generally show to the greatest advantage. I therefore delayed my visit during the hot months of the summer, and fixed upon the 18th of September for setting out there. I found afterwards that I had made a fortunate selection as to time, as we had not one whole rainy day during our trip, and only one day we had a shower.

The great Falls, which I was so anxious to see, having heard and read of them from my childhood, as most people have, and having been given to understand that they were considered one of the wonders of the world, are adjacent to a city called by their own name. I found that I could procure return tickets from Quebec to this city, so I decided upon taking

my departure in the line of steamers which ran direct from Quebec to Montreal, next by a small steamer to Ogdensburg, and then by a large lake steamer, which crosses Lake Ontario, to Lewiston, a place which lies seven miles distant from the City of the Falls. Finding that I could return by the same route, with the difference of taking the southern side of Lake Ontario on my return in place of the northern, which side I decided on travelling at first, visiting it in order to have an opportunity of seeing Toronto, which city lies in the centre of the north side of the lake.

On the 18th of September we embarked in the *John Munn* steamer for Montreal. She was very finely fitted up, and her cabins commodious. The scene on the river St. Lawrence was very animated. The different craft, large and small, lying in the bed of the mighty stream, or near the landing-places of the town of Quebec; the small tug-steamers, towing various crafts; the passage steamers, taking over from two different stations their several cargoes of passengers who travel between Quebec and Point Levi; the vast moving rafts of enormous piles of wood which come in from the up-country parts, tugged by steamers; the animation and bustle which pervades every great emporium of this new world; the three large markets, actually piled with every description of fruit, vegetables, fish, fowls, meat, and country produce of all sorts, and thronged with purchasers—all these objects are seen from the deck of a large vessel in the river, and form a most motley concourse of grouping. In these country steamers the ample room and accommodation, and the excellence of the fare, make it a very pleasant task to undertake a voyage on the St. Lawrence, especially as the motion, which is the great bugbear for travellers in steamers, is not perceptible in the river craft. From four to six this day we had daylight with us, and admired the very fine scenery on both sides of the St. Lawrence, both at Point Levi and the range of heights opposite it on the other side of the river, which, wooded as they are, and interspersed with villas, show a series of beautiful views, comprehending Wolfe's Cove—that glen of the most surpassing interest, where the young hero led his band up to consummate as chivalrous an act as ever was blazoned in history—Spenser Wood, Cap Rouge, and some others. After this the scenery became tamer, and the night fell, so we saw no more of what was to be viewed from deck, and left it for our cabins, until six the next morning, when we found ourselves opposite the wharf at Montreal.

This is indeed a finely built town. The native name is Hochelaga. It occupies a considerable part of the island upon which it stands. I remarked in my walk through the town before breakfast the different churches—three Scotch churches and a Unitarian chapel, quite close to one another, on a hill which lies at the top of the town, a most superb Catholic chapel, the largest building of any, and a Protestant church. I went through a very fine market, which reminded me of the large one at Liverpool, though this was not so large or broad, but the building must be, I think, much longer. I saw another long series of sheds stand facing what is called the old market-place. By the side of the wharf lies the largest one of all, certainly the finest and most extensive building which Canada can produce, fitted for the business and commerce of this very noble city, the great emporium of the trade between the New and

the Old World, the central nucleus of civilisation, near which the mighty St. Lawrence from the east and west, and the Ottawa from the wild north, bear up with their tide of heaving waters the fruits of the hardy hunter's enterprise and the produce of the industrious artisan. The more I walked about the town the more I saw to admire in the buildings, which were some of them very fine. I noticed two banks, one of them built in the Corinthian style of architecture, the court-house, a classical and chaste structure, and the hospital, called St. Patrick's Hospital. The streets are broad, mostly crossing one another at right angles. It seems as if the plan of the town had been laid out having reference to the grand principles of wholesome space and utility, and not to that narrow economy which conveniences individuals to the sacrifice of general effect. The houses are almost all of them built of stone. This town far surpasses Quebec, which latter, in its nooks and corners, low, long narrow lanes, and the incommodiousness of its lower division, render it a very inferior locality as a site for the capital of such an improving colony as Canada is. By what I can make out of the origin which the word Canada is traced to, it seems to be Spanish, and the name imports in that language a highway, and was given to the country on each side of the banks of the St. Lawrence, as the earliest navigators supposed that the great river would be a sort of thoroughfare by which they might sail to the Indies. Others insist that it means, in the language of one of the native tribes, an assemblage of huts, and that such being the first objects which struck the view of the first discoverers, the name has been Canada ever since. I do not know, however, why Jacques Cartier, the first European who penetrated to the primitive hearts of the unknown savages through the unexplored gigantic stream which divides the land here like an inland sea, should have given a Spanish name to the country rather than a French one, when he claimed the sovereignty of it for the French king. The names of the localities, lakes, rivers, towns, cascades, are all French. The wharves and the lie for the shipping at Montreal are certainly on a scale commensurate with the grandeur of the city, and, to crown all, the bridge now in construction over the St. Lawrence, which is to span the river from Montreal to St. Lambert's, is certainly the most stupendous undertaking which engineering and mechanism have ever applied to architecture. Of the details and the cost which apply to this colossal scheme the world is now becoming well acquainted, through the medium of many writers. There is one very pretty drive in the island of Montreal, round the wooded hill at the top of the town. With the exception of this, drivers have no resort but the town.

The islands of St. Helens and St. Lambert, opposite the grand wharf, are striking objects; the former particularly, wooded as it is, and with its buildings finely laid out. We found it the pleasantest way of travelling to take the train from this town to Lachine, a point of the island of Montreal where the steam-boats that ply on the narrow river between this point and Ogdensburgh start from. On our way we remarked a country quite replete with orchards, plantations, and villas. On the way for about three miles it seemed as if the town was stretching out in its continuation of detached houses, but latterly it became more like the country which one sees in the vicinity of a large town. We got into a very nice, clean, commodious little boat, which here they called a canal-boat, from its size being comparatively so much smaller than the large

steamers which ply on the St. Lawrence, which Marryat likens to a "moving isola bella" taken out of the Lake Como in Switzerland. Here everything was more compact and better suited for a party of passengers, and also the cabin berths were much more spacious and better fitted up. The American passengers amused us. They have a very sedate, collected manner, both old and young, and I see nothing to dislike in them but their constant habit of spitting. As for their use of tobacco, our young gentlemen seem to vie with them in that, so it is now quite treason to speak against it; however, I must own that our youngsters seem to eschew a vile practice which the Yankees some of them indulge in, that is, chewing tobacco. It was very tiresome work on board the boat the most part of the night, as we kept going from one lock to another on the canal. Of course we could see nothing, but we heard the bell toll when we approached the lock each several time, and we felt a wearisome sense of annoyance at the numerous delays. In the morning—a beautiful, fine, sunshiny autumn morning—we found ourselves, at six o'clock, going through the last of the locks, and we came to a place where we took in wood. The villagers called it Wastefield. The river scenery was well wooded, and really looked beautiful by the fine sunny sky which hung over it, but there was no bold outline, and the features were not marked by any buildings of great size. Small churches, wooden cots for the settlers, scanty sheds, containing grocery stores, or other small shops, were principally to be remarked. The American passengers told us that the places had grown up greatly within the last few years, and as we advanced we saw the small collections of houses which had been the growth of a very short space of time; and at some of these we stopped frequently to take in wood. Of these I remarked principally Williamsburg, a nice town, whose houses were some of them two stories high, and situated pleasantly near the water. The stream was wider here. Many boats and steamers passed us, the former principally laden with wood, in large piles.

After this commenced our voyage through the straits lying between the different islands. It was like threading through these varied small spots of land, which were plenteously wooded. The stream was very rapid and the current against us. I could not ascertain the names of all these islands—and several of them were so small that they were nameless—but they were truly picturesque, nicely wooded, and covered with pasturage; they looked as though they were the chosen retreats of some lord of the soil, who set them apart for a summer residence. But this appearance was not at all realised by a closer examination, for in place of their being so tenanted, they are occupied by settlers, who, during the winter months, must be sadly put to it for marketing; and the transit from them to the towns on the opposite shores must be exceedingly difficult, and I should think, in some events of weather impossible.

We passed a nice-looking town on the north shore, called Matilda. At about eleven o'clock in the day we came to a place where the captain told us that he took in wood for the whole voyage from this depôt to Ogdensburgh and back to it again. Certainly, with eight men constantly at work holding hand-barrows, they managed to stow away an enormous pile of wood in their hold.

After this we proceeded onwards, and soon reached Ogdensburgh,

which stands on the American side of the river, having Prescott on the Canada side of it, immediately opposite. When we arrived here, the custom-house officers came on board to examine my trunks; but on my saying that "all was right," they did not give me any further trouble. We left the canal-boat and entered a very magnificent one called the *Ontario*. The accommodation on this one was on a superior scale, and, from its size and splendid arrangements, it was quite a sight to see. However, the machinery was a little out of repair, and this caused a delay, as the engineers said that she would not be fully in order to sail until eight at night. I went on shore, and the first object I saw was a party of three Americans, who were in earnest and loud talk about the election soon to take place. One piece of politeness which took place amongst them was to me curious. They had small tin boxes, each of which they carried in their pockets, and every now and then offered to one another; the boxes were full of ready cut quids of tobacco, which they chewed perpetually, and their civility consisted in offering these to each other. We had on board a number of American passengers. Amongst others, we had a theatrical company; and allied to this party was the famous woman called the Bear Woman, and her son, a boy of three years old. She had an enormous beard, which she kept muffled up in a handkerchief. Her features were coarse, and she looked like a man. She talked English and French fluently, and also sung very well. Her little son was a fine little fellow; but the hair was very long on his back and neck, and he had a beard. Her husband was also with her on board. He did not differ in point of general appearance from the usual run of men, but was rather good-looking. They were from Switzerland. Some of the parties of Americans on board amused themselves with listening to the singing, which the theatrical people had an opportunity of displaying to advantage, as there was a fine grand pianoforte on board, and some of them conversed in groups upon mercantile matters. I observed that the younger ones had a much more sedate business-like air than young persons of their age in England usually have. Of the songsters, I was most interested by a beautiful and most intelligent American child, about twelve years old—not one of the theatrical party—who sat down to the pianoforte and played, and sang with a fine strong voice some very sweet airs. Her confidence before so many strangers struck me as wonderful. The young American gentry on board conversed about business matters like people who made merchandise their grand occupation, their "being and their aim." Had a similar number of British youths been so circumstanced, they would have, when together, been uproarious and boisterous, and when in a large society been remarkably stiff and reserved.

We passed the Thousand Islands at night, and when I awakened at half-past five in the morning, I found that we were in Lake Ontario. The meaning of this word in the native language is the "lake of beauty." It is a most splendid sheet of water—fresh water, also, as all the interior lakes of Canada are.

We passed the large town of Wellington at nine A.M. All the country on the Canada side of the lake was flat, and the south side we could not see from our boat. We continued sailing the whole of the day, and at six o'clock in the evening we arrived at Toronto. The side of the lake which we had in view did not exhibit much variety of

scenery. The name of this place means, in the language of the native Indians, "the hut beside the lake." What a wonderful change thirty years had effected! It is now a large city, with upwards of twenty thousand inhabitants. However, on landing, the city does not strike one as anything very grand. It is an unfinished town; some of the buildings, such as Laurence Hall and the English Church, are fine enough. The streets in compass are laid out so as to be broad, and promising a fine site for buildings; but being only half built through, they have the air of an unfinished and half-tenanted series of habitations. The situation is flat. There are great complaints of the sewerage, and many say that it is a very unhealthy place. The harbour lies between a neck of land, very narrow, and lengthened out for a mile and a half into the lake and the mainland. The water between, however, which forms the bay, is broad and commodious for all craft; but the approaching ship has a long course to make before it can reach the wharfage. We had our freight taken in in the course of an hour, and then, getting up the steam, we traversed the lake on to Lewiston. This is one of the new rising towns built upon the Niagara river. It is daily becoming a larger place, and is evidently much visited by parties from all quarters from the Old and New World. The mighty falls are a great attraction for people from all parts of the civilised globe.

We left this place by train at seven in the morning, and passed a large suspension-bridge thrown across the Niagara river, and, proceeding onwards, we came to a second suspension-bridge, which is built on the same principle, namely this: Two wooden platforms (one for the train cars and another for the passengers on foot) are suspended from four immense circular cables of steel, which hang across the river and cross one another in the centre, by numerous small cables of wire. There are also on each side of the river numerous iron rods, which stay the bridge from swaying to and fro.

From the train at this point we had a fine view of the three grand cataracts, which "the Falls" are composed of. Seen this way *en masse* they form the most striking object.

We arrived at our hotel on the American side; and soon after our arrival we were very anxious to go and see something of these falls in detail. Often have they been described by writers and by scientific men, but I think no one can visit them, despite what he has heard of them, without being struck with astonishment.

From the place called Prospect Point, where I first went, and in the different points of view which I came to on the American side, I witnessed several beautiful and most perfect rainbows which had risen over the immense "Phlegethon of waters."

> And there they sat 'midst the infernal surge,
> Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
> Their steady dyes, where all around is torn;
> And seemed, amidst the torture of the scene,
> Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

Of the grandeur, the might, the majesty, the sublimity of this vast series of cataracts, who can speak? The simple pathos of the wild Indian who worshipped the scene called the "Thunder of Waters," and the devotion of the Christian who sees in them the stupendous specimen of the work-

manship which was planned by the Supreme Architect, both unite in giving their meed of homage to these "mighty and wondrous" works.

I thought that the most comprehensive view of them was to be had from the tower in the centre, called Prospect Tower. The different hues of the masses of water, the green, the white, and the blue, were in contrast so vivid, and in colour so varied, that I question if any painter could succeed in doing justice to them. When it was bright sunshine, the beams resting on the spray formed another feature, and the

Arcus
Mille jacit varios adverso sole colores.

I went down to the place called the Cave of the Winds, and stayed for a little while there. This is under the centre cataract, called the Crescent Fall. The size and volume of this mass of water seems here, placed as it is between the other two grand cataracts, quite insignificant, but it is, notwithstanding, larger than any of the waterfalls which one sees in the continent of Europe. It is formed by a detached course of the river Niagara, which runs between Luna Island and Goat Island. The deluging spray and noise of the fall was what gave rise to the name of the cave beneath it:

Hic vasto rex Æolus antro
Lactantes ventos. Tempestates que sonoras
Imperio premit.

The rest of the day we passed in walking about Goat Island, which is sometimes called Iris Island here; but of all the localities in the neighbourhood, it presents the greatest number of favourable spots for pedestrians who are intent on enjoying the beauties of the scenery here, as seen from their most promising aspects. Of the three cataracts, the Horse-shoe or Canada one is the largest. We were assailed on all sides by runners and guides offering to show us all sorts of roads, and lead us to numbers of places. But the leading characteristics of the scene were so apparent, and the simple beauty of their nature so unsophisticated, that I thought either guide or book quite unwelcome and superfluous.

The natural beauties and wild romantic character of the place are marred to a frightful extent by the invasion of the monster hotels, cities, railroads, which, with their attendant host of cads, running footmen, carriages—drivers *et hoc genus omne*—worry and disturb you at every turn. There is not a nook or corner which you may visit where you may not light on an acquaintance, or, what is more deteriorating still to the romantic character of the place, some group of American felicity hunters.

I had my peace of mind broken in upon by the sight of a military martinet, a quondam demon of the drill-field, who had, whilst exercising "his little brief authority" elsewhere, insulted the feelings of some young and friendless officers with personal and vulgar allusions, and destroyed the prospects of others by malignant and determined persecution, so much so, that his name has become notorious as it is hated. He now enjoys a high command in the western hemisphere; but his unamiable presence formed no addition to the attraction of the scene, and I was happy to be able to steer clear of it.

As these falls in grandeur are totally unrivalled by any in the world, it is no matter of surprise that visitors from all quarters should be seen

there; also, at this peculiar season of the year, when the leaves have partially taken the tints of autumn, the scenery looks to most advantage.

Next morning I saw on my walks great numbers of the specimens of beadwork executed by the Tuskerora Indians, the Seneca Indians, and the Indians of the three rivers. They are very neat, simple, and ingenious. The shops, stores, and magazines which contain these various articles—situated as they are at every corner and locality—are countless. Numbers of photograph-painters address you on your arrival at Prospect Point, and beg of you to stand steady, and say that they will be obliged by their being given an opportunity of taking your likeness in a daguerreotype or an ambrotype. They let you choose whether you will purchase it or not. As the attitude which one stands in, bearing relation to the grand object in view, is all that such a picture is illustrative of, they do not seem to me to have much to interest one. We stayed long looking at the varied and never-ceasing beauties of the cascades, as seen from Prospect Point, and then returned to our hotel. In the afternoon, as it was raining in torrents, it was a blank day for making any more excursions. But about four o'clock I went out again to Point View, and had an opportunity of seeing the appearance which the falls presented after heavy rain. The mist and thick spray which constantly rise from the abyss where the waters foam and gurgle, and which

> With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
> Forms an eternal April to the ground,

appears more dense and of larger volume after rain than at any other time. We saw there a sunset over the falls.

The lovely flood of golden light over the disturbed waters, the gorgeousness of the clouds, contrasted with the varied hues of the rapid and foaming cataract, the festooned foliage, rich with all the tints which the loveliest of autumns seen in any clime could give it, made this a crowning scene of grandeur.

> Quando 'l sol bagna in mar' l'aurato carro,
> E l'aer nostro e la mia mente imbruna.

We found the living at our hotel much the same as what I had usually seen in America—the fare not bad, and enjoyed the excellence of the fruit, and the variety of the meats and the vegetables. Certainly the profusion of ice, and the various forms it appeared in, were both of them luxuries.

The next day we fixed upon for going over to the Canadian side. We certainly had a lovely morning for it. In taking the way to the ferry, which plies across the river, we had to go to an inclined plane which was near Point View. This was descended either by stairs or in small cars, which were let down by ropes and chains. We went down in one of these cars. We got to the ferry, and were taken across the river in a small row-boat. It was pulled by one man, and it certainly seemed to be an herculean task, considering the rapidity and strength of the stream; but yet it is done by this individual very many times every day, and, more than that, he takes over very many passengers each time, during every summer. This furnishes another instance to the many that hold good, of the ease with which practice overcomes obstacles of every kind. When the man first started he pulled us up the current a good way, till

we were more than half way across; he then let his boat go gently down with the stream, and kept pulling on that side which was farthest from the bank. This I understood was the most difficult part of his task. We soon reached the place of landing on the Canada side, and, going up the winding road which led us opposite to Clifton House, we found ourselves about a mile from Table Rock.

During the ascent we were presented with the finest vista of the falls from level ground which we had yet viewed. The American Falls, the small central one called the Crescent Fall, and the large Horseshoe Fall, are here, as it were, in a grand panorama, stretched out before one. Owing to the thick mass of spray which ascends incessantly from the bed of the river where the cascade falls, the bottom part is always obscured from one's view; but in the walk all the way in pursuing the ascent from the place of landing up to Table Rock, we had fronting us the vast cascades in all their grandeur. The green shade of the deep waters which composed the Niagara river, previous to its descent down the Horseshoe Fall, the tumultuous rush of the vast cataract immediately beneath this, as it assumed its greatest force, the calm tranquil aspect of the Iris Island, whose trees and herbage wore the varied tints of the autumnal foliage, looking mild and serene in the very centre of the distracted waters, in monumental stillness unbroken and undismayed by the turbid anger of the surrounding and enclosing element, or the whirls of its foamy descent. Here it reminded one of the lone hermitages set apart in one of the loftiest and most desolate of mountain cliffs on the shores of Greece, where no noise disturbs but the roaring of the ocean waves beneath. Then there was Luna Island, a small speck of land which severed the rush of the current, and formed the division between the Crescent and American Fall. It seemed as if the mighty force of the stream would threaten to overwhelm this spot of earth, and that its impending ruin was hourly to be expected. The American Fall—which was a fair, even perpendicular, descent, where no feature but the crushing power of the stupendous element was apparent—finished the grand panorama. The descent measures one hundred and fifty feet, but looks much less. From the extreme edge of the Horseshoe Fall to the farthest margin from it of the American Fall, was a distance of nearly a mile. Even from the calculation of the distance, one may judge how unmeasurably superior the extent of these falls is to that of any other in the globe, without taking into account the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

As soon as we reached the house of reception on the opposite side of the road facing Table Rock, I went in to provide myself with oilcloths for the purpose of putting over my clothes previous to proceeding with a guide underneath the grand cascade. First I took off my coat, and they gave me a red flannel vest, and after that a very large pair of oilskin trousers, which fastened from my shoulders; then an oilcloth coat which buttoned in front; and lastly, which was most necessary of all, a large oilcloth cap, which was like a sou'-wester. I then, in company with four others, and followed by a man who had a female companion with him, crossed the road, and went down the several flights of steps which took us to the narrow field that girds the hill half-way down between its apex and the river. For a quarter of a mile we proceeded along this, the hill-side being steep as a regularly constructed wall; we then came to a very

small rill, which pushed downwards, being a detachment (so to speak) from the grand cataract. When we were beneath this we began to form an idea of the thorough drenching we were to expect on reaching the Horseshoe Fall.

When we arrived at its margin, I went along with the rest of the party under the mighty cataract. We had not proceeded more than twelve yards before we were as completely drenched through as if we had been thrown bodily into a river, and no words could do justice to the sensation which we felt incidental to the shock which was given us by the terrific force of the fall dashing down so near to us. We still proceeded under the guidance of a faithful negro, who had shown us the way all along, until we reached the Termination Rock. The thick mist and the dashing spray were so powerful, that it was really impossible to see anything; the senses were bewildered, and the noise was so tremendous, that it made one dizzy. I felt very anxious to take a view of the appearance which the scene might bear through the volume of waters, but when I turned my head to do so the black guide entreated me to turn it to the smooth rock, which lay immediately under the arch of the cascade. This I found I was really obliged to do, as both from the blinding sensation of the spray and the deafening thunder of the sound it was useless to do otherwise. On returning from this scene, where

> The roar of waters from the headlong height
> Tumultuous cleaves the wave-worn precipice,

we proceeded to the house, where we received from the custodian a certificate for having performed the feat of going under the waters as far as Termination Rock. This was made out in a printed form, and on receiving it I presented him with half-a-crown, the customary fee.

We then proceeded to a large house which was a few yards from the first one, and, ascending to the top story of it, we sat there some time, gazing on the magnificent scene below. We then left it, and returned slowly to the ferry station. Previous to returning, we saw the small steamer which is called the *Maid of the Mist*, which plies continually on the Niagara River, approaching as nearly to the cascades as it is at all safe to venture. This boat stopped at the wharf, and the captain entreated us to go on board and embrace the new opportunity of seeing the falls; but as I was certain that there was nothing more to be seen, and that it was only putting on the oilcloths again, and again getting wet through, I did not consent.

In the evening we thought that we had run through the different "turns of aspect" from which we could view to advantage these truly wonderful waterfalls, so we took our departure in the train which started from Lewiston at three in the afternoon. On our journey we had a most beautiful view of the river and its banks, a sight of the bridge of boats, which I spoke of before, and a view of Brook's monument, as also of the towns of Queenstown and Lewiston. We embarked at the latter place on board the *Northerner*. As I have frequently heard this word used by the Americans in conversation, I have no doubt that it is supposed to be English, and as such, indeed, I fancy it is used in giving nomenclature to this specimen of their lake craft.

We passed the town of Niagara, of which we did not see much, but we

could have gladly lingered some time by the banks of the lovely river, wooded as it was, which reminded one of the sail to Clifton, in Old England. It is here quite necessary to prefix the word "old," which, I know not why, is generally used in speaking of our country (for England, as comprising what properly comes under its name, is really a country of comparatively recent date), because every principal town in the Old World has its namesake here, and several of them have their names repeated dozens of times, as Captain Marryat remarks in his travels. I really cannot recollect how many Portsmouths, Portlands, and Parises I came to. We had the night for crossing the lake Ontario, the southerly part, which we kept close to.

We passed Charlotteville, which leads onwards to Rochester, at night. Early in the morning we found ourselves off Oswego. This is a finely situated noble town, and must be thriving, if we may judge by the number of craft in its harbour. It has a population of twenty thousand. We stayed at Oswego two hours, and then went on to Sackett's Harbour, which is a small town with an excellent bay, surrounded with many houses; it has a population of two thousand. The streets are much unfinished, and the whole appearance reminds one of what one sees so frequently in the new country—rude, half-built tenements and roads but half reclaimed from the bush. We then went onwards to Kingston. This is a much larger place—a very fine market, a well laid-out city. The population is fifteen thousand. There are some good streets and large buildings. Near it is a detached fort situated on one of the islands, and its dividing stream is crossed by a large wooden bridge. In this fort the garrison of soldiers is stationed, and it is said that there are more deserters from this station than there are from any other in Canada. This, of course, is owing to the facilities which exist of reaching America from it.

Soon after leaving Kingston, we began our sail through the Thousand Islands, and I was very glad to find that we should have daylight going through, that we might see the scenes which each exhibited as we passed. It is most interesting to thread through these little localities; islands large, with thickets and groves of trees, villas, gardens, grounds, and all the appurtenances of civilised life; islets small, thickly planted, romantic looking, laying like small appanages to the grander-sized islands; then, again, rocks bare and bleak. Twice we stopped to leave passengers and to take up wood. Our first stoppage was at Clayton, which certainly reminded me much of Eden, in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Here we dropped a large concourse of passengers, who had come with us from Kingston, which they had visited in order to be present at its grand agricultural fair. About ten miles farther on, we stopped again at Alexander Bay, where we also left a good number, and took up some. But, notwithstanding all these departures from our company, the vessel was still very nearly full, so far as the accommodation in the cabins went, and, despite its numerous reductions, the main deck was nearly crowded. The great influx of visitors to the scene of the grand Canadian réunion at Kingston may then be supposed.

When the light forsook us we were steaming on to Ogdensburgh. Our fellow-passengers were nearly all Americans, and I certainly was amused with their conversation and manners. There were sofas nailed to the deck of the large cabin similar to what the French call "causeuses." In

one of these were seated two gentlemen, one an old man, and the other young, and these two for a period of three hours never ceased talking of buying, selling, trading, making cents, the lots of traffic, and various expedients for outdoing and outwitting one's neighbour. This they kept up till supper-time, and after it they resumed their seats on the same sofa, and took up the thread of their discourse from where it was broken off before the evening meal. Of the rest of the parties, I observed that, generally speaking, the old men sat with their hats on, and did not make much demonstration farther than spitting at intervals in any adjacent spittoon which lay near, such articles being prudently provided on board. The young ladies laughed, talked, and looked merry and happy; the elderly ladies I cannot say looked at all interesting—somewhat tiède and insipid. But that the men, young and old, however objectionable their manners or dress may be, are most enterprising, active, and energetic, is most certain.

We arrived at Ogdensburgh at night, and stayed off that town till morning. It is a large, thriving place, the population being about eight thousand. In the morning, however, we were obliged to shift so early to the river boat, called the *British Queen*, for the purpose of proceeding down the rapids to Lachine, in the vicinity of Montreal, that we had not much leisure to devote to seeing Ogdensburgh. At half-past six A.M. we sailed across the Prescott. The appearance of this place is much in its favour. We did not linger here, however, and at seven A.M. we commenced our sail downwards to Lachine. On sailing up the river, the time occupied is usually a night and a day, whereas the descent is made in nine or ten hours. Moore's song, with the chorus, "The rapids are nigh, the stream runs fast," was perpetually running in my head during our voyage running downwards to the rapids. These rapids are subjects of wild dread to the small skiffs which thread through them; but our steamer captain seemed to take them coolly enough. The scenery of the different islands which lie on each side of them until one reaches Lake St. Francis is truly charming in its character. The number of different sized islands, the trees, with many tinted leaves, in their autumn foliage, the bright, clear streams which intersect the islands,—all these of a fine day look like scenes of fairy loveliness. We stopped at some different places, on whose shores were piled up huge masses of wood in platforms. The boatmen, with American haste and readiness, took some in, and instantly afterwards a bell sounded, and showed us we had no chance of seeing anything more on shore. This was tantalising enough, as we would have gladly stayed a little longer at some of the resting-places.

The rapids seemed like a vast stream, with magnified force running over shallow water for several yards. The captain told me that they were formed by the descent of the river running over rough ground. We came to Lake St. Francis at about two P.M., and here the vast St. Lawrence expands into one of those small inland seas which here invariably bear the name of lakes. This we ran through for about ten miles, and then reached some rapids which were very rough, fast, and furious, and the islands on each side covered with the same sort of foliated trees as those which we remarked in passing the former ones. Then we came to the Cedar rapids; then followed the cascades. These were longer and more forcible in their impetus of descent than the pre-

ceding ones. There was the impetuous current, the foaming waters like myriads of what the sailors call white horses, the excitement, the eagerness of the sailors, four of whom took the helm,—all these were truly striking. It is a phenomenon which is not seen in any river that I ever sailed in before. It resembles very much the periodical *bore* or change of the tide in the Ganges, which is seen at some little distance from Calcutta. We passed, however, these two last rapids without experiencing any uneasiness or discomfort, and soon after we had shot the cascades, we entered another broad lake, called Lake St. Thomas.

After passing this lake we had to take in a pilot, and soon afterwards we passed another run of rapids, and, shortly succeeding to them, we arrived at the last, but by no means the least, of these phenomena. These rapids were called the Lachine Rapids. The strength of the current, the impetuosity of the stream, the rugged rocks and islets which we just merely escaped, or, as the people on board were pleased to term it, shoved by, were watched with the greatest interest by all the passengers on board. Amongst these were two young married couples, who were making a trip of pleasure up the country. They gazed at these fearful descents as the steamer rushed through them, each couple with their arms entwined round one another.

We met numerous parties of tourists from America in our changes from one steamer to another, and when on shore at the falls of Niagara. The town called the Falls was literally swarming with them. They drove about in carriages when they had only a quarter of a mile to go. The ladies were dressed out superbly in gorgeous-coloured dresses, such as green gowns and orange-coloured shawls. The men always wore the best wideawake hat, and used tobacco in great quantities. They seemed to have a perfect disregard to the cleanliness of their boots, and the most objectionable habit of spitting. In my different walks through the towns, I was very much surprised, on addressing different people whom I met in the street, almost always to find myself answered by a voice which, by its accent, proclaimed the spokesman to be an Irishman. The first time I visited Montreal I had occasion to address six people, two of them policemen, and all of them answered me by a most unmistakeable brogue.

After passing the rapids, we remarked, at different intervals, the small lighthouses, like ships, which lie in the river to warn the guiders of the different craft going to and fro, against the rocks. These are each tenanted by one individual, who, if he have no family with him, must be in a situation of pitiable loneliness. After this we sailed down towards Montreal, and, before entering it, we remarked the buttresses of the monster bridge which is now about being built across the St. Lawrence, and is soon to be finished. What an immense span! It is also constructed so as to allow of steamers going under its arches. On reaching Montreal, we found that we were just in time for the Quebec steamer, which every afternoon leaves that port. A distance of a hundred and thirty miles now-a-days is really looked upon as a bagatelle in the way of travelling, and, saving and except the expense, there is nothing so incommodious about the river steamer as to hinder it from being a party of pleasure. However, we found that an unusual occurrence was the means of delaying us in this voyage. It came on to evening, when a fog so thick that farther than two yards from one could not be discerned.

The captain supposed that it would clear off; but, on the contrary, as the night advanced it was rather denser than ever. So he at last was obliged to stay the steam and stop the progress of the vessel till the mist should disappear, so as to allow of his steering his way. We were thus detained at Lake St. Louis, or rather river; and what made it more provoking was, that we were unable to see anything of the scenery or surrounding objects, but there was no help for it but to wait for the morning sun. This came at last. We had breakfast on board the steamer, which, though it was eight o'clock in the morning, and consequently quite light, we were obliged to eat below decks and by the lamplight, the only general room for accommodation being below. We arrived at Quebec at ten o'clock in the morning.

There were not many events of importance to record as having passed in that city during the remainder of the autumn. The general commanding-in-chief made many visits to it, and marshalled the troops in the plains of Abraham. There being such a long period of the year in Canada that the troops are really quite debarred from their exercise, as during the seven months of winter marching (otherwise than on the beaten road after a cessation of snow falling) is impossible, the authorities are always anxious to seize on every hour they can get in summer for drilling the soldiers. It is the country of all the colonies least appropriate for the firing with the Enfield. This is a weapon which requires a soldier to have constant practice with.

The description of one winter in Quebec would nearly answer for that of every one, except when it happens that the ice forms on the St. Lawrence, and makes what the Canadians call a bridge—

Sæpe illos aspera posti—interclusit pyeros;

that is, the surface is so firm that men and women walk, carrioles and sleighs are driven, and the skaters in different selected localities perform their figures upon it. This event usually takes place once in every four or five years, and is welcomed as a great charm to the gay part of the community and a great boon to the poor. With the former the different pastimes which take place on the ice and in the snow are, from custom in early youth and habits confirmed of hardihood, the most highly prized recreations. With the latter the facilities afforded by this bridge for the transmission of wood, carriage of stores, and other intercourse, render it a great service to those of limited means. The first three or four days only some few hardy adventurers trust themselves to walk across; but after it has been crossed a couple of days, the wonderful number of visitors to the river makes it quite a scene of gaiety. I had an opportunity of seeing this the last winter which I passed there. I proceeded on the third day that it was frozen, or that "it had taken," to use the phrase of Stadacona, which is the native name for Quebec. I followed the tide of pedestrians which I saw repairing to one of the wharves. This place was one vast mound of snow and ice mixed. The carrioles and sleighs, assembled in numbers, issued one after another out on the surface of the ice. The tracks of the first who started were closely followed by those who went after them, as the surface was of too uncertain a nature for any driver to venture upon new ground. Numerous parties of ladies and gentlemen assembled to walk across. I went at the same time as these, and was witness to a strange sight. One of the carriole drivers actually drove his

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horses and carriole on a place in the ice which was cracked all round. This space of ice, which was about four yards square, gave with him. Notwithstanding this, the horse put his fore-feet on the firm ice which was on the other side of the crack, and dragging the carriole across, the ice gave, water splashed up on it its sides, but the carriole was taken over safely. At another place where I was crossing, I felt the ice give way, and the water splashed up, but when I was on the other side of the crack all was firm. The old Canadians said that on the occasion of the bridge's formation, generally speaking, there are some lives lost, as, unhappily, if a living body were to fall in, the suction of the water would inevitably take it down, despite the strongest efforts of a swimmer. But on the fifth day, after some snow had fallen, I went down to the river's side, and there I certainly saw a novel sight, such as no one, I suppose, has witnessed in England since the time that the Thames was frozen over. The different roads were marked on the snow which covered the icy surface of the river by branches of firs. The plains allotted for the skaters were cleared out, and thousands of men were moving and circling about on them. The sleighs and carrioles, filled with men, women, and children, were driven to and fro on the tracked-out roads. Oddest of all conveyances, there was a triangular platform, made with a light frame and large sails, which took the wind easily that was blowing, and wafted the platform across the frigid stream. The surface crossed here is about an English mile—from Quebec to Point Levi. To wrap oneself up well and to drive seemed to be the general course pursued by the gentry, but notwithstanding the humble nature of the recreation, it was certainly more desirable to walk. To promote the circulation of the blood this seemed to me the only expedient. Riding was, of course, out of the question for many reasons.

Soon after this freezing over of the St. Lawrence, which took place on the 10th of January, the cold was so intense that the thermometer varied from twenty to fourteen degrees below zero: a very great number of persons suffered from frost-bites. The rapids near the Lachine Canal were frozen over, and the cold was more keen and piercing than any person living had known it to have been in former years. There were some days when it was really out of the question to go out and stay long in the air. On such days the streets reminded one of a saying which a Spaniard in Seville is reported to have uttered when he was asked at two in the afternoon of an Andalusian summer's day, if any one was out? He answered, "No one but Englishmen and dogs." For, indeed, with the exception of a few carriole-drivers, and some men whom duty or business may take out, there is a total absence of persons in the deserted streets; those whom you do meet are so enveloped in robes, furs, and mufflers, that you cannot distinguish who they are. In this, as in most countries, one is obliged to resort to indoor resources for passing away the time, and it is certainly a blessing to be possessed of a mind that can apply itself to improvement and self-cultivation. The greatest blessing is to have a mind at peace from an enjoyment of the hopes which the Gospel holds forth to it. There is no comfort derivable from wealth, position, health, or domestic satisfaction, which is without its alloy. But the comfort which is gained from the hopes which a true believer is justified in entertaining is one continued source of inward peace.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XLII.

Some weeks passed over in this intoxicating but uncertain state of happiness, and they now approached the middle of the Carnival. The weather had become cold, variable, and occasionally so tempestuous as to stop in a great measure Mr. Temple's nautical excursions. When obliged to stay at home, he could not resist the temptation of seeking Christine's society, and habit soon added another strong link to the chain of circumstances by which he was hurried forward. To what lengths his naturally impulsive character might have carried him it is difficult to imagine, if circumstances had not occurred which materially altered the dangerous current in which the tide of life was flowing, and roused all the parties so intimately associated together to a true sense of their relative positions. This important awakening was occasioned by a letter from San Isidora, in which was announced the sentence of Christine's condemnation to become a public prima donna, and which contained his orders for her to commence her practising for the parts in which it was agreed that she should appear at the different great towns where he had made engagements for her. Mr. Temple, overpowered by having the certainty of an event forced upon him which he had been endeavouring to forget, and having his sadness increased by intelligence from Rome preparing him for the approaching dissolution of the cousin, whom Mrs. Mordaunt had gone to attend, sought refuge in his yacht, and in all weathers dared the dangers of the deep; while Emmeline, quite miserable at the near prospect of parting with her beloved companion, had her feelings of depression still further increased by the unexpected disrespect and rebellion of her favourites, Turk and Bijou.

Christine's masters came to the villa every day at ten o'clock, and remained till one, giving her the instructions her father required in the various operas in which she was successively to make her appearance at Naples, Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Milan. As soon as they appeared, and actuated by a simultaneous feeling, Mr. Temple rushed to the sea, and Emmeline out of the house, to weep at liberty in some retired seat, and thither she was always accompanied by her canine attendants. It was the second day of Christine's renewed practising that her unhappy friend was sitting in an arbour indulging her sorrowful feelings, with her generally faithful adherents couched sympathisingly at her feet, when suddenly they both got up, and, wagging their tails in token of extreme pleasure, hastened to meet a young market-gardener, who, with a load of vegetables on his back, was in the act of approaching by the walk which led past the seat. Their young mistress felt rather offended by their volatility and vulgar tastes, and called them back in a peremptory manner, but back they would not come—Bijou being engaged in patting his new acquaintance

with his paws, and Turk circling round and round him as he barked with delight—both traitors only casting glances at their deserted lady from time to time, as if inviting her to come and be introduced to their attractive and unexpected ally. The mortification of the fair forsaken one was still further augmented by the maliciously triumphant air of the impudent plebeian, who kept grinning in such a manner as might have disgusted her for ever with all pertaining to gardens and gardeners, if his impertinent smiles had not displayed a set of teeth so matchlessly white and even, that, united to his splendid eyes, jet black, glossy, curling hair, and tall, athletic figure, they presented such a combination of personal advantages as made her almost understand why the dogs had taken so great a fancy to him. It was in vain that she summoned the capricious quadrupeds, trying alternately an angry and caressing manner; for if, recalled for a moment to a sense of duty, they returned a few paces towards the bower, yet no sooner did this most provoking vender of vegetables tap his knee with his fingers, then back again they went to him jumping and frisking.

Emmeline, though in the main extremely amiable, was, nevertheless, a little spoiled by being an only child, and therefore she sorely felt this insult to her dignity, and more particularly so when, on the approach of some of the workmen, the audacious market-gardener quietly went on his way accompanied by his escorts, who, having seen him to the gate, only then bethought them of their fair young mistress, and of the tears that she might be shedding for their infidelity. In about ten minutes she had the satisfaction—if satisfaction it might be called—of seeing them return to their allegiance, and accordingly hastened to make them many tender reproaches upon the subject of their shameful conduct. Turk respectfully sat at her feet and listened in grave silence, while he looked up in her face with an expression of so much significance as might have convinced her that he wished very much to take her into his confidence, if he could have done so with honour; while Bijou, whose principles were much more relaxed, kept skipping about with a short, sharp bark, as if, being tired of mystery, he were exhorting his companion to unfold the secret, and have done with it. Day after day the same thing occurred. As soon as Christine began to sing, Emmeline took refuge in the grounds; then invariably did the market-gardener appear with his load, and as certainly did the two dogs fly to him with a degree of enthusiasm which proved, at all events, that they were very good judges of beauty in their own sex.

The singular part of this mysterious passage in the adventures of the Villa Zernini was, that the insatiable vender of cabbages and winter salad never by any chance presented himself when Christine was with her friend. He generally appeared when her masters arrived, and the moment her voice was heard from afar, blended with the instruments that accompanied her, then did he approach the place where Emmeline had sought retirement, and as invariably succeeded in seducing the faithless followers from their duty and adherence to the fair lady. A feeling of timidity sealed Emmeline's lips to Christine upon the subject. She had been so much wounded by her father's reproof on the day when she had thoughtlessly spoken of

Guy, that from that time she never mentioned the name of a young man again, though dying with curiosity to know what had become of the handsome Roberto il Diavolo, who had almost as much struck her fancy as Isabella herself. Christine, meanwhile, was much preoccupied with her own affairs. She had become in a great degree désenchantée from the dazzling illusion with which for some time she had been bewildered, and was trying hard to convince herself that she had been labouring under a degree of mental hallucination. She kept repeating to herself that if Mr. Temple really loved her, *now* was the time to say so, and to snatch her from the degradation that otherwise inevitably awaited her.

"But, no," she argued, "it was impossible; she always knew it was so. She never could be lifted into a sphere of life so far above her. The idea had been altogether deceptive; she would think of it no more."

With the docility and self-command that formed so remarkable a part of her character, she strove to prepare herself for her approaching début, and in the exercise of her musical powers found some consolation. She was to appear at Naples in the "Somnambula," and now her sorrowful heart spoke in her notes. Her masters looked at each other with surprise; nothing so melting as this had ever before reached their ears; La San Isidora was altogether a wonder, but they became grave in yielding the tribute of the admiration that was her due—the more they worshipped at the shrine of the marvellously gifted, the good, and beautiful, the more they feared that so bright a luminary might be doomed soon to become extinct.

At some particular periods events crowd upon one another. The carnival approached its conclusion, when Christine received a letter from the Signora Cypriani, dated from Bologna, where she had come in consequence of having been left a trifling inheritance, which would probably fix her in that town for the rest of her life. She had seen San Isidora, and hearing from him that his daughter was about to make her début at Naples, she was endeavouring to realise a small sum of money to take her there, not only because she wished to visit some relations who were settled at Sorrento, but likewise in consequence of having an anxious desire to be present when her young favourite should make her appearance before the world as a public singer. She added, that she should try—if possible—to put her intentions into execution, and, in the event of succeeding, she would have the advantage of travelling back in company with the cara Cristina to Bologna. This letter was a gleam of sunshine in the dark perspective before Christine; to have the protection of her old and respected Italian friend in the difficult career which she was about to commence, would be an immense comfort, as well as an advantage; and stating frankly of what importance her society would be to her, she despatched the draft returned by Madame Arnheim, in order to smooth the difficulties that want of money might create in the old lady's proposed journey to the south. At the same time she received a letter from her father, acquainting her with his approaching return, and desiring her to be at the palazzo to receive him when he should arrive, which he thought would be about the first or second day of

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Lent, as her appearance at Naples was to take place in about a fortnight after. The time at length drew near, and Christine, although sick at heart, yet strove to accomplish herself to the utmost in the music of the parts selected for her. Mr. Temple, in a fever of spirits, either fled from the villa, or kept himself shut up in his study all the morning; while Emmeline, pale and sorrowful, wandered droopingly about the grounds, and even ceased to care much what tricks of faithlessness Turk and Bijou might play her.

The three last merry days of the carnival at last arrived, and Mr. Temple, as good as his word, had secured a balcony for the young ladies in a house in the very centre of the sport, and of which they were to be the sole occupants, with dear old deaf Nurse Selby—being the first time in her life that she had ever witnessed any scene of the kind. Emmeline's youthful spirits revived when they fairly set off in the open barouche to go to the Corso; but poor Christine sat sad and silent—she had harboured an expectation that Mr. Temple would have accompanied them; but he only handed them into the carriage, and, with a faint smile, wished them good amusement. The windows filled with gayly dressed figures, and the streets thronged with vehicles of every description, and merry maskers, had a very lively effect; they both brightened up, in spite of themselves, and wherever turned the plain but elegant equipage of the Villa Zernini, all eyes were fixed on the two beautiful creatures who occupied it—immediately recognised as the marvellous young cantatrice, and the lovely daughter of the ricco Inglese. Flowers and confetti of all descriptions were thrown in such profusion, as to cover the seats and considerably fill up the bottom of the carriage, until at last they were obliged to make their escape from the honours that poured upon them, and take refuge in their balcony, seating themselves one in each corner of it, with Mrs. Selby in the middle, in order to be able to explain everything for her instruction and edification. Close by the side where Emmeline was placed was a tolerably sized ilex, which, by some caprice of the proprietor's, had been left standing when other trees were removed from before the house, and on Christine's left hand the balcony was joined by a garden wall. They had not presented themselves five minutes, when a whimsical mask, dressed as an ourang-outang—who had been performing various remarkable feats in the street below—suddenly swung himself up, like a real man-monkey, into the tree close to Emmeline, and forthwith entered into conversation with her. Christine felt nervous on perceiving the mirth and excitement with which her innocent companion was inspired, in witnessing the singular agility displayed by the mask in taking possession of his leafy domain, for he was nimbly balancing himself on a branch, and—quite in character—swung himself about as he kept cracking and eating nuts in a very grotesque manner, while speaking to the young beauty. Christine was watching for an opportunity to catch Emmeline's attention in order to put her on her guard, when she was startled by a voice at her ear, saying:

"Leave her alone, she can take care of herself; she is much less in danger than you are."

She hastily turned round, and beheld, standing on the garden-wall

and leaning on the balcony, a black domino, whom, from the size and general air, she immediately perceived to be a woman.

"Where is Cecil Temple?" questioned the mysterious intruder, in English, and in a low voice. "Why does he not show himself with his favourite in the light of day? It would appear that he prefers the quiet obscurity of the evening hour, when he can hang upon her tones unnoted, and sun himself in her smiles unobserved by those who understand him."

The hearer's heart almost ceased beating; she gazed at the black mask with an expression of extreme fear.

"Why do you look so frightened?" resumed the domino. "Your conscience is clear, is it not? You do not know that he is a married man?"

Christine started as if struck by a dagger.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the dreadful informant, "have I let out the secret? have I explained the mystery? Christina san Isidora," she pursued, in a hissing tone, "did you never ask yourself, 'Where is the mother of Emmeline?' Have you ever heard that she was dead?"

The pale lips of the horrified girl faintly articulated "No."

"By that you may perceive the confirmation of my words. But there is a means of your taking the lady's place—a means he meditates, one that he will soon propose, for you have roused his passions, and when his passions are awakened Cecil Temple stops at nothing; that is a truth which more than one broken heart can attest."

The last words were uttered in a low and natural tone of voice that rang strangely familiar on Christine's ear.

"Who are you?" she said, with an effort, forcing herself to speak —"who are you, and what do you mean in thus fixing yourself upon the attention of one with whom you have nothing to do, and attacking the character of a man of honour, who is as incapable of perpetrating a bad action as he is above harbouring an unworthy thought?"

The mask laughed scornfully.

"I have my reasons for not telling you who I am," she replied, "but I act in kindness. I am better acquainted with your affairs than you imagine; your father returns in a few days; ask *him* if I have told you the truth. Do you think that he left you so long at the Villa Zernini for nothing? No, no, he is a deep calculator, and is well aware that a man separated from a wife he does not love will easily be led to ruin himself for a mistress he adores; he wishes to draw from the mine of Cecil Temple's fortune wherewith to supply aliment for the gaming-table, and to launch you on the world in the midst of a golden shower."

Christine shivered from head to foot under the sting those words conveyed. There were strange truths mingled in this extraordinary address, and she felt oppressed almost to fainting. The bright eyes of the mask glared at her for a moment with piercing scrutiny; then bending her head nearer to her, she added, in a muffled voice,

"You love him, therefore your only safety is in flight. He may try to stop you, he may even offer you marriage, for there is a means —a means that he can command—for what cannot money do in pur-

chasing evidence against the innocent and unprotected to facilitate a divorce, the unfailing resource for Protestant husbands when tired of their wives? But remember one thing; on *that* road to the altar there will be a great impediment, for to reach it you will have to step over the dead body of the innocent girl who clings to you with a sister's love. There will be no happiness in this for *you*—not even the lordly adoration of the magnificent Cecil will console you—therefore be warned in time—fly from the tempter."

In uttering the last words the dreadful domino withdrew from the side of the balcony, and, descending some steps placed against the wall, disappeared in the garden. Christine sat for a long time with her eyes fixed on the gay throng before her, but utterly unconscious of everything she saw, and at last was only roused to recollection by Emmeline anxiously addressing her, and asking if she were ill. The ourang-outang was still sitting among the dark-green boughs of the ilex, and Christine, in the midst of the agony of mind occasioned by the dreadful communication and warning she had received, yet remembered how important it was to save her beloved but heedless companion from any chance of involving herself in mischief; she therefore pleaded a severe headache as a pretext for returning immediately to the villa. The affectionate Emmeline, though evidently regretting being obliged to quit the entertaining society of her man-monkey, nevertheless readily agreed to do what would be agreeable to her friend, and they immediately descended to the carriage which waited for them in the court. Christine lay back more dead than alive in driving along the road on their return; her mind might be said to be in a chaos of confused ideas, only distinct in one thing—that they were all of pain; a single thought alone suggesting itself as a beacon by which to steer through the rocks and shoals which so thickly beset her course on every side. On reaching the villa, she assigned illness as a pretext for not appearing at dinner, and immediately retiring to her own room, sought in solitude and reflection to steady her agitated mind, in order to obtain the calmness so requisite to enable her to reach the point at which it was now necessary she should arrive.

XLIII.

The contending feelings which that night agitated the bosom of Christine were not wilder and more varied than was the war of elements that raged without. The distant roar of the sea, blending with the gusts of wind and dashing rain, for the first time since she had been on Italian ground reminded her of Scottish storms and their gloomy Scottish associations. She lay and listened with a beating heart, starting from moment to moment, while each renewed rattle of the hurricane made it appear as if people were forcing the doors and windows of the lonely villa. Then she felt glad in recollecting the protection this great establishment afforded her, where servants were not only dispersed all over the house, but on the ringing of an alarm-bell a band of bold British seamen from the yacht would rush into the grounds by a door in the boundary-wall opening from the coast.

Those precautions had been taken by Mr. Temple in consequence of the danger so constantly to be apprehended from the robbers who infested the neighbourhood, which reason had obliged the original proprietor to dispose of the villa, for nobody without a very great number of trustworthy servants could venture to live in it with any security. Even as it was, Christine had frequently heard Mr. Temple say that he considered his sailors as his greatest safety, for that in five minutes they could make their way to the rescue, and in the event of the door towards the sea being blockaded, they could quite easily manage to scale the wall. Now she lay, listened, and trembled; the night was so tempestuous, that she began to fear if the house were attacked that even the alarm-bell might not be heard by the sailors in the yacht, or that Mr. Temple and his English valet, who alone had access to it from their rooms, might be prevented by the storm from awakening to a sense of danger until it was too late either to save others or themselves. At the idea of death associated with Cecil Temple she started from her pillow in strong nervous excitement; she felt inclined to fly to his chamber to convince herself that all was as usual; then she sank back in her bed with a shudder, the words of the mask ringing on her ear, "Did you ever hear that the mother of Emmeline was dead?"

"Yet what did it signify to her?" she argued. "Whether she were or not, Mr. Temple had never said that he loved her; he had rather shunned than sought her society, and had never on any occasion shown himself with her out of the precincts of his own domain. But then those looks of devotion that could not be counterfeited—those accents of tenderness which it would be impossible to feign, even if the words which they expressed were false!"

She buried her throbbing temple in the pillow. Oh, this world—this world! she was almost tempted to wish that for her it were ended, for she felt as if her weakness of heart unfitted her to contend with it any longer. At last the sober image of Mrs. Mordaunt rose like the moon over the tumultuous tide of her thoughts, and she asked herself if it were likely that she would have brought the early object of her interest to a house where there was danger. Oh! no; she felt sure *that*, at least, was impossible, and she remembered that, although there was often an expression of melancholy on her old friend's face when Mr. Temple, Emmeline, and herself had been gaily conversing, yet that it was a sadness which wore the expression of doubt rather than of fear or disapprobation. Then Emmeline—her dear Emmeline! Yes, there was some strange feeling *there*; she remembered her agitation when speaking of the veiled lady, and she was now convinced that she had been thinking of her mother. Oh, what a painful mystery was life! Christine almost longed to "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." She did sleep at last that slumber which is filled with the confused dreams occasioned by mental agitation, where carriages seemed to wheel past her eyes, masks shrieked and shouted on the streets, the dreadful domino muttered its baneful confidence and frightful warnings in her ear, and the man-monkey whirled and rustled in the tree while he grinned, chattered, or whispered to the guileless girl evidently so much enchanted with his words and ways.

The morning at length dawned drearily, and, although the tempest was in some measure abated, yet still the rain descended in torrents, and imparted a dismal and weeping look to all surrounding objects. Christine arose from her harassing slumbers with throbbing temples and an agonised spirit, and for some time strove with prayer and meditation to brace herself for the difficult and painful task before her. On Nina appearing, she begged her to bring breakfast to her dressing-room, as she still continued to feel too ill to descend, and then softly passed into Emmeline's apartments. She found her still in bed, lying with her innocent face turned towards the door, and, although her eyes were half closed, yet her glowing cheeks and dimpling smiles showed that she was awake, and engaged in pleasant ruminations. Her heavy-hearted friend approached, and, leaning down, kissed her brow; she did not look up, but only said cheerfully, turning more towards her as she spoke,

"Oh! dearest Christine, I am so glad that you are better and are come to my room, for Nurse Selby won't let me get up, as she says that I coughed in my sleep once or twice this morning, and I am dying to tell you all about the ourang-outang."

Christine seated herself beside the bed, but drew her chair so near the top as to prevent Emmeline seeing her pale and agitated countenance, and then, endeavouring to speak in her usual manner, replied,

"Well, dear Emmy, what did the man-monkey say to you?"

"He told me," answered Emmeline, clapping her hands with immense glee, while she laughed merrily—"he told me that he was in love with me. Only think, Christine—in love with a girl like me; a girl not yet sixteen! Is it not very funny?"

"It is nonsense I should say, Emmy," replied her companion, starting at the excitement of the inexperienced creature's manner.

"Oh, it is not nonsense, I assure you!" answered Emmeline, earnestly, not in the least offended at the unceremonious remark. "Do you know, Christine, that he has been in love with me for more than a month, and has been dying for an opportunity to speak to me without observation."

"Oh, Emmeline!" said her anxious friend, alarmed at the serious way in which her young associate seemed to take the carnival trick, "dearest Emmy, I have heard that the male masks always address ladies in that way."

"And what do the female ones say to each other?" hastily interrogated Emmeline; "for I saw one in a domino speaking to you from the garden wall; do they always speak nonsense, too?"

Christine shrank at the unexpected question, and sought to hide her confusion and evade making an answer by asking the excited girl what more bright things the ourang-outang had favoured her with?

"Oh! he told me that I must not judge of him by his present outside, for that when he cast his skin he was a very handsome fellow indeed, and that the best thing I could possibly do would be to run away with him, and that he would make me a most excellent husband, and would crack as many nuts for me as I chose."

Christine sat quite silent, so Emmeline went on without any interruption.

"I told him I could not do that, for I was very happy in the beautiful place in which I lived, and that I was very rich. So then he answered, what did riches signify in comparison with a devoted heart; a hand ready and able to defend, and a partner for life, who could change his character every hour to follow any amusing fancy he might take? So then I asked him if, to please *me*, he could appear in the character of a market-gardener?"

"Dearest Emmy," interrupted Christine, wondering at so silly a question from her refined and acute young friend, "what could you possibly expect him to answer to that observation?—what did he answer?"

"He shook a bough of the tree in my face, and said nothing at all, only whistled, as if he were whistling for the dogs." Emmeline laughed slyly, well knowing that Christine could not possibly understand what she meant, then ran on again. "After that he did say something very absurd; he urged me again to elope with him, for he told me that I should soon lose my father, who had fallen in love with the 'fair-haired minx sitting in the corner there.' So I told him that he was speaking about things which he did not understand, for that my father was neither in love with the fair-haired minx, as he called her, nor was she in love with him. Then he laughed, and said: 'That was all I knew about it, for that everybody was in love at the Villa Zernini, and some also who came occasionally to visit it; that I should soon have the Scotchified-Italian for a step-mother, and a pretty time I should have with her, for that she was an ingrained vixen, who would beat me to a mummy, and scatter all my brains about, so that there was no safety for me on earth but to fly with him.'"

Christine felt quite bewildered, for there was something as familiar in the style in which this mask had rattled to Emmeline, as there had been in the tone of voice of the female domino in addressing her.

"What language did he speak, Emmeline?" she at length asked.

"Oh! the strangest jargon that you ever heard in your life; it was a kind of broken English, eked out with scraps of German, French, and Italian. But the voice—the tone of voice was the delightful thing—so joyous, so frank! It sounded like honour, generosity, and protection; it is a voice that will never tell a falsehood, unless," she continued, hesitatingly, "it may be for a jest."

There was a pause; Christine sighed heavily, she felt that she must trifle no longer, so she calmly said:

"You were right, Emmy, in denying suppositions so foolish as those about me and your father, for alas! dearest, I am going away to-night, and may never again visit the dear Villa Zernini."

The agitated girl started from her pillow and clung to Christine's arm, who, trying to conceal her face, proceeded in what she had to say with a feeling of desperation.

"You were quite right in replying as you did, even though what concerned Mr. Temple and myself must have been said merely to try you; and now answer me but one little question, my beloved Emmeline. You know that I am not indiscreet, and never desire to be informed about anything that does not concern me, but a speech of

the black domino, whom you saw talking to me, has caused me to ask this—have you a mother?"

Emmeline sprang up in her bed with a look of agony.

"I have!" she almost shrieked. "But Christine, oh, Christine, never, never again touch upon that subject, if you do not wish to kill me!" And she sank half fainting in her arms.

"My darling, my Emmeline! oh, forgive me!" exclaimed Christine, struck to the heart by the emotion she had occasioned, and laying the head of the almost insensible girl gently on her shoulder as she spoke. "My best beloved, my more than sister, oh, forgive me!"

Emmeline raised her bright blue eyes to her friend's pale countenance, and fondly throwing her arms round her neck concealed her face in her bosom, while she wept convulsively. Neither spoke for a long time; at last Emmeline faintly articulated:

"But you do not really mean to leave us to-day, Christine? You cannot, surely, think of quitting us so soon? Oh! what shall I do without you, after having been so very, *very* happy?" And her tears flowed afresh.

"I expect my father to arrive immediately, and I must be at home to receive him, for I am not situated like you, dearest Emmy. It is necessary that I should exert myself to secure independence for my parent in his old age."

"But we are very rich, Christine," anxiously urged the afflicted girl; "why not stay with us and share our wealth? I am sure my father wishes it as much as I do."

"Oh, Emmeline! you forget that I am but a stranger—almost a foreigner—and that in accepting the bounty of those on whom I have no claim, I should forfeit my independence, and, consequently, my self respect."

There was something in the tone of voice in which this was said that showed her mind was made up to a decision from which there was no appeal, and her weeping companion lay in her arms powerless with grief, until at last roused by Mrs. Selby entering to say that Mr. Temple, anxious to ascertain how she felt, was in the act of ascending the stairs to come to her apartments.

Christine, laying the weeping Emmeline on her pillow, immediately sought refuge in her own room; to meet him thus was impossible; to do so once more was all for which she had courage, and that would be to bid him farewell—farewell *for ever*. She moaned audibly when she thought that such *must* be the case, and her frame shook with the agitation of her spirit. Her eyes wandered restlessly round the room, scanning with a degree of agonised interest all those objects which had become so dear to her; at last they rested on the *pendule* on the mantel-piece; she started on observing the hour, and in remembering that her situation left her no time for inaction, she sprang on her feet, and, without loss of time, set about her preparations for her departure, each succeeding object which she deposited in her boxes—from the associations connected with them—seeming to wound her heart anew. At last all was finished, and she rang for Nina to make her acquainted with her intention of immediate departure, and to send her down-stairs to ask Mr. Temple's permission

to order the carriage to take her home. A minute after her messenger returned to say that *il signore* begged Miss San Isidora to favour him with a few minutes' conversation in his study, as soon as it should be convenient to her to descend. Christine could only bow her head in assent, as she endeavoured to murmur, "I come;" and on Nina leaving the apartment, sank on a chair, overpowered with emotion. Feeling that hesitation only increased her agony of mind, and forcing herself to exertion, she softly and noiselessly left the room and moved through the corridor, supporting herself by her hand against the frescoed wall. Arrived at the great staircase, the current of air revived her, and, holding by the rails, she descended to the gallery which led to Mr. Temple's study. With faltering steps she paced along until she reached the chamber, but, once fairly there, the pulsation of her heart felt as if stopping, and everything reeled before her eyes. With an effort of desperation, she recalled her failing energies and tapped faintly at the door; a voice said, "Come in;" but, surely, the tingling in her ears either deceived her, or it was not the voice of Mr. Temple! The doubt gave her courage; she turned the lock and entered. She, indeed, beheld the object of her thoughts looking very different from the man she was accustomed to behold; he was pale as a marble statue, and his eyes appeared doubly large and dark from a strongly defined black shade under them. He was placed in a red morocco arm-chair, and sat with a rigidity that showed it required an immense mental exertion to brace himself to meet the purpose of the present moment; nevertheless, he started on seeing Christine, who, more like a beautiful shadow than a thing of life, stood motionless in the middle of the room, unable to command a word, or arrange an idea distinctly.

"Christine," he at length said, with a tremor on his lips, "I hear that you are going to leave us. My daughter informed me of the circumstance in an agony of grief."

She tried to articulate something in an affirmative answer, but the sound died on the air, leaving only audible the faintly murmured words, "I am."

"My love, you are ill!" exclaimed Mr. Temple, suddenly jumping from his seat, and forgetting everything else in the alarm of the moment.

The words, "My love!" rang wildly on Christine's ear, and she gazed at him strangely, as, offering no opposition, she allowed him to place her in a chair. He bent over her for a minute with a look of intense and anxious affection, and at last, in a low and reproachful voice, uttered the words,

"You leave me for the stage?"

Christine raised her large eyes to his with a painful expression—not being able to command a reply. He gathered strength from the storm in his feelings, and proceeded with energy,

"You leave the man who loves and worships you for certain degradation; nay, you must not go," he continued, in a caressing tone, as he drew a seat close to hers, and possessed himself of the powerless hand that hung over the arm of the chair.

Christine sighed deeply, and, with the long breath she drew, came

a degree of courage; the mist that had enveloped her faculties began to disperse.

"It is necessary that I should return home," she answered, in a low voice. "My father comes back soon, and I must prepare to meet his wishes as to my future course."

"Your father!" answered Mr. Temple, with an air and accent both equally scornful; "believe me, Christine, that nothing on earth that you or any one else can do will ever better his condition."

Her head drooped upon her bosom; she could not contradict the truth of what he asserted.

"Yet, nevertheless," he continued, "it is a daughter's duty to secure her parent an independence if she can, and this I will enable you to do—a handsome independence; but you must see him no more—or very rarely. A husband's rights take precedence of everything else; you must be mine, and mine alone."

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine."

"Oh! impossible!" she exclaimed, shrinking back. "You have a wife."

"Ah! ah! Christine, some one, then, has been before me with this tale, and you already know that I am a married man." She gasped for breath. "Tell me, tell me," he pursued, with fearful vehemence; "only say that, knowing the circumstances, you will be mine!"

"Never," she distinctly and firmly articulated.

"But why? you love me—I know you do."

"Ah! but it is impossible that I can marry you."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Temple, while his eyes flashed fire—"impossible! when evidence is already taken, and everything prepared—the mere legal forms alone wanting to seal the divorce."

"Hush! hush, for the sake of Heaven!" said Christine, slowly rising from her seat as a faint colour stole over her cheek; "never, never again mention the word '*divorce*'—a divorce from the mother of Emmeline. Oh! Mr. Temple, how could you for a moment suppose me so lost to all sense of decency, to every feeling of womanly tenderness and sympathy, as to be capable of a crime so heinous, of a perfidy so black? I came to bid you farewell—a most painful farewell; but this circumstance renders it much less so than I had anticipated. I cannot see Emmeline again, but tell her—oh! tell her how deeply I love—will ever love—her; and never—oh! never, by everything you hold dear and sacred—let her hear of the dreadful subject that has this day been agitated."

In speaking, Christine passed hastily from the study—she absolutely flew along the gallery, and up the stairs, and, having reached her own room and bolted the door, she threw herself upon a couch in an agony of grief. Half an hour afterwards saw her glide again down the stairs, and enter Mr. Temple's carriage by a door at the back of the house: and another half hour beheld her once more passing through the garden on her way to the turret stairs of the Palazzo San Isidora.

THE SPIRITUALIST CAUSE

One of those trials calculated to excite the risible muscles of all who reason, involving, too, the question of a dubious claim, or one reported so to be, to property presented out of gratitude for supermundane services, has drawn much of the public attention. The present public mind is a very vulgar one. We have had occasion to remark how difficult it is to obtain credit for a sober fact or an honest truth if it be novel, or not greatly out of the common course of things—in other words, a very "possible" event—while the most extraordinary charlatanism is at once gulped down wholesale by the multitude. Thus, when Dr. Perkins worked out his miraculous cures by what he denominated his "metallic-tractors," or bits of iron gilded, and sold at a guinea apiece, in a smart case, to preserve the wonder-working implements, they were eagerly bought up, and performed miraculous cures on being "passed" over the sick patient on that part of the body which was the supposed seat of the disease. Dr. Falconer, of Bath, suspecting that, like the gift of healing by the royal touch, the curative action was caused by the faith of the invalid in the efficacy of the instrument thus employed, had the originals imitated in wood, and coloured to resemble the curative tools of Dr. Perkins, and the effect was found to be the same. This was proved by trials in the Bath hospitals. The new wonder of the present day, called "spiritualism," based upon mesmerism, is now in favour, and seems to outdo the renowned tractorship practice of Dr. Perkins in the effect of its action. Then as to setting the recognised laws of nature, and the regard for fortune in these money-worshipping days, at open defiance, these were matters of course. Thus with nervous persons who have faith, the worship of Mammon—the most damning in this world as well as in the next—is a downright heresy compared to the faith for which it is in such cases abandoned.

The professional practice of the spiritual art has given evidence of its success in the foregoing respect more particularly, and has exhibited that for once a science so inestimable has met its reward. Even if the law give its verdict against the practitioner, and his barren laurels alone remain to the modern Agrippa, he cannot fail to receive the sympathy of those discerning and deeply learned friends who, it appears, encircle him like a halo!

A lady of fortune had been induced to credit the abracadabra of one of those operators, who reduce the law of gravitation to a blank, call up spirits from the vasty deep, almost convince the incredulous, and cause immaterial beings to answer interrogatories by material thumpings upon ponderous substances, even raising these last into the air with a "Ho, presto!" and all this to vindicate the truth of an old prophecy, or induce credit for a new one. The Newtonian laws of nature are set at defiance, and the aid and interference of heavenly intelligences are commanded to carry out the maxims of earth's grossness and lust of lucre; all this has been done or imagined to be practicable by thousands. Who would not resign themselves and their all to one who possessed a prize far exceeding in virtue that of the possessor of the Eastern wishing cap!

The lady alluded to, a widow, who, it would appear, is no dame of Ephesus by her conduct, being led into the idea that she could, by means of an adept in the black art, obtain spiritual communications with her deceased husband, flung, no doubt, all vulgar considerations about money to the winds. She imagined that the renewal of an affectionate intercourse with one who had once loved her was more than aught else in the world to her. For the surety of that she felt willing to give up what the world at large, in the present day, profess before love, amatory or conjugal, faith, principle, or aught but life itself, if not in some cases even that; in other words, her gold. She held no doubt against all the earth besides, that her late partner's affection, only thus renewed, was life, wealth, and a kingdom to her, and it is painful she was deceived in the idea, but that seems her only fault in the matter.

It appeared as if the conjurations of Dr. Dee of old were about to be repeated among us, and who knows but those of witches may once more furnish us with an excuse for a renewal of the old cremations of broomstick riders!

It was no longer ago than the last century that a booby baronet and magistrate of Hertfordshire, named Chauncy, committed to prison as a witch a poor girl, named Jane Wenham. There was nothing out of the way in what he did. The act of parliament had been suffered to go into desuetude. Country magistrates will do odd things at times, not by means of obsolete statutes alone, but as if it were only to keep their hands busy. The Rev. Mr. Bragge deposed, "on the faith of a clergyman," that he fully believed Jane Wenham was a witch. The poor woman was committed on the ground "that she had conversed with the devil in the form of a black cat, and had made a girl, who could not before walk without being led, leap over a five-bar gate, and run like a greyhound," with much similar nonsense. The judge told the parson that, "on the truth of a judge," he did not think him, the parson, a conjurer, and that for his own part he should not look for witches among old, but rather among young, women. The worthy judge procured the poor woman's pardon from the crown, after having been pronounced guilty by a Hertfordshire jury!

The case is thus alluded to only to show by inference that absurdities of one kind in respect to the supernatural are succeeded by others adapted to the extent of credulity of the day when they appear among people high or low born. The ignorance in which it has pleased the Ruler of all things to enfold human destinies, and the future altogether, so fortunately for us, has tended to originate superstitions about that future, endless in variety, and even tainted in character by curiosity or presumption. The impenetrability of the future makes conjectures regarding it the more absurd, while superstition or ignorance, or both, find it easier to invent falsehoods than remain obedient to the laws of common reason.

The present age is become more assuming than the ages before it in the modes it adopts of prying into the future, and endeavouring to obtain a knowledge of things beyond this "visible diurnal sphere." It will even profane the name of science for the purpose. Such things are not now effected by the aid of witchcraft, that art being outgrown, as well as the knowledge acquired by peeping into glass spheres after the mode of the celebrated conjurors of bygone days. The age has improved a little

in the mode of proceeding, for even prophesying, under Dr. Cumming, has taken new phases in utterance, if not followed by more exactness in the fulfilment.

The pretence of seeing and reporting events which are to come, by means of certain devices, calculated to have an effect upon weak imaginations, so as to render the credulous believers in mortal converse with immortals, under some novel form, has been the pursuit of individuals who have sought to profit by it in almost every age of the world. The feeble-minded are the first convinced and the most tenacious of such convictions, although the communications are often undignified and sometimes even ludicrous. In past days the spiritual appearances, consonant with more elevated minds, came "in thunder, lightning, and in hail." In the present day they appear in forms perfectly in unison with the calibre of mind in those who bring them into and before the world. They are frequently very low-bred spirits, and act their vulgar part accordingly. The spirit of the king in Hamlet, working out his object by raps upon the tables of the courtiers, would be a demonstration considered not at all out of unison with the poet's elevation of soul and grandeur of imagery, and would answer well enough for the idea of such a scene in modern times if the present case go for anything.

The action at law between "Lyon and Home" induces these observations. The lady, it would appear, was a widow possessed of considerable property, and was much taken with the spirit-rappings and conjuring performances of Home, said to be an American, and an adept in the art, having set up with a large stock of supernatural experiences as a professor of what would formerly have been called "conjuring." The lady was so taken with certain operations upon or in connexion with departed spirits, as to have cultivated a sort of correspondence with the great performer at table-rapping, about one of the mysteries of another state of being; and, according to some, under the idea of an endowment this way, to hold converse with the departed spirit of her husband, and thus in a certain degree exchange a spiritual intercourse with him in place of a bodily one. She was induced, out of gratitude, in return for a thing most grateful to herself as a faithful wife, to make over to the spiritualist some thousands of pounds. It is probable that the idea of holding a spiritual communication with her deceased husband really absorbed all selfish considerations besides—all considerations about the value of money. In the belief of this being effected, and looking upon such a communication as to herself beyond every other in value, she made over to the spirit-rapper a considerable part of her fortune, under this mistaken idea, it is most probable. No doubt Mr. Home and all his clear-sighted friends about him, who credited his command over the nether world or his influence in the superior, had a firm belief in the wonders he exhibited to them, or over which he persuaded them by his dexterity he had power through his conjurations, but as to how effected in detail all but himself were blind. The idea of the possibility of keeping up a communication with her late husband appeared to the lady far more valuable than money, being absorbed altogether in the renewed communication with one she had loved here on earth though now on the other side of the grave. If she were credulous, her credulity did honour to her affection, and ought not to have been used to sordid advantage of

others. The defence of the hard cash, come how it might, for services to be performed, in relation to one object upon the other side of the Styx, and on the part of another upon mundane ground, showed a full estimate of the value of what had once got into the professor's hand for a special service performed or not.

The lady, no doubt, lost every other consideration through her weakness of judgment, but to her the pleasing idea of the power of table-rapping and its professor from their placing her once more in communication with him whose memory before all things she revered and cherished. Her weakness and gratitude combined, together with the expectation of a result which would be a comfort to her through the rest of her life, made her do that which, as far as the comparative value of the exchange went, was, if possible, well worth her gratitude for the purchase; but then the bargain was not just. The money was exchanged for a good *in nubibus*, and never likely to descend. The good lady felt by experience at last, that below or above the clouds was of no moment when dealing with an adept. It was fearful odds. Spirits, too, it might be pleaded will not choose to come when called, even on their presence being paid for beforehand. In all events the conjuror is bound to show his power of doing what he is expected to do for his money, so we take it. If we could command it, the proof should be in open court—the counsellor's table might save the necessity of the introduction of one for the purpose —unless one or the other, plaintiff or defendant, should object against its character, as being wanting in that sanctification under the art which would permit itself to be invoked, uplifted, and stuck to the ceiling, or, in short, applied any way as an instrument to take a part where perfect purity for use would be indispensable.

The ground upon which the plaintiff claimed may be good in law, because modern justice and legal practice, with reason and the statutes, may become much at variance, so much indeed as to decide, not according to merit or the clear ground of the intention, but as to right or wrong under some legal quibble or rusty statute. The bargain, or tender, or offering, whatever law jargon may denominate it, appears to us should be decided by the intention, and as the intercourse of the spirit-rapper with the heavenly destinies has been assumed only, the gift should be void, or consigned to those regions of native Egyptian fog, where the laws cannot, it is said, be executed because the ever-prevalent mist is too thick to identify the persons of the accused.

But what a melancholy specimen of the state of mind among any people that must be, where pretenders to such novel arts as table-turning and spirit-rapping can gain credence! The more dexterous, too, of the sleight-of-hand professors in India ask no nocturnal cloak for their performances, but will operate at noonday. They pass by all objections on such grounds. Even Parsons, the girl in Cock-lane, who by her rappings, many years ago, set London for so long a time in a ferment, was at last detected by the simple expedient of making her keep her hands out of bed. In modern spirit-rapping exhibitions no provisional exception is made to anything the exhibiter demands. He may do what he likes with his hands. The very circumstance of inferring a proof of the existence of spirits from such exhibitions of their presence, is a strong argument against that which it is pretended to be. The whole system

of nature and its works dependent one upon another, up to the great First Cause, tend only to show the futility of idle pretensions generated by a curiosity to know what is so wisely concealed from our humanity. But we wander from a case in which we think it hardly possible the gift of the lady to the conjuror can stand, despite what he himself or his not very bright array of friends may say in his support. The gift was made through an error in judgment, with a feeling of gratitude, under a mistaken supposition of a fact, which conjugal affection alone could have prompted under a feeling of gratitude in consequence. The expected good turns out to have no foundation in fact. A very moderate degree, indeed, of reason exhibits the futility, the notorious weakness, of the ground upon which it was bestowed, and this being granted, and the plaintiff's conviction to that effect being recorded, it would seem to us that the law should give the required relief.

But this may be only our own imagining upon a particular view of the case, which, at first sight, appears only to concern the plaintiff and defendant. It is of much more importance, let it be decided how it may, that the impression go not abroad in any sense as establishing points in favour of a system of imposition upon weak and credulous people. Whenever certain precautions favourable to such systems are required in the exhibition of extraordinary performances, they are not to be credited until well examined, motives and all. If, for example, a correspondence were thus really carried on with invisible spirits, as they are by ventriloquists in common society, the noonday sun could be no impediment to the communications. The prerequisites would tell their own tale, as, when before the Eastern prince at noonday, the Hindostani, conjuring, demanded what animal should appear beneath the sheet which he had spread upon the ground, and then lifted it, showing the ground quite clear beneath; and when the king desired to see a tiger, on lifting the sheet again a tiger was discovered under it, but how conveyed there in the space of a few moments no one knew. The thing then spoke for itself; there was demonstration to the senses. It was noonday, the ground was previously clear, and yet the royal command was fulfilled; there was no concealment; no night covered the act; and the king, if we recollect rightly, being Achbar, declared, in a memoir of himself, that he could never conceive how the thing was achieved. Now in table-turning and spirit-rapping the night's darkness is required. The spirits of the nether abyss are most particular in their demands upon the faith of those whose credulity is perhaps their strongest passion, and this faith, most easy to be gained by such operators as Mr. Home, when under an afflatus, which vies, if not in oracular power or value of subject, at least in the likeness of both, with the priestess of the Delphic oracle.

We see in these and similar demonstrations, as well as others before recorded of the like species, a repetition of what was long ago exhibited. In Dr. Plot's "History of Staffordshire," there is a famous account of spirit-rapping, a perusal of which shows that this wonder of the hour is but a revival of a past ghost story. A perusal of old Aubrey's "Hermetic Philosophy" should be in the possession of all table-rappers. He tells us how St. Augustin saw a satyr; of conferences with apparitions, and how men have seen their own spirits. So thus what Bacon said is true, that "Imagination is next kin to miracle working faith." Dee's "Book of

Spirits" should be reprinted, and consecrated by the Bishop of Oxford. Beryls should be kept in all houses, with the names of the four principal angels upon their frames. Let us have a complete system of conjuration extracted from the old and new methods of proceeding, creating wonders to vulgar vision, or acting upon weak minds by pretended supernatural agencies to promote venal objects. Let us, too, profit by our record of them.

It has been the fashion recently to proclaim that the schoolmaster is abroad, and working wonders. We would this were really the case. Nothing else will remedy the darkness which pervades the minds of the multitude, even as we see it in a credence of table-turning and spirit-rapping, matters adapted to the time of Charles I., when his apostle Laud, the High Church archbishop, declared from the pulpit that prayer to God was of such efficacy that, if there were a conjunction or opposition of Saturn or Mars, it would overcome the malignity of it! Thus we find the spirit of supernatural agencies at work two or three centuries ago, with the difference that its modes of action and instruments have fallen a little in respectability, by having descended from celestial agencies, bishops, and the planets of the solar system, to drawing-room tables, and the art of attracting good legacies by thumping them out of mahogany tables in the dark.

We can only infer motives from their subsequent embodiment into action. In the present case, the gift appears to us to have arisen in a moment of weakness from a feeling of gratitude in the donor at the communication she fancied she had held, and expected still to hold, with her deceased husband. With such a result, if a fraudulent one, or, in other words, a thing impossible to be effected, the plaintiff would be entitled to redress for the imposition put upon her. She ought not to suffer for what she had not sufficient judgment to perceive at the moment was an act founded in misconception, or a design which could not be fulfilled. Nor ought any one in such circumstances to profit by any species of charlatanry, or the art of appearing to produce effects which no one really did or could produce, unless mortal men have the means of ruling the will of immortal beings, in a region to which mortality is strange, exacting towards their commands an obedience, direct and immediate. Let them prove this power of summoning an immaterial form out of the heavens to reply to the silly questions of every-day people, or cease making a boast of it. Let Mr. Home have the uttermost farthing if he can prove his power to effect that which he gave Mrs. Lyon reason to presume he could effect; let him do this to the satisfaction of two or three individuals of good sense and education, in the noonday light, and then hand him his reward. Such seems to be the fair view of a question which, to have occurred at all in the present age is no compliment to its mental advance. If he cannot do this, and the lady misconceived his art, he can have no claim whatever to her property.

We have written thus far without knowing how this singular cause may terminate, judgment not being yet given. It has no inconsiderable interest for the public. That such a cause should ever appear in a law-court, in the present advanced state of the public intellect, appears as singular as the whole transaction is dishonourable to the feeling of the time, if it give credit to the miracle, and what seems its condition

however mistaken. The whole machinery of nature is moved by certain fixed laws, and the interferences of grovelling superstitions, and the dreams of the credulous or designing, cannot change them. Scratches, knocks, and rappings alone, in the present enlightened time, foisted upon the weak, are little complimentary to the age. We have alluded to the farce in Cock-lane; the knocks and rappings there were continued under different names, and gave, in a similar way, replies to questions. Clergymen, celebrated for learning, men of note in society, and the public at large, all were credulous enough for a time to believe in the supernatural origin of tricks taught to, and practised by, a girl. Such ridiculous visits from the nether world now change their form, and what was effected on the public mind by a girl in Smithfield a century ago, is at present produced in a newfangled mode, and turned, as everything else is that can be so turned, into the worship of Mammon, no matter how applied, and often, in fact, made the more ridiculous to become the more acceptable to the delated among the public—that public which we find complimented every day upon its intellectual advances. In its present mode of dealing, the public knows nothing of the thrice great Hermes, of Zoroaster, or of Delphian Oracles, but this ignorance is ever consistent with the tendency of the masses. All are now partakers in the ruling rage for money, and therefore all things assume the money-getting form. Mr. Home seems to have fared sumptuously in that respect, in a day when the mysteries of the nether world are revealed in a manner so notable in the exhibition, and so futile in advantage to spirit-invokers, as is shown in the proceedings of the court to which we allude. However it may turn out with the public, the members of an opposing Cabala will censure these remarks upon the modern black art. Those who credit the novelties brought out by science, and feel the value of sympathy with the curious, who would fain learn wisdom, or those who have suffered privation and would find redress in appealing to the agents that rule in other states of being, cannot but subscribe to the merit of those sons of the black art revived, who can introduce the dead to the living, and vice versâ, and whose considerate motives are pregnant with a due regard to the conjugality of mortal beings become immortal, and thus so particularly serviceable. If the thousands of pounds of Mrs. Lyons are balanced with the services tendered, and they were real, it was little enough in amount, especially when the mental satisfaction thus imparted was found to be as complete, and the bodily perception was in the proper state for feeling its value. This will account, perhaps, for the change in the lady's opinion, and the notion of payment for a "vox et preterea nihil," which at length came untowardly upon her, in an overcost for availing herself of a son of the occult philosophy and his services. It was one thing in Mr. Home's favour that he did not affect invisibility. Had he done so, no doubt he would have had the lady's last shilling. He disdained to play the Count de Gabalis, and the lady, it is to be lamented, showed no sense of the obligation she lay under to him for his self-restraint. Master of the modern Eleusinian mysteries, the worthy spiritualist could hardly expect to open sepulchres, and extract the forms, or, as the Irish call them, the "fetches," of such dear departed beings, without some token of gratitude, and what more substantial, disinterested, and satisfactory could be given than a lady's fortune, minus herself, in the matter!

It has been said that few would care about ghosts who could "raise the supplies within the year," without such spiritual interferences. There are less successful modes of accomplishing this, though perhaps but few are so likely to turn in as largely. The result is generally satisfactory upon such occasions, in proportion to the extent of the gift and its notoriety. If the newspapers will but announce that our sovereign will hold a court, that Mr. Home will hold a *séance*, and the King of Prussia's modesty will in future be restrained in his desire of a larger dominion, the success of the next spirit-rapping will be beyond all parallel, now things are judged by their high denominations. On such little points do the great things of this world depend. The Augustan age of ghosts, and spirit-rappings, and the like in England were in the reign of that pious but drunken monarch James I. The ghost-raisers have, since then, much fallen off in public consideration. What fortunes would have been made at court in those days by this new species of table-turning conjuration! Mrs. Lyon's property would have been only as a drop in the bucket to the dupes of those doctrines. But professors in the art should not despair of extending it yet farther in times pregnant with such generous credulities as that of Mrs. Lyon. Facius Cardan could call in seven devils at a time, fresh, healthy, young devils, ruddy of complexion. Socrates reckoned nine kinds of spirits that might be invoked. Some were disguised as fire-drakes, others as water-devils, and all to be rendered useful upon occasions in table-turning, and mahogany-rapping as well, it is presumed. But excluding these, and passing over any invocation to Jannes and Jambres, there are still enough references left to aid in spiritual invocation, and for those adepts in the art not so lucky as to obtain substance for shadow in return for their abracadabra.

To set aside for a moment the present notorious case, which certainly explains how much the exertions of the schoolmaster are still wanted in the community, it seems as if the powers of reason are at times to be suspended among large masses of people, or as if the right mode of applying the virtue itself were forgotten. If it were not thus, we should not see the utter forgetfulness by whole multitudes that they possess the power of reason, nor should we have occasion to pity, so often as we are now required to do, the dupes which are made in states of society, and under almost every state, from which we should in general imagine they were in a position to be the more distant by the advances of the age.

CYRUS REDDING.

END OF VOL. CXLII.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.